

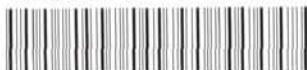
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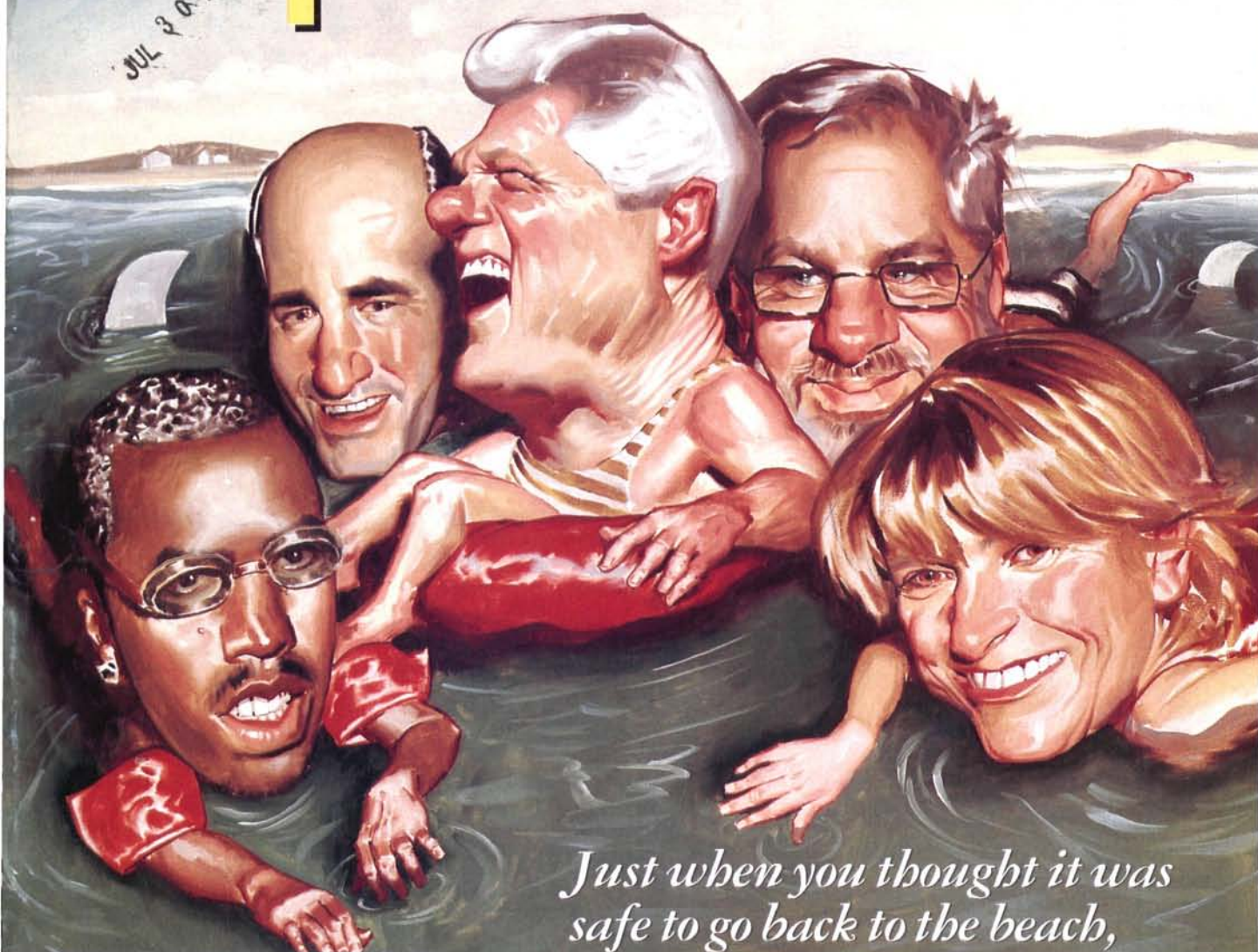
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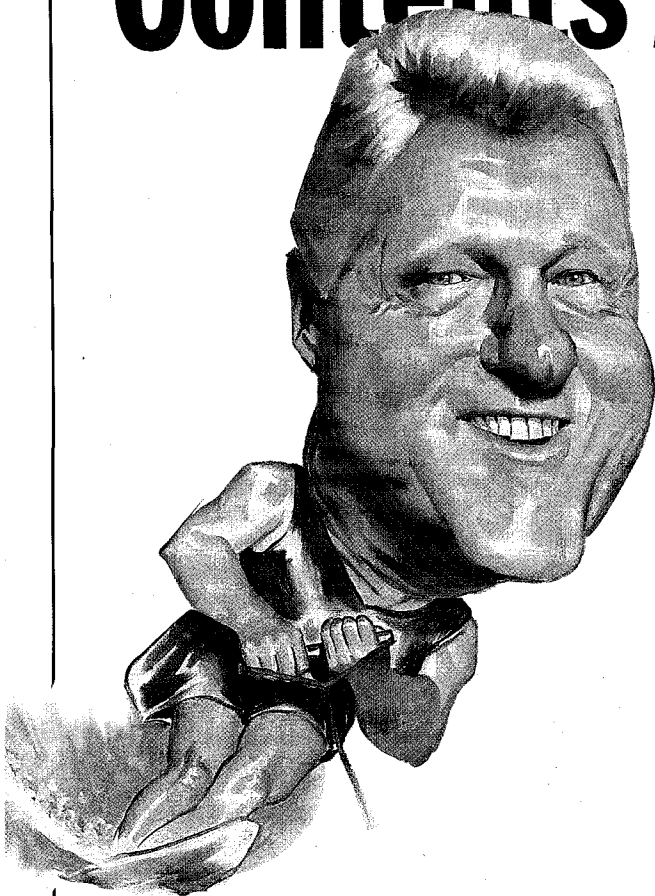
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Contents Aug. 3, 1998

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A MAIDSTONE CLUB MEMBER, PAGE 18



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If Bill Clinton's upcoming visit doesn't prove that the Hamptons' demise has been greatly exaggerated, nothing will. But bringing the First Ego to a town already overpopulated with big heads has touched off a party-hopping, name-dropping frenzy. *New York* takes the opportunity to reevaluate the summer hierarchies. Steven Gaines surveys the history of Hamptons power. James Brady keeps a cool head amid the presidential panic. Vanessa Grigoriadis spotlights Randy Schindler, the Hamptons' would-be media baron. Nikki Finke considers Hollywood's influence. Beth Landman Keil profiles the rap moguls next door. Plus, a definitive list of the centers of power: people, places, and things, from the Candy Kitchen to the Creeks.



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No need to groan. Or buy a new lunch box. The city's adult-education classes are more play than work. Make a mosaic, plant a seed, set up a Web page, stitch a skirt, take a dive, run faster. A thorough guide to the best—and the quirkiest—that the city's institutions have to offer this fall, for the cerebral, the creative, or the just plain confused.

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The Chronic

Chris Norris's diary of chronic-fatigue syndrome evokes tears, gratitude, and several suggested treatments; alternate city tours, both political and personal.

I'M SURE YOU WILL RECEIVE A GOOD number of responses to Chris Norris's "Allergic to New York," either to commiserate, to offer yet another theory of treatment, or to pooh-pooh his piece altogether as mentally ill rambling [July 13]. I have been suffering from chronic-fatigue syndrome for five years; live in Manhattan; and, like Chris, work as a journalist. His downward cycle into a bleak half-existence mirrors my own. I, too, was told I was depressed. I, too, tried a variety of medications, diets, and infusions. I, too, contemplated leaving the city. Perhaps the most difficult part of coping with this disease—this physiological illness that gives birth to a real depression—is convincing your co-workers, doctors, family, friends, and even yourself, at times, that you are battling something as real and as devastating as, say, cancer or lupus. Over the past few years, I have moderated my lifestyle and found a treatment (phytochemical supplements) that has allowed me to (almost) return to life as others know it. I applaud Chris not only for continuing to fight for a life worth living but also for sharing his experience with such honesty, insight, and a humble (although perhaps not pointed) appeal to our global community to make this world a better place to live—whether that means purifying our food, air, and water; retraining our doctors; putting more money into disease research; or living quieter, simpler lives.

Tula Karras
MANHATTAN

UNLESS ONE HAS ENDURED CFS, AS I DID four years ago, Chris Norris's article may seem beyond belief. Only we who have been there know how the debilitation wrought by this virus imprisons one. What immunized me from the "chronic" aspect of this condition was my unshakable belief that once I found the way to do it, I would get well. Even at my lowest, when I could not comprehend a writ-

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ten sentence and could barely walk a block, I never lost my conviction that I would not remain this way.

In February 1996, I found the book *A Holistic Protocol for the Immune System*, by Scott J. Gregory. Anyone who has any immune-system disorder—AIDS, ARC, herpes, etc.—should get this book. The regimen of cleansing and rebuilding the system is based on supplements and a moderate but not unkind diet. Cleaning up the lifestyle that may have contributed to your physical breakdown is a small trade to make for getting well. Although consulting a holistic practitioner is advised, my insurance did not cover this. But the program was accessible enough for me to apply it on my own. As my mother says, "You are your own best doctor."

My experience with CFS has convinced me that both government and private insurance agencies should at least partially subsidize supplements and nutritional counseling as immune-system safeguards for everyone. We are all victims of the environment that we continue to ravage. Spending \$1,200 per year for supplements and conscientious eating is a big economic bite.

Paulette Stratchmen-German
WESTBURY, N.Y.

AS A DOCUMENTARY FILMMAKER IN THE midst of producing a film on chronic-fatigue syndrome, I was encouraged to see Chris Norris's descriptive article on CFS. Although Norris's focus on environmental factors was interesting, the NIH is currently studying many other causal factors, such as viruses and other infectious agents. Perhaps this is why we've seen cases and even clusters across the world in varied environments and in all age groups. For example, we just completed filming a teenager in suburban Connecticut with a severely disabling case of CFS that has left him unable to sit upright or walk for more than eighteen months. Thank you for bringing us one of the thousands of CFS stories.

Kim Snyder
EAST HAMPTON, N.Y.

CHRIS NORRIS'S ARTICLE LEFT ME IN TEARS. Once more, through all the witch-doctor, a major national publication has

confirmed what we sufferers of this cruel illness already know—that our lives were over the day we got the diagnosis. Wait for the millennium? I'm going down to the local tavern right now to hoist a few to the memory of the healthy person I'll never be again.

David W. Hinds
MIAMI BEACH, FLA.

Murder One

MAYBE DR. NEIL S. KAYE, THE FORENSIC psychiatrist who "argues that infanticide is a lesser crime than murder, because an infant 'wouldn't have been alive but for its parents,'" should be reminded of a few simple words most Americans deeply revere: "All men are created equal" ["Child's Play," by Melanie Thernstrom, July 13]. To bash in the skull of a totally defenseless person and then let him freeze and suffocate in a garbage bag sounds a bit more ghoulish to me than killing a next-door neighbor after years of feuding.

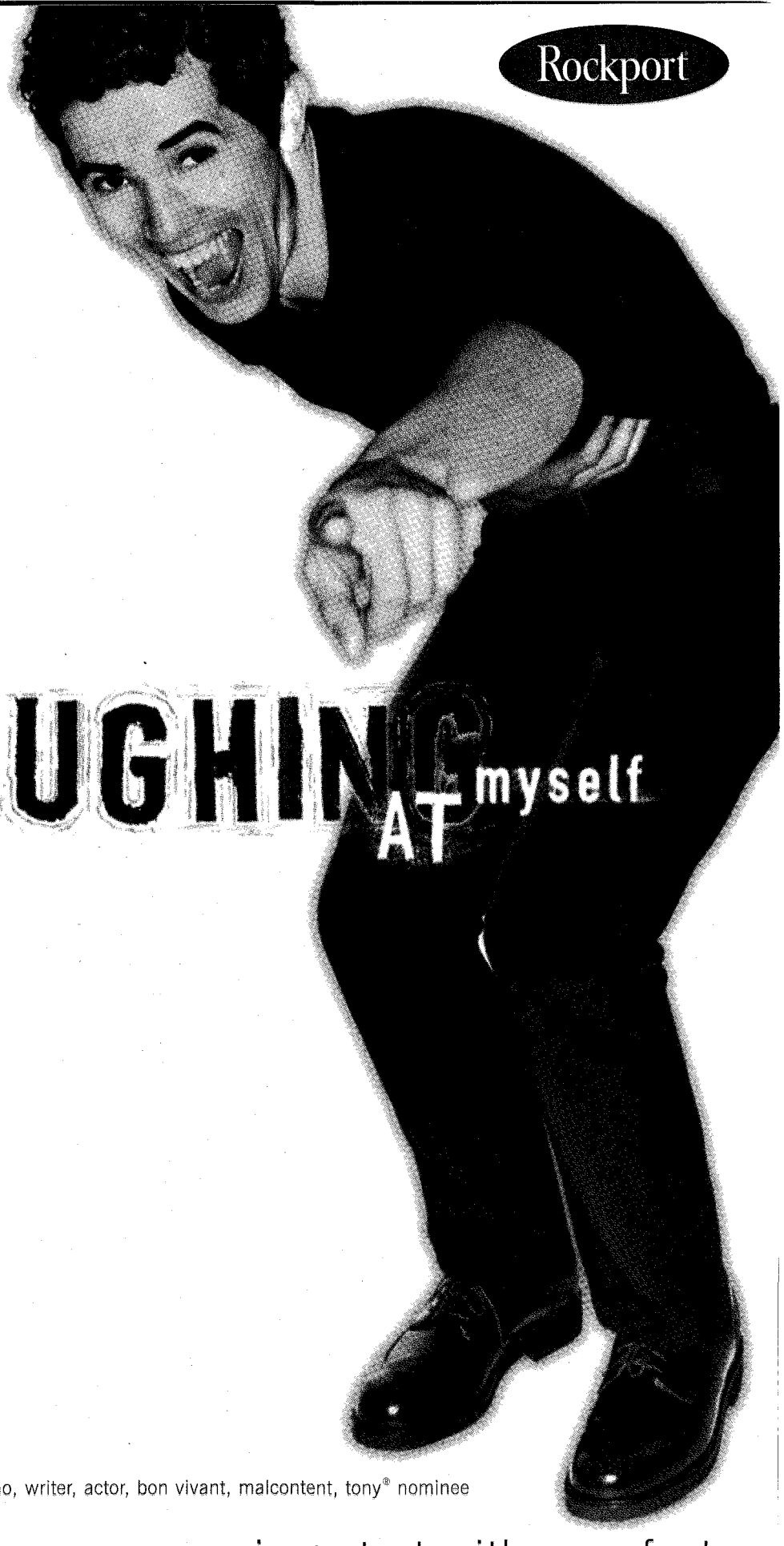
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YOU MISSED WHAT MAY BE THE MOST unique, eclectic, and sometimes even bizarre tours of New York City, given by a transplanted Italian from Genoa who's known fondly as "The Urban Explorer" ["Walking the Talk," by A. J. Jacobs and Rick Marin, June 29–July 6]. Michele Capozzi will show you slices of New York even lifelong New Yorkers have never seen: a smorgasbord of ethnic neighborhoods, from the Hasidic enclave in Williamsburg to the real Little Italy on Arthur Avenue in the South Bronx, lovingly shared by a man loved by its residents; and, for those brave enough to take a peek, New York's underground nightlife, where even the most jaded may find it difficult to decipher what gender they're observing.

A well-kept secret that occasionally gets exposed by the likes of *Channel 11 News* and *Playboy After Dark*, Michele's tours are word-of-mouth only, but his infamy spreads far and wide.

Candida Royalle
MANHATTAN



Rockport

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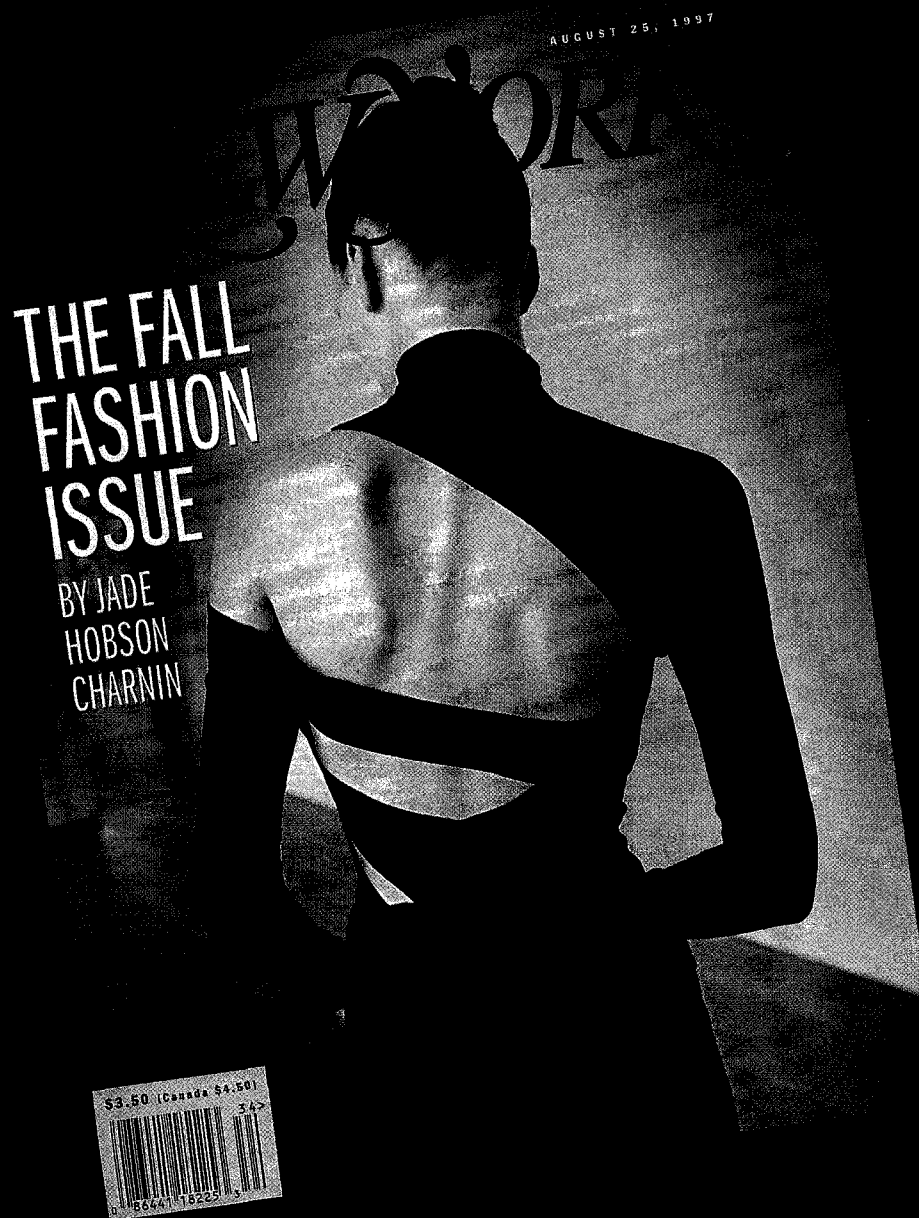
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INTELLIGENCER

IN THE BIG TENT WITH RANDY MASTRO

Former deputy mayor **Randy Mastro** hasn't even rejoined the firm Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher, but complaints are already filing in. While on vacation, he sent out an e-mail inviting his fellow partners to a cocktail party in his honor at Gracie Mansion on July 24. A week later, a temporary secretary sent out a follow-up e-mail requesting RSVPs, a message that included the original invitation—but she mistakenly routed it to all the firm's associates as well. Then came an electronic apology, asking the associates to "please dismiss" the previous missive, which "should have been directed to all Partners." But Mastro's party is already being talked about among his old political cronies for a different reason: its size. About 350 or so guests are expected to toast Mastro (who's footing the bill) in a tent on Gracie Mansion's yard; former deputy mayor **Peter Powers** had only 70 for a dinner inside the



Sean "Puffy" Combs:
See and be 'zine

mansion when he left. Mastro "wanted to outsize Peter Powers," claims one political insider. Mastro replies that he wanted a party "where more people could be included."

KATO'S NEW GIGS; NAOMI'S NEW DIGS

THE KATO INSTITUTE: Evidently out to train the next generation of Dream Team lawyers, **Kato Kaelin** is planning to take a lecture he calls "The Sixteenth Minute" on the college circuit this October, having already practiced his mater-

ial at Loyola law school this spring. The 90-minute spiel runs through his experiences as a high-profile witness and media target. "I get into the world of suing and being sued," adds Kaelin, who's been fighting a battery of civil actions since **O.J.**'s trial. "I won't tell you about the lawsuits, because I may get sued again," he says.

KEY TO THE FEE: Chalk up one for the clients. **Barry Slotnick**, the \$600-an-hour litigator who handled **Anthony Quinn's** divorce and **Fred Teperman's** fight for severance against **Ron Perelman**, just lost his fee in a divorce case because the contract wasn't signed on the dotted line. The judge ordered Slotnick to return \$32,570 of his \$35,000 fee because the client had never signed and returned the retainer agreement that Slotnick sent him. (The lawyer gets to keep \$2,430 for work on a landlord-tenant matter that doesn't require a contract in New York State.) Slotnick says he was so "devoted" to his client's legal interests that he "overlooked" the missing

contract. He vows to appeal. **MODEL HOME:** **Naomi Campbell** is no longer a downtown girl. The former SoHo resident has done what so many people do when they make megabucks—she's moved to the Upper East Side. The apartment had a familiar feel to the *Über*-mannequin as soon as she saw it, and no wonder—it was once inhabited by model **Kara Meyers**, and then by **Elle MacPherson**.

Additional reporting by India Landrigan.



Naomi Campbell:
Eastern exposure

OH, GIVE BRONFMAN A HOME

Beverage billionaire and city slicker **Edgar Bronfman Sr.** is apparently ready to try his hand at more earthy pursuits. Bronfman joins fellow media mogul **Ted Turner** in what could be the latest trend among the richer-than-rich: buffalo farming. The New York resident purchased the Buffalo Hill farm in Madison County, Virginia, for \$800,000 two years ago, and now the facility is up and running. The 150-acre farm is projected to slaughter more than 3,000 beasts this year. Having played Old MacDonald at his nearby cattle farm for the past ten years, Bronfman now hopes that the new Buffalo Hill operation will start contributing to his \$3 billion fortune, confirms a lawyer for the executive. Not only will the meat be sold for its high protein content, but the hides will go to make warm winter coats; and in the tradition of not wasting a single part of the precious animal, the bison's penises will be used to manufacture canes.

VILLAGE GARDEN

of Delights

"And now that it's springtime, the Waverly's splendid hidden garden is the center of attention..."

The landmark Ye Waverly Inn has a bright new chef who's adding spice and inspiration to a menu of well loved classics.

By Nik Avery

Generations of New Yorkers and visitors from around the world, have made their way along the tree-lined streets of the West Village's finest townhouse neighborhood, in search of Ye Waverly Inn (16 Bank Street, 929-4377) home of absolute perfection in American comfort food since 1920.

The 1893 historic landmark is a fine old house. And now that it's springtime, the Waverly's splendid hidden garden is the center of attention — a spacious expanse under a green canopy that's reminiscent of a stylish farmhouse yard in Provence, with its elegantly rustic furnishings and outdoorsy plants (including an orange tree set in one corner of an outdoor terrace).

This is one of the city's true romantic hideaways, favored by folks like Marisa Tomei, Bebe Neuwirth, U2's Bono, Terrance McNally, and Matthew Broderick and Sarah Jessica Parker, all of whom have spent time over long, leisurely meals here.

The garden is also the inspiration for chef Oscar Vidal's refreshing Garden Menu that's an eclectic blend of new American dishes. "I like seasoned food," says Vidal, in a remarkable bit of understatement for someone with his mastery of marinades, herbs, spices and garlic. "Springtime makes me think of the garden, and gives me the excuse to add some things that are fresh and light to my menu."

Vidal's ceviche is the real thing — fresh fish marinated in lemon, lime and orange juices, served with a special sauce his mother taught him to make. And Vidal's the menu features four salad entrees, including grilled marinated shrimp with radish sprouts, field greens, avocado and tomatoes and an Asian chili lime vinaigrette, as well as charred chicken salad with frisse lettuce, pears, pecans, tomatoes and a honey mustard vinaigrette. Meat and seafood entrees include grilled marinated tuna steak with black bean salad and ginger lime sauce, lamb steak with grilled asparagus and couscous salad, and a grilled Pacific Rim skirt steak marinated in olive oil, herbs and garlic, garnished with avocados and watercress, served rolled in a tasty mountain bread.

Storybook setting, an inspired menu. All at prices that make Ye Waverly Inn a bargain. Appetizers are five to eight dollars. Salad entrees \$11.50 to \$14.75. Meat and fish entrees \$10.75 to \$19.75 (for filet mignon). The traditional favorites are \$11.75 or \$12.75. This is the perfect spot for a romantic dinner for two, or a private party in any of four distinctive dining rooms, or in the festive garden.

Ye Waverly Inn, 16 Bank Street, on the corner of Waverly & Bank (929-4377/78)

SCRAPBOOK

Drug War

Last week, Mayor Giuliani declared that methadone treatment for heroin addicts is less "moral" than other drug-rehab strategies, and he vowed to eliminate it. Here is some data he may or may not have considered:

- Methadone is the most prevalent form of publicly funded treatment for New York's 200,000 heroin addicts, but it is currently available to less than one in five of them.

- During the seventies, when New York added 20,000 methadone treatment slots, drug arrests dropped by 25,000.

- A recent study by the National Institute on Drug Abuse found that methadone treatment reduced heroin use by 70 percent, while drug-free treatment cut it by just 50 percent.

- Another study found that addicts not receiving methadone treatment were six times more likely to contract HIV than treated addicts.

- Methadone treatment costs about \$4,000 a year. Phoenix House, the drug-free treatment center that City Hall prefers, costs \$20,000 a year.

MAIA SZALAVITZ

CITY



UNSTRIPPED

Dissenting New Yorkers recall the good old days at the fast-vanishing flesh bars of 42nd Street.

Michael Musto

The Gaiety was seedy and appalling and fabulous at the same time, and conveniently, it was just next to Howard Johnson. It had acquired a kind of downtown cachet, so it was almost fabulous to be spotted there. Some of the talent were rather rough pieces of trade. It was very postmodern; you weren't really getting off on the meat on display. It was just another show. I went to Scores, once, too. That was *really* different.

Spalding Gray

When I first came to the city in 1967, I would go on my day off to the 99-cent theater on Eighth Avenue. The theater was so unpleasant it was unerotic. At first I could sit through three or four films—they're short; then it was

one; finally I would pay my 99 cents and go into the back of the theater, watch for 30 seconds, and leave. For anyone with a life, it runs its course. And AIDS complicated it—the thought of them doing porn

films with unprotected sex. But I wouldn't say I was ashamed. The curiosity was too great.

Dale Peck

My very first Thanksgiving in New York City, when I was 21, I went to the Eros, or maybe it was Eros II, with another guy. We sat around for an hour waiting for the strippers to arrive. People just kept milling around. We were both so naïve that we didn't realize there was anything else that might happen at a strip club. Eventually we got so bored we decided maybe there was, and so we kissed. But that was boring, too, so we went home.

Pete Hamill

I think it's amusing that they exist. But I think [the crackdown] is a wonderful thing, because sex without a sense of sin is nowhere as much fun. To drive sex underground might become the great accomplishment of Giuliani. He can restore it to its ancient, sick, depraved essence as established by the Puritans.

Sidney Biddle Barrows

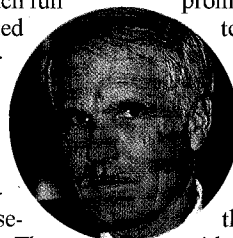
I had a book party at Scores. I have a good time when I go there; every time I go, I get treated like a queen. I live right near the Amsterdam video store, the lead plaintiff, and I didn't even know it was there. But it's a nightmare to live above the West Side

(continued on page 12)

CAMEO

Uncle Teddy

HAVING TED TURNER IN TOWN HASN'T turned out to be nearly so much fun as expected. When he accepted the No. 2 post at Time Warner, it seemed only a matter of time until he went off his meds, crowned himself *Time's* Man of the Millennium, and went shoot-'em-up at some shareholders' meeting. Instead, his tenure has been a series of underwhelming near misses. That billion-dollar U.N. pledge got a lot smaller on



paper. And the Goodwill Games that he promised would unite the world failed even to unite the boroughs. Little surprise; by the time Turner proposed his healing color war, the Cold War was all but forgotten. Now, twelve years later, the games' only headlines come when a Chinese gymnast snaps her spine. Still, for one thrilling week, Central Park was alive with the hard-hitting excitement of beach volleyball. For that, we are forever in his debt.

Unstripped continued from page 11
Mendy's—that is much worse!

Jimmy Breslin

I don't go in them, and neither does Giuliani, so neither of us knows what we're talking about. What I find shocking is they are using building inspectors to do this. They should be working on the building on 43rd Street! They should be inspecting office buildings, not women. Are they gynecologists? Pretty soon the whores will take over. The broads will be back, don't you worry about it.

Candida Royalle

I didn't strip at a lot of those clubs. I like putting on a real show, and they just wanted you to get down and spread your legs. But way back in about 1981, *High Society* magazine did this big splashy event at Show World. It was a great day. And I liked the peep shows there—part of the thrill is hearing a lot of moans and groans and not exactly knowing what's going on. It was like an X-rated circus.

Quentin Crisp

I've never visited any of them. I don't believe in sex. But I don't see that they do any harm. Why shouldn't people go and see what they like to see? I don't see why they like to see it, but they should be allowed to (though I don't approve of alteration).

Fran Lebowitz

I'm a bigger fan of porn shops than of the Hard Rock Cafe. They have more right to be in New York. They get better-dressed people. When I was a kid, I went a couple of times, but I'm 47 years old, I'm not a denizen of this sort of place. Here's what I am: a cigarette smoker. If you can't sit around smoking in a restaurant, it's not urban. And I'm too old to dance in bars, but there should be clubs open at 3 A.M. Giuliani's lived up to every campaign promise. I don't deserve him.

Jeff Stryker

I just appeared in *Peep Show*, totally nude and erect. It was a smash. They loved it. It shows that a lot of people don't feel the clubs should be shut down. I visited one that was really classy, an upper-echelon type of club, where people would want to go. I don't even think they *have* sex clubs that are dingy.

POLITICS

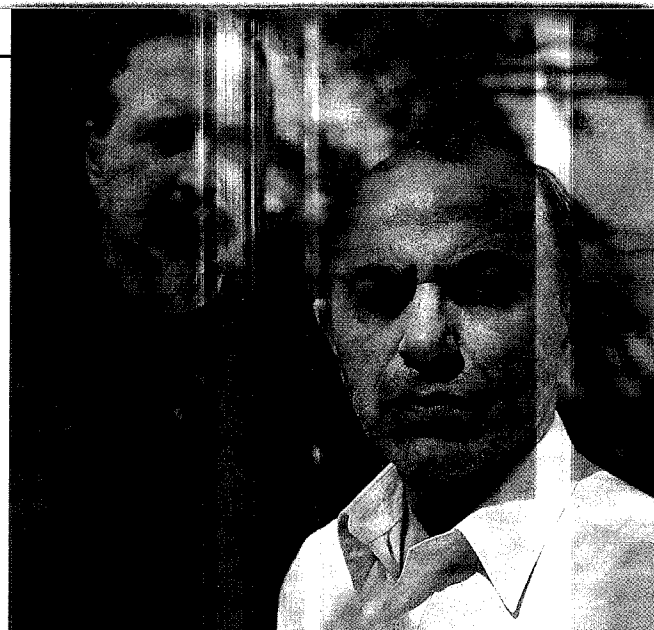
Invisible Insurgents

The Roma come out of the shadows in search of civil rights.

AT A TABLE TOWARD THE back of the Odessa diner on Avenue A, George Kaslov sips coffee and drags on cigarettes from a bottomless pack of Winstons. For members of the fledgling Rom (a.k.a. Gypsy) civil-rights movement, Odessa is HQ, and Kaslov—who sits with Larry Otway, his legal adviser—is its leading crusader. "They have tried to assimilate my people in Europe with failure each time," he says. "What I am trying to tell my country, the United States of America—let's not try to do something that has failed every time it is tried."

Unlike previous civil-rights movements, these activists aren't looking just for a place at the table. They're after something more radical. Because of the discrimination that Roma have suffered since they first started arriving on these shores in the seventeenth century (numerous counties barred Gypsies from entering), Kaslov and his supporters are seeking a separate legal status, similar to that of Native Americans. That status would allow Roma to follow their own laws and legal system for "private" matters such as family disputes and child custody.

Despite considerable obstacles, these activists have already made headway—here in New York, the starting point for an intended national campaign. This week, the City Council is due to vote on a resolution proclaiming August 3 Romani Awareness Day (to mark the day when Nazis slaughtered Gypsies at Auschwitz). And Councilman Lloyd Henry of Flatbush, chair of the subcommittee on immigration, has expressed a willingness to hold hearings in the fall to explore Rom discrimination. "We



Gypsy activist George Kaslov (right) and adviser Larry Otway.

didn't know much about them at all before we met them," says Vaughan Toney, Henry's chief of staff. "The hearings would be a first step toward understanding how we can tailor city rules to accommodate them."

Though they don't show up on any census, there may be as many as one million Gypsies in the U.S., and 60,000 in the city. Most live in a highly secretive tribal society that is so wary of the outside world that Kaslov and Otway have found it hard to get them involved even in their own political cause. "They ask me what will happen to our lifestyle, what will happen to our rituals? They ask me, 'Why change?'" says Kaslov. "Things have been okay, and when they haven't been okay, we have survived." For his part, the fight is as much personal as political; he has been suing his son's ex-wife for custodial rights over his grandson—rights which he says would be his under Rom law.

In addition to custody matters, the movement is seeking tax amnesty, and political asylum for Gypsies fleeing oppression in Europe. "Roma are saying: We have the right and the expectation to come in as a collective," says Otway. "For you to recognize the way we have lived as a valid national citizenship in the same way Native American citizenship is not in conflict with American citizenship."

Scholars are split on the merits of the case. "This is the last

great civil-rights struggle of the Western world," asserts Dr. David Crowe, a historian at Elon College in North Carolina. "This is not a small minority. This is a large group that has submerged themselves in American society. They are the hidden Americans."

But legal experts like Professor Christopher Eisgruber, of NYU, argue that Native American law is a shaky precedent on which to hang their case. "The Indians are an anomalous situation, the end product of many past wars and treaties. And in any case," he adds, "the treatment of Native Americans under American law has hardly been a great success story."

Whether or not they succeed on these grounds, however, Kaslov and Otway are heartened by the growing political awareness of Gypsies around the world. One of their frequent companions at Odessa is Gregory Kwiek, a descendant of the last king of the Polish Gypsies, who chose death over collaboration with the Nazis. Part of a generation that's trying to preserve tradition while preparing for the future, Kwiek communicates with Roma around the world in online newsgroups, and on Saturdays he teaches Rom children lessons in their history and language. "Growing up as a Rom you are taught to survive," he says. "But as the world progressed, I realized that life is not just survival; it's about bringing yourself higher." **ANTHONY LAPPÉ**

SPORTS

Summer Daze at Shea

The leaderless Mets search for stability.

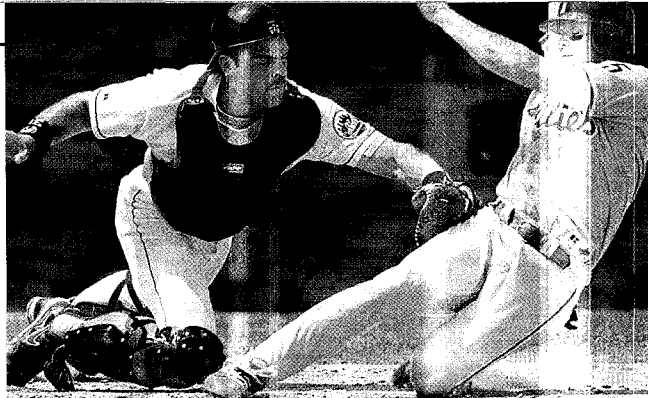
THE SAME NIGHT THAT TODD Hundley single-handedly lost a game for his team by botching enough fly balls to bring back memories of Marv Throneberry, the Mets' all-star catcher-cum-novice outfielder returned to his home and switched on the television. The History Channel was airing a documentary on Anne Frank, and it turned out to be an effective, if bizarre, tonic. "Seeing that show, thinking about what the Jews went through, it really put everything back in perspective," he said the next day. "There's so much time to think out there. The trick is taking your brain out of the game."

Such is the fragile mental state of New York's "other" baseball team. Were it not for their stalwart starting pitchers, they wouldn't be in most games, let alone the wild-card hunt. With nearly two thirds of the season completed, the Mets rank fourteenth in scoring in the National League and have hit fewer home runs than nearly every team in the majors. In a year when some of baseball's longest-standing offensive records are being challenged, the Mets' lack of run production is all the more maddening. With veterans Bernard Gilkey and Carlos Baerga

supplying little pop, and younger players like Edgardo Alfonzo and Butch Huskey struggling to fulfill their potential, manager Bobby Valentine just can't find any rhythm in his ever-mutating batting order.

That was supposed to change when slugging catcher Mike Piazza was acquired earlier in the season. But even more puzzling than Piazza's subdued performance at the plate (while he has hit well over .300, he has batted almost 100 points lower with runners in scoring position—the worst of any of the team's regulars) has been his subdued presence in the clubhouse. Friendly? Yes. Eager to supply sound bites at the first sight of a microphone? Yes. But a leader? Apparently not. While he's respected by the rest of the Mets, there's a palpable distance between him and his teammates. Maybe that's because nobody's sure where Piazza's long-term loyalties lie.

The Mets knew they were taking a gamble when they traded for Piazza, who is eligible for free agency at the end of the year. And while he says only good things about the Mets, the fans, and the city, he has given no indication that he'll stay here. "I'm kind of absolved from the whole situation," he claims. "I'm



Rent-a-catcher Mike Piazza hasn't been quite the boost the Mets expected.

convinced if I play hard, things will happen. Right now, I'm just happy to be with this team."

Naturally. Regardless of where the Mets finish in '98, or what his final numbers look like, Piazza will almost certainly test the market and get the \$100 million deal he's reportedly seeking. The question is whether the Mets will feel compelled to match it.

Perhaps the biggest mistake Mets followers make is comparing Piazza's situation to that of Keith Hernandez, a star player who similarly landed in the Mets lap in mid-season (1983). Like Piazza, Hernandez could have walked after his first Mets year. But seeing the blossoming young talent around him, the fiery Hernandez installed himself as their leader, and ultimately guided them to their 1986 World Series crown.

The laid-back Piazza doesn't have the same circumstances surrounding him. This isn't a growing team. With an average

player age of nearly 30, and with no real noise coming out of their minor-league system, the team knows its future is now. Which explains why they decided to roll the dice with Piazza, and why they rushed Hundley back to Queens when by all rights he should have stayed in minor-league rehab a few weeks longer to reacquire his batting stroke and gain some outfield experience. While the Shea faithful, and Valentine, have been supportive of their popular star ("As long as he believes [he can play the outfield], I'll believe," says the skipper), the risks both to Hundley's surgically repaired right elbow and to his easily wounded pride remain great indeed. "Yeah, my elbow still hurts," Hundley confessed last week. "But I'm here to try and help us win [a playoff spot]. If we were twenty games out, I'd say see you next year." If the Mets don't get it together soon, he may just want to do that.

BILLY ALTMAN

WILDLIFE

Winging It: Moon Moths Fly to Freedom in Central Park

IF A CREATURE RESEMBLING A PAIR OF CHARTREUSE LEAVES attached to a rabbit's foot alights, fluttering, on your shoulder in Central Park, like something that escaped from Drew Barrymore's barrette, rejoice. It means Project X Moon Day was a success.

On July 20, the twenty-ninth anniversary of the first lunar landing, 300-odd New Yorkers convened in the Sheep Meadow to watch Bob DeCandido, biologist for the Parks Department, and a swarm of Urban Park Rangers release 68 luna moths into the night, to the sound of the theme from *Star Wars*.

"It's symbolic," says DeCandido, laying out petri dishes of sleepy moths, their five-inch-span wings folded. "We're calling attention to the

local environment with this showy, gaudy creature."

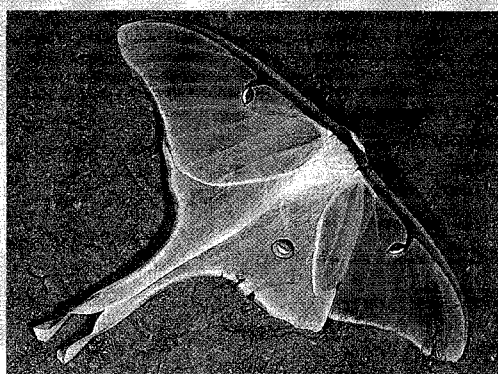
The silk moth, *Actias luna*, last lived in Central Park in the forties, and is one of ten species Project X is reintroducing to the metropolitan area this year (coming soon: gray tree frogs in Staten Island, Baltimore butterflies in Queens, and screech owls in Manhattan).

"The moths may land on you," announces DeCandido. "They don't bite—they have no mouth parts or digestive systems—but they tickle. It might be enjoyable. Please don't start swatting."

Since the adult moths can't eat, this first batch will be around for only a couple of weeks. "They live to encounter other luna moths," says DeCandido. "They're like New Yorkers in that way. They only live for the night."

KATE SEKULES

The luna moth is being reintroduced in New York.



PARKS

Dog's Best Friend

Can anyone replace the city's top canine activist?

WITH UNTIRING POISE, Monay Germaine rushes to greet Ginger Noodles, a copper-colored bullmastiff, and Sophie, a wrinkled pug. She welcomes them to the party, compliments their appearance, and points the way to the refreshments. Then she turns to say hello to the two shar-peis drifting in late.

It's the 7th-birthday bash for Boomer, Parks Commissioner Henry Stern's golden retriever, held at the Tompkins Square Park dog run, and close to 70 animals have shown up. Officially, it's the kickoff of a new campaign to make pet owners obey leash laws. But the party is also the last

hurrah for Monay Germaine, the steward of the park's dog run and the éminence grise of New York's canine-rights movement.

"I'm getting really tired after so many years of doing this," she says. Gesturing to the wood-chip-lined oval she calls her "living room," Germaine tells how in 1989, after years of political wrangling, she carved out the city's first run, from ground littered with broken bottles and hypodermic needles. Since then, 26 other runs have cropped up in New York parks. In addition, she has worked to find "foster angels" for the park's many strays, while running a twelve-pooch-a-day dog-walking business.

After all those years of ser-



Monay Germaine with the creatures she loves.

vice, Germaine is ready to take her three Great Danes and four cats and move to an upstate farm. But to her consternation, she hasn't been able to find a successor to her role as the Parks Department's unofficial dog czar. "People say it would take too much time," she laments.

Meanwhile, the dog wars rage on, underscoring the need for a canine advocate with a strong hand. In Carl Schurz Park, for example, two leash-free dog runs

were installed in 1993, in the hopes that elsewhere in the park, owners would keep their pets reined in. "But the enforcement just isn't there," says Laura Mayer, ex-president of the Carl Schurz Park Association. "People have to be more responsible."

Things have gone better in Tompkins Square. "This run is a main reason I bought my 5-month-old puppy," says East Village resident P. J. Jones. Parks employees praise Germaine for her vigilance in making dog owners tag and curb their pets. According to Stern, it's Germaine's evenhandedness that will be most sorely missed. "She's the Elizabeth Cady Stanton of the dog world," he says. "She curbs extremism in dog owners. It's there, and she combats it."

C. J. HUGHES

THE SCENE

Love and War

Photographs by Patrick McMullan
By Vanessa Grigoriadis

IT IS SIMPLY MAJESTIC," SAID Jane Holzer, gazing at the Bridgehampton Polo grounds. "Polo is really the closest thing we have to combat." • "It's an addiction," agreed Neil Hirsch, who only days before had quite publicly fallen out of a seaplane. "I can't get enough of danger." • As he spoke, a battalion of reedlike gamines was advancing across the field on a fleet of Mercedes 500 SL convertibles. Neal Sedaka sang the national anthem, then Famke Janssen, Alexandra Lind, and their fellow recruits—all outfitted in the social survivalist's uniform of slip-dresses and Frederic Fekkai up-dos—dismounted, and went into the large white tent to meet the enemy. • Donald Trump was mere steps behind them. "I like what polo represents—a certain elegance that's missing from the world today," he said. But he wasn't there to play. "I don't like horses," he explained. "I like women."



Jill Stuart, Ted Field, and Tahnee Welch at the opening day of the Mercedes-Benz Polo Challenge.



Sigourney Weaver, Barry Diller, and Diane von Furstenberg at the opening of the new Sephora cosmetics boutique in SoHo.



CAA's Bryan Lourd and Harvey Weinstein celebrating Lincoln Center's new production of *Twelfth Night* at the Tavern on the Green.



Designer Maria Snyder at the Museum of the City of New York's "A Hot Time in the Caribbean" benefit, hosted by Chopard.



Christy Ferer and Isaac Mizrahi at his studio for the launch of his new jewelry collection, Diamond Alphabets.



Elizabeth Lind, Nicholas Bergreen, and Juliet Hartford at Bergdorf Goodman's party in honor of Michael Kors, at the Day for Night Studios.

GOTHAMSTYLE

HAMPTONS EDITION



Pack It In

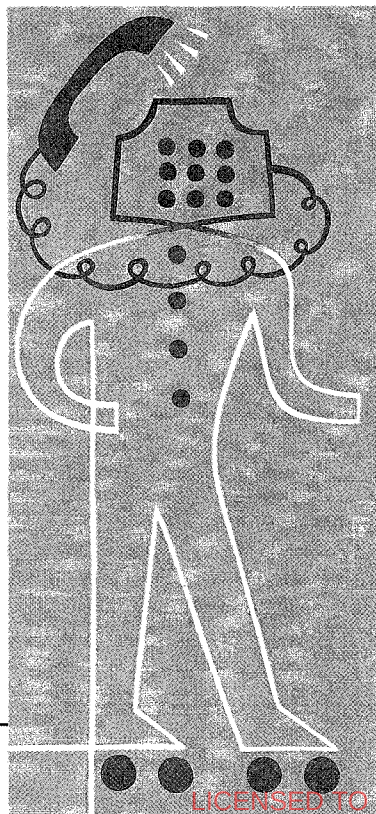
"Every Friday, I'm like, 'Damn, why is my bag so heavy?'" says Norma Augenblick, Puffy Combs's executive assistant. With so many social events on the schedule, Hamptons weekends have become more costume-intensive than ever. "You need two outfits for the clubs, one for a barbecue, one for the polo, one for exercise, and one for the beach," she explains. "Maybe two." • The uniform is unusually strict this season, and it's not just what you've got, it's when you wear it: For Friday night, everyone's in Jill Stuart dresses and high-heeled Blahniks; at the beach, bikinis from Language; polo matches are for Lilly Pulitzer dresses and Eric Javits cowboy hats; and as for Saturday night's *intime* dinners for 150, you'd think the invitations said "no admittance without Prada capri pants." • It makes for some sartorial challenges—even for Jill Stuart. "Going out there makes me want to take all my clothes off," she sighs.

SARAH BERNARD AND VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

What's My Line?

Just when multiple cell-phone lines have emerged as the season's status symbol, a new telephonic technology has shown up that threatens to make a Kelly bag full of Nokias look as obsolete as a desk full of rotary dials. For less than \$20 a month, companies like Call Sciences, Wildfire, and Webley Systems offer a service that allows subscribers to consolidate all their phone lines—from office to home to modem to cell to car to pager to Hamptons beach house—into one toll-free number. A "cybersecretary" answers that line, takes the caller's name, locates the subscriber, informs him or her of the caller's identity, and then patches the call through. Or not. "She told me to cover the phones for her," Roberta Flack's cybersecretary tells unrecognized callers. "She didn't tell me where she was going."

VANESSA GRIGORIADIS



Police Academy

Proof that not all Hamptons trends can survive back in the city: This year, the hottest summer job for young South Fork folk may just be working for the Police Department. Megan Payne, 18, a seasonal officer with the East Hampton Village police, describes her posting as "equivalent to being a lifeguard. A lot of guys come up and talk to you"—including, she says, teen idol Jerry O'Connell—"and the locals all want the inside scoop on who's getting arrested." • Known as traffic-control officers, these seasonal sentinels aren't full-fledged heat, so they can't carry a gun or make arrests. But Margaret Meilus, a 19-year-old criminal-justice major who's summering with the Southampton Village police, says that "unlike scooping ice cream and selling T-shirts, this does make you look cool." But danger is ever present—as are unfashionable offenders. "People with the worst cars in the world can be the most abusive," says Bradley Rozzi, 17. "If they try to grab us, we're told to just run."

SARAH BERNARD

BODY TYPE

They Might Also Appeal to Vampires

As the ozone layer approaches the thickness of phyllo dough, extreme sun paraphernalia is becoming fashionable. Robert Marc now sells The Mask by Frederic Beausoleil, which, according to Marc, "offers not only terrific and maximum sun protection but also terrific and maximum chic." These larger-than-usual UV-protected lenses are available in several shapes and colors. But if mere caution isn't enough to satisfy your sun-phobia, there's always the Banucci Sun Block Mask, a wraparound visor that's more like a welder's mask than like a pair of shades. The \$150 item, which protects all but the wearer's mouth and chin from dangerous rays, is said to be "especially useful for people who enjoy outdoor activities." More likely, however, it will prove useful for people who are recovering from cosmetic surgery. Dr. Sherwin Parikh, who recommends the masks to patients who've recently had laser treatments or chemical peels, downplays the awkward aesthetics of the item. "It's like getting used to a new accessory in your wardrobe," he says.

BETH LANDMAN KEIL

Money Machine

Michael Dell is worth \$11 billion, and his company has one of the hottest tech stocks around. But unlike a lot of its high-flying brethren, Dell Computer is the real thing.

MICHAEL DELL IS THE world's least glamorous billionaire. That is, he's the world's least glamorous multibillionaire. At the age of 33, the founder and CEO of Dell Computer is worth something like \$11 billion (give or take a couple hundred million, depending on what the company's stock did today). But the mention of his name still draws blank stares from people who wouldn't have any trouble picking Bill Gates out of a lineup.

In fact, although Dell's stock is up 30,000 percent this decade and more than 3,000 percent in the past three years (it's been trading in the 110 range, up from a split-adjusted 3½ in July 1995), the company itself remains relatively unknown outside the business world. That's partly due to the fact that 90 percent of Dell's business comes from corporations, schools, and nonprofit institutions, so that people are much more likely to have an IBM or Gateway PC in their homes than a Dell desktop machine. But it's also due to the fact that Michael Dell is, well, dull, or, as *Fortune* recently put it, "beige" and "vanilla." Lacking the panache—and self-promoting genius—of a Steve Jobs, Dell also doesn't have the otherworldly nerdiness of a Bill Gates (though he did get into the PC business in 1983, in a variation on the classic garage start-up, by selling computers out of his University of Texas dorm room).

All Dell does have, in fact, is stellar managerial skills. But those happen to be the skills that really matter. And at a moment when the relationship between companies' stock prices and business performance has gotten completely out of whack, looking at what Dell has done is an excellent reminder that sometimes

the market gets things right. While he'll never be the subject of a *Vanity Fair* profile or grace the cover of *Time*, Dell has reshaped the entire PC industry, perfected the manufacturing process, and made his corporation into one of the best-run companies in America.

Of course, predictions that Dell will soon hit a wall are common, and so, too, is the assumption that its competitors—most notably Compaq and Hewlett-Packard—will soon duplicate the remarkable efficiency and productivity of its manufacturing operations.



After all, how hard can it be to figure out how to build a box? But these assumptions rest on a basic misunderstanding of why Dell has been so successful and on a serious underestimation of how difficult making things really is. The truth is that Dell, for all its manufacturing innovations, isn't exactly the new paradigm for the twenty-first-century corporation—its particular set of circumstances and advantages (more on that later) could limit its usefulness as a model. But Dell is worth looking at (and investing in) precisely because of how much of the old it has held on to.

AT ITS HEART, DELL'S BUSINESS DEPENDS on a simple idea: Don't build anything you can't sell. That sounds obvious, but if it were easy to pull off, there wouldn't be sale racks at the Gap or rebates from car dealers. Dell pulls it off by selling directly to its customers (including \$6 million a day in business over the Internet) and building everything to order, making "Would you like a 300-MHz or 400-MHz Pentium chip with that?" as familiar a phrase in some circles as "Soup or salad with your entrée?" Like the Japanese pioneers of just-in-time manufacturing—think Toyota—Dell has plants that are surrounded by suppliers who have built up symbiotic relationships with the company. So Dell keeps next to no inventory of parts on hand. Its strategy is the perfect realization of what Henry Ford was after when he wrote in 1921: "Having a stock of raw material . . . in excess of requirements is waste."

At the same time, Dell has also perfected something much more mundane: the simple feat of holding on to its money. Every business recognizes, of course, that it's better to collect money you're owed as quickly as you can and to pay money that you owe as slowly as you can. But with the arrival of chief financial officer Tom Meredith three years ago, Dell began to turn cash management into an art form. Now it's one of the few companies in America with what's called a "negative cash-conversion cycle"; on average, it pays its suppliers eight days *after* it collects from its customers. Given that Dell sells more than \$1 billion worth of computers every month, it has a lot of float to play with—effectively interest-free loans from both its customers and its suppliers.

And that in turn means that to under-

that there's a point at which Dell could get so efficient that it would have an infinite return on capital." An infinite return on capital: You might call that the Holy Grail of the business world.

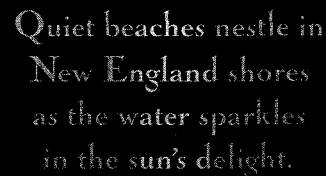
THERE IS A CATCH, THOUGH: WHAT DELL has done doesn't translate well to other industries. Dell has the advantage, after all, of effectively having its R&D costs paid for by Microsoft and Intel (like every other PC manufacturer), which has allowed it to devote its resources to assembly-line perfection, inventory control, and a rabidly aggressive sales staff. At the same time, the peculiar economics of the computer industry, in which prices for chips and disk drives stay in perpetual free fall, means that Dell can cut prices on its PCs and still make a hefty profit. Similarly, by keeping inventories so lean, Dell has shifted the risk of overproduction to its suppliers. Essentially, Dell figured out all the peculiar opportunities the PC industry offers, then took advantage of each and every one of them.

Legg Mason's Randy Befumo. "There's just very little net money that's invested . . . and it's generating just a ton of cash."

Advocates of the so-called New Economy are fond of pointing to Dell as evidence of the way information technology is revolutionizing the business world. And while Dell has done a brilliant job of incorporating new technology into its operations, the company's success says more about the continued relevance of business strategies like just-in-time manufacturing than it does about technological fantasies. What Dell has done remarkably well, in fact, is treat technology as a tool rather than as a fetish, while emphasizing the relatively mundane matters of inventory management, bill collection, and production-line efficiency. In this time of Internet-stock mania and Tom Peters-style pronouncements of perpetual business upheaval, Dell's preeminence is a healthy reminder that making things cheaply and well is still the best definition available of what makes a company great.

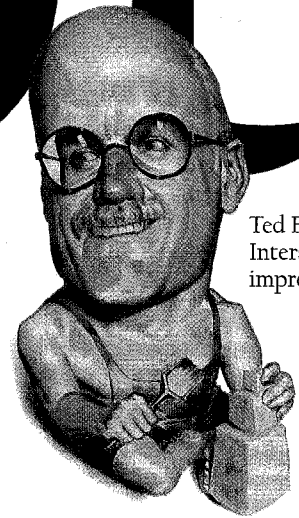
In brief: EVEN NOW, IT'S NOT CLEAR EXACTLY what in Fed chair Alan Greenspan's Humphrey-Hawkins testimony sent the market into last week's swoon, since none of what he said came as a surprise. At this point, his role has essentially devolved into that of the serious father figure to whom everyone pretends to pay heed—momentarily. The market's gotten so out of line with corporate America's underlying fundamentals that Greenspan's subtle dissection of what's happening to the global economy sounded like it was coming from another decade. Or maybe just from the real world. ■

"What Dell has done is to figure out how to run its business with almost no outside capital," says Randy Befumo, an analyst at Legg Mason. "There's just very little net money that's invested in this business, and it's generating just a ton of cash. There are almost no other business models than can spit out cash like this without requiring massive investments. What's really weird is that if you look closely enough, you can see



Introduction by Steven Gaines

Hot enough for you?



Ted Field,
Interscope
impresario.

Edited by Phoebe Eaton & Maer Roshan

Where to go to escape the city's relentless social whirl? How about a string of remote hamlets seething with high-strung New Yorkers, where potato fields go for \$2 million an acre, potato salad starts at \$12 a pound, and Jerry Della Femina is the Old Guard. Enjoy your stay, Mr. President.

IT'S GOING TO EXPLODE!" A WOMAN SHRIEKED TO her husband on the steps of the Sagaponack General Store. Clutching their newspapers and Poland Spring, the couple watched in dismay as a gaggle of bicyclists, joggers, and Rollerbladers tried to navigate the tangled course of luxury cars sitting out front. Drivers irritably jockeyed for parking space, and a man in a black Porsche pulled out so suddenly that he sent a terrified bicyclist toppling over in the dirt. "If it gets any more crowded," the woman moaned, "this place is going to explode at the seams."

If the overheated Hamptons *do* burst this summer, watch out for the tidal wave of StarTac cell phones, Tight Lies golf clubs, and redesigned Porsche convertibles. The new Hamptons are a high-calorie froth, where social-climbing baby-boomers, wobbly Wasp dowagers, European fun seekers, and Hollywood émigrés try to play nice on the same thin sliver of turf. The place has been declared *out* more times than anyone can remember, and yet it continues to survive—thrive, even—on a diet of Wall Street cash and Hollywood glitz, a community so self-involved that more than a dozen weekly magazines and newspapers are published there in season.

So who's who in the latest incarnation of the Hamptons? It's difficult to measure status in a place where everybody is rich and/or famous and has a garage full of expensive cars and a sprawl of a house. It's just as easy to buy a \$12,000 watch in East Hampton as it is to pick up a carton of milk, and new homeowners are so impatient that they landscape their front lawns with "mature gardens" of full-grown trees. An mini-forest can cost \$500,000 to install. Cherries at the local gourmet market are \$10 a pound, and at the Life's a Beach disco in Southampton, you will be charged a "bottle fee" of \$1,000 for the use of a table in the VIP room. Stoli never had it so good.

The arcane rules that once defined the pecking order in the Hamptons have gone the way of, well, *modesty*. These days, north of the highway can be a terribly chic place to live (Ed Bradley, Donna Karan, and Alec Baldwin helped make it so), and it's not so much the first three digits of one's home phone that determine who's gentry anymore but whether one's cell-phone number has the desirable 516 area code. Twenty years ago, a membership at the Maidstone was a badge of social prominence; today, the biggest status marker is the ability to snag a Friday-night reservation in the front room at Nick & Toni's or a \$250,000 handshake from the presi-

dent himself at Bruce Wasserstein's house, where the most turbo-charged political benefit in Hamptons history will be taking place this weekend.

A long time ago, on the South Fork, families lived quietly in big houses behind tall hedgerows, where they stayed put for weeks at a time. There was little traffic, even on weekends. The movie theater was open only on Friday and Saturday nights. But even back then, there were lines neatly etched in the sand. A popular jingle la-beled the phyla indigenous to the three major villages: "Southampton for the sporting rich; Bridgehampton for the nearly rich; East Hampton for the filthy rich." In 1950, a correspondent for the upscale *Holiday* magazine smugly reported that the Hamptons boasted the "ultimate asset" in a summer resort: "the guaranteed presence of other summer folk with the same tastes, background, and money as your own."

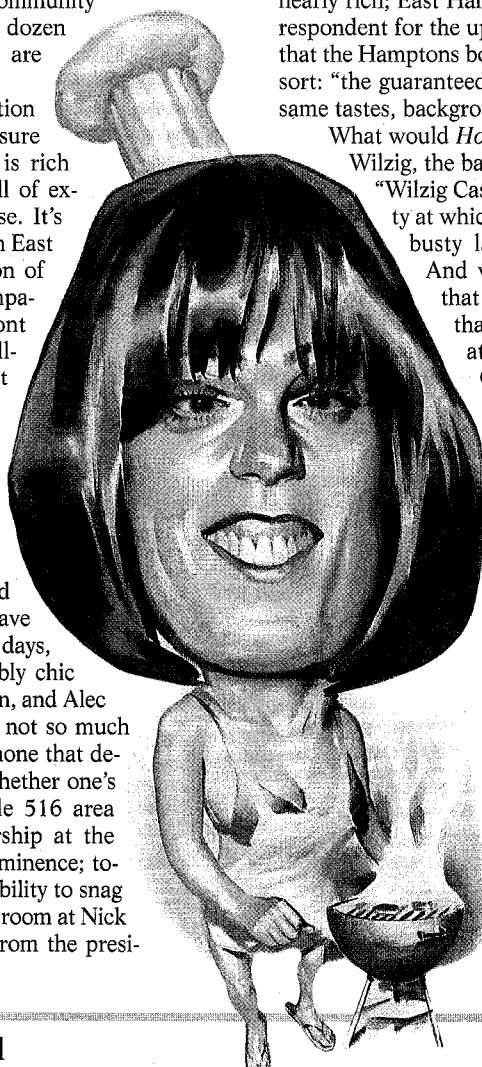
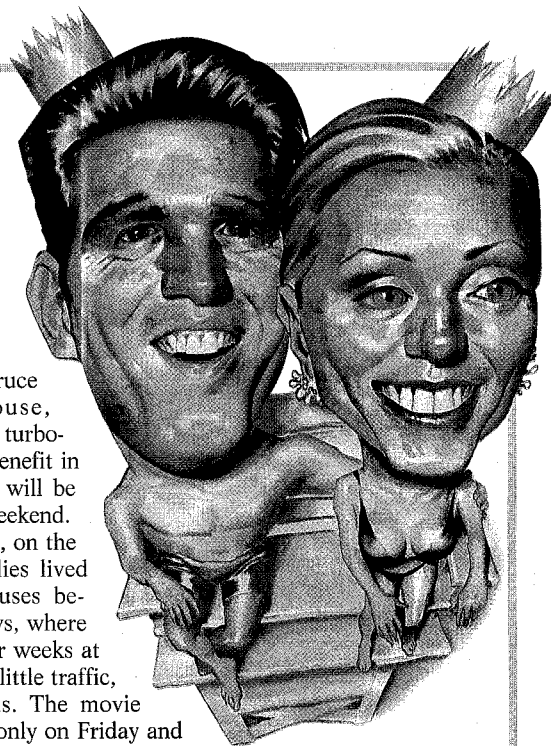
What would *Holiday* make of the brothers Alan and Ivan Wilzig, the bachelor bankers who built the \$4.7 million "Wilzig Castle" in Water Mill and celebrated at a party at which naked male moguls were entertained by busty lap dancers imported from Manhattan? And what does it portend for the Hamptons that the hottest party on July 4 was the one that Mike Tyson and a crush of bodyguards attended at the mansion of Sean "Puffy" Combs, where the canapés included marijuana brownies, and a Mister Softee truck at the gates satisfied guests who got the munchies?

It means that, for better or worse, there's a new order afoot, and that 37 miles of beachfront villages and hamlets are fibrillating with settlers at a rate so furious, the Hamptons will, inevitably, explode into something unrecognizable. What the future may hold is anybody's guess. Just make sure you're on the list.

Steven Gaines is the author of *Philistines at the Hedgerow: Passion and Property in the Hamptons* (Little, Brown & Co., © 1998).

Royal Flack:
Peggy Siegal
of Manhattan.

Royal Flush:
Prince Pavlos
and Princess
Marie Chantal
of Greece.



illustrations by Daniel Adel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
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The most fabulous houseguest imaginable is on his way, and the locals are giddy with anticipation.

The First Vacation

By James Brady

THE MAIDSTONE REGRETS. And in so doing, restores one's faith in America. For the past twenty years, I've lived on Further Lane in East Hampton, that most venerable of beach resorts with its improbably exotic cast of aristos and arrivistes, just a few hundred yards east of the Maidstone Club, an Establishment bastion so confident of its pedigree that it will politely inform the first sitting president to visit the Hamptons since McKinley that if he is looking for a game of golf next weekend, he'll have to look elsewhere.

The reason? Saturday, August 1, and Sunday, August 2, the Maidstone plays its annual member-guest tournament, and, as a member informed me, "it would be inappropriate to insert the president into *that*. But if he'd like to play Monday, they'd be delighted." Of course, the president will be gone by Monday, but there, by God, is what this country is all about. People are courteous, but rules are rules. The Maidstone certainly has *its* priorities in order. No sucking up, no temporizing, no spin doctors. It's all so admirably East Hampton.

Since my current novel, a comedy of manners set in the Hamptons and called *Gin Lane*, has as its principal subplot a visit by the president, the scheduled arrival later this week of the actual commander-in-chief has me in considerable demand with the press, with the talk shows, and at covered-dish suppers.

How did I know they were coming? Had I been tipped off by Sid Blumenthal? Or was life simply imitating art? In my book, the president is coming to the Hamptons to repay a political debt to Tom and Daisy Buchanan, major campaign contribu-

tors who are buying yet another foreign title for one of their many nubile daughters—marrying her off to the Viscount Albemarle, a chinless wonder holding a minor post in Tony Blair's cabinet.

But the reality that awaits Bill and Hillary is likely to be even stranger. News of their impending visit first broke here in the June 4 issue of the East Hampton *Star*, and drove the already status-obsessed residents of our fair hamlet to new heights of angst. Confirming the rumors, Democratic Party state chairman Judy Hope mentioned that the First Couple would attend a "sizable" fund-raiser in the pasture of Kim Basinger and Alec Baldwin's place in Amagansett, setting off a desperate run for invitations, at up to \$1,000 a pop.

Where the Clintons would actually be sleeping was unclear. Alan and Susan Patricof's place on Hunting Lane in East Hampton was said to be a likely port of call. Mr. Patricof, a venture capitalist, and

his wife, Susan, have been frequent guests in the Lincoln Bedroom. But when I noted all this in my *Advertising Age* column, Mr. Patricof was not amused.

On July 4, he pulled up next to me as I strolled Egypt Lane, halting his '39 Buick convertible in mid-lane, to remonstrate. Tourists, he complained, were gawking at his house. "Just trying to give you ink," I replied.

Leaning on his Buick, we chatted amiably about the prez and exchanged gossip about the *last* East Hampton sighting of Bill Clinton: the 1988 artists-and-writers softball game behind the A&P, where the then-governor did not actually play but umpired with a judicious eye.

Having calmed down, Patricof set off to leave, only to find that the convertible would not start. I got down and looked underneath. "You're leaking something, Alan." A swiftly growing pool of gas spread around us.

"Get outta the road!" a passing motorist shouted. I got behind the car while the president's pal dismounted and, steering with one hand, pushed as I shoved. "Schmucks!" another motorist cried out with that gentility one associates with the Hamptons in high season. We were trying to push the car off the road when along came former Sony chief Mickey Schulhof, who first, and properly, shook hands, then joined me at the Buick's stern. Giving up the fight, Mr. Schulhof offered Alan his cell phone to summon a mechanic. I resumed my constitutional.

I FLEW THAT WEEK TO CALIFORNIA and returned to learn that the Clintons wouldn't be staying chez Patricofs but elsewhere, perhaps at George Soros's palatial digs in Southampton. Or maybe at Chris Whittle's spread on Georgica Pond, where the Gores stayed on their last visit. Flummoxed, I went over to Main Street to question East Hampton mayor Paul F. Rickenbach Jr. (After a career of covering Capitol Hill, the White House, Downing Street, and the Élysée palace, I've learned to go straight to the top.)

The mayor was clad in sandals, shorts, and a faded tennis shirt. "Blend in with the populace," he explained. Asked about the Clinton visit, he replied, mysteriously: "All is very fluid right now." The Secret Service had been to see the police chief, Glen F. Stonemetz, he admitted, but didn't bother with the mayor. Rickenbach picked up the phone to call the chief and ask him what



Illustration by Daniel Adel.

The Mile-High Club

was going on. "May as well kill two birds," he said. Stonemetz said he wasn't certain the First Family were coming at all. If they did, the dates he had were Friday, July 31, to Sunday, August 2.

Stonemetz said two federal officers from the Long Island bureau had visited him. Suffolk County police also had come by to offer a hand. Stonemetz said a few secondary streets may be closed down. And if Clinton comes into downtown—which is exactly one block long—they'll probably close down Route 27, the East End's main east-west road. He guesses that the president will have 40 or 50 cars in his motorcade.

After phoning town supervisor Cathy Lester and East Hampton *Star* editor Helen Rattray, I took a break over a chilled Pacifico beer at the Blue Parrot, where manager Roland Eisenberg reported that "men in black" had been seen around town. "Sudsy," the gossip columnist-cum-restaurant critic of Montauk's weekly *Pioneer*, diligently took notes. But a Baldwin neighbor fretted that he'd be denied access to his own house during Saturday's fund-raiser. "They sent me an invitation," he grumbled. "Two hundred fifty bucks. You'd think they might invite the neighbors free."

Helen Rattray called back. "I'm not convinced he's coming," she announced. "I think it might be just Hillary and Chelsea, and they might just stay quietly with Liz Robbins down by the ocean. I also hear they'll be staying with Steven Spielberg on West End Road. What annoys us is, we've been told there'll be one pool reporter. I told them, 'Hey, we're the local newspaper.' We can pay the \$1,000 to get into the Baldwins' tent, but how close to the president does that get you?"

Not that the Clintons were the Hamptons' sole obsession. Acres of bottle-nosed dolphins leaping with their young were sighted at Napeague, an unusual occurrence. A new restaurant—Zizzi Balooaba—is opening on Montauk Highway. Billy Joel is back in residence after his tour. But all around town, the president's visit is still Topic A. Everyone you talk to has his own notion of who the president must see and do. But to really get into the Bub spirit (Bubs are what locals call themselves), my fictional narrator, Beecher Stowe, would advise Bubba to sample the Bub Burger (peanut butter and butter slathered on a roll) at Brent's. Just the thing to send down the hatch after the Baldwin bash's deviled quail eggs and smoked eel.

James Brady, a former editor of New York magazine, writes weekly for Parade magazine, Advertising Age, and Crain's New York Business. His novel Gin Lane is published by St. Martin's Press.

LAST SUMMER, ONE OF DONALD TRUMP'S NEW PILOTS MADE THE MISTAKE OF bringing his helicopter down on the back runway at the East Hampton airport. "What are you doing?" screamed the red-faced mogul. "The main runway's over *there*." The pilot replied that he thought Trump wanted to make a low-key entrance. "Are you crazy?" his boss sputtered. "I've got my name on the damn helicopter! Pick it up, and bring it back over—I want it land right in the center of this airport."

The competition for that choice spot at the East Hampton airport is pretty stiff these days. Mort Zuckerman usually manages to snag the prime—i.e., the most highly visible—parking space for his Falcon 900, with Edward Gordon and former Sony chief Mickey Schulhof jockeying for the same privilege (one that's determined, pretty much, by whoever arrives first). But they're spared any competition from Saul Steinberg and Teddy Forstmann, who are forced by virtue of the size of their jets to land at the West Hampton Air Force Base, where Air Force One will probably be parked this weekend. Ron Perelman and Tommy Mottola, like Trump, also have access to private jets but travel to the Hamptons by helicopter—so they may not get to show off their planes' tail numbers (Zuckerman's ends in MZ, Perelman's in MF, as in the name of his holding company, MacAndrews & Forbes), but at least they don't have to haul themselves out to an airport just to leave town.

Of course, weekend air travel is no longer only for those with checking accounts larger than university endowments—anyone with a few hundred to spare and the sense to plan ahead can

book passage on a seaplane that leaves from the East River off 23rd Street, or hitch a ride on a helicopter (around \$1500 for 6 people) that departs from the same location or on 35th Street. And why not? Mile-high-clubbers can jet from Manhattan to East Hampton in about as much time as it takes to read the *Post* cover to cover (say, twenty minutes). But with every two-bit millionaire flying out to Long Island these days, there are bound to be complications. If the weather's bad, you can get caught in gridlock over the East Hampton airport. You might even have to land in—of all places—Islip, well over an hour away from Lily Pond Lane.

For fifteen years, Loanet chairman Neil Hirsch enjoyed the ultimate door-to-door service: His pilot regularly flew his seaplane right up to his house in Water Mill, until an ordinance passed last year barred seaplanes from the pond. "They've been landing seaplanes here for 50 years, and there's never been an accident," he said.

Only fishwives and Marianne Williamson believe in jinxes, but the very next night, Hirsch's Cessna suddenly took a header into the East River. It seems the landing gear was not retracted, causing the seaplane to flip when it hit the water near the 23rd Street base. As the plane started to sink, Hirsch kicked out one of the windows. He and the pilot, Tom Roed, made it to the surface, but when Roed went back for Hirsch's companion, actress Elizabeth Barr, he lost consciousness. Roed spent a week in the hospital before being released. "Of course I'll keep flying," says Hirsch, who may have been downed but is certainly not out. Unlike its owner, the Cessna is totaled, but hey—it was time to upgrade to a Gulfstream anyway.

JARED PAUL STERN



High flyers: In plane view at East Hampton airport.

Mogul Operandi

WHAT'S WHAT IN THE
HIGH-VOLTAGE HAMPTONS

BREAKFASTS WITH JUICE

The Bridgehampton Candy Kitchen

(shoehorned into the retro booths: Robert Morton, Don Hewitt, Miramax's Meryl Poster, Paul Wilmot)

Babette's

(where Spielberg scarfs scrambled tofu)

Estia (regulars include Kathleen Turner, Alec and Kim)

The Golden Pear Cafe

(Wall Streeters pay \$2.50 for iced coffee at what's been tagged the "Golden Parachute" chain; Southampton branch for takeout—and Cindy Crawford sightings)

SEA AND BE SEEN

On the beach

Gibson (Candace Bushnell, Kate Bohner, novelist-screenwriter Richard Price)

Georgica (Spielberg; Paul, James, and Stella McCartney; *ER*'s Anthony Edwards)



Candace Bushnell.

Indian Wells (Kathleen Turner, Uma Thurman)
Cryder (Gin Lane fizz)
Two Mile Hollow
Flying Point (Billy Norwich, Randolph Duke)

WINNERS AND DINNERS

In-demand reservations
Nick & Toni's (Friday nights bring Claudia



Going the distance on Montauk Highway.

Cohen, Mickey Schultof, Tommy Mottola, Steven Spielberg, and Ron Perelman to the front room. Maître d': Bonnie Munshin, sharp-tongued widow of musical-comedy star Jules Munshin)

The Palm (same crowd on Sunday nights—the front room rules. Maître d's: Tomas Romano and Enrico D'Innocenti)

Della Femina (same crowd immortalized in Sardi's-style pictures on the walls—Katie Couric, Alan Alda, Ross Bleckner)

Savanna's (Southampton royalty, owned by Perelman lieutenant Howard Gittis)

Redbar Brasserie (a comer—Nina Griscom, Beth Rudin de Woody, Ian Schrager)

Club Colette (Carroll Petrie, Jamee Gregory, Hilary Geary—the private lair of Palm Beach lionesses and their consorts)

Alison by the Beach

(Lauders mix it up with artists like Eric Fischl and designers like Nicole Miller)

Sunset Beach Hotel

(St. Barts swank for Kelly Klein, Ross Bleckner, Sandy Gallin, Barry Diller, Diane Von Furstenberg. Maître d': Pierre Revielles)



Artist-at-large Ross Bleckner.

VELVET-ROPE MAFIA

• **Jet East** (Cocktailing in Balinese-lounge high style: Tommy Mottola, Shoshanna Lonstein. Doorman: Randy Scott)
• The VIP room at **Life's a Beach** (opens at 2:30 A.M. for the likes of Ted Field. Doorman: Dirk van Stockum)

• **The Tavern's** VIP room and patio (moneyed young Southamptonites and Peter Beard. Helps to know John Flanagan and the Von Broock brothers)

• **NV Tsunami** (Puff Daddy's posse)

• **The Swamp** (Diane Von Furstenberg, Barry Diller, Calvin Klein)

PLAYBOYS OF THE EAST END

Ron Perelman

Sam Waksal (dated both Martha Stewart and her daughter Alexis)

Neil Hirsch (dated Bianca Jagger and Perelman ex Patricia Duff)

John Miller

Randy Schindler

Chappy Morris

Robert Morton

Tommy Mottola

HBO's Richard Plepler

Ted Field

Henry Buhl

Larry Gagosian

Ed Burns

Peter Beard

SYMBOL PLEASURES

Flaunt it, baby

• Rows of **\$10,000 European weeping beeches** and **Japanese Zelkova trees** in the front lawn

• **Picket-fence security gates** opened with a card and code number (like in L.A.)

• **Motorola Startac 8600** cellular phones

• Outdoor regulation-size **basketball courts**

• Multiple personal assistants, a butler, a driver, a gardener, **bodyguards**

• **Houses with names** (Ron Lauder: Sweet Potato. His guest house: New Potato. Steven Spielberg: Quelle Barn. Larry Gagosian: Toad Hall. David Koch: Aspen East)

• A **boat** (can be rented; after all, who can tell?)

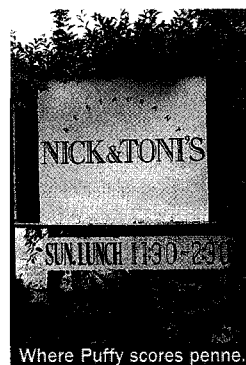
• A **putting green** (Allen Grubman, Nicky Forstmann), or, better yet, a **golf course** (Mickey Palin: nine holes. Edward S. Gordon: nine holes)

• **Surveillance cameras** artfully obscured by foliage (the Spielberg compound)

• Paying to board **personal tennis pros** and **Argentine polo-team players** (including their families)

• An **entourage** like Ron Perelman's

• **Dunes** on beachfront property lit by Greg Yale



Where Puffy scores penne.

• The **Southampton telephone exchange 283**

(means you've lived there forever; East Hampton's most desirable exchange is 324)

• An **in-house gym**, with a 40-foot rock-climbing wall like Charles Stevenson's

• A **Locke Reel mower** (\$8,000 and up)

• A **helipad**

• A **private screening room** (Barry Sonnenfeld's and Larry Gagosian's each seat 10. Mickey Schultof's seats 20. Francesco Galesi's tropical-theme theater seats 40. Ron Perelman's seats 100. Bryan Bantry's at Goose Creek seats 120.)

WHEELS OF FORTUNES

- **VW Bugs** (boomers need a fourth car, preferably in yellow and silver)
- **Vespas** (Martha Stewart has one in pistachio)
- **Mercedes M320** sport-utility vehicle (who *doesn't* own one?)
- The **redesigned Porsche 911** (Ron Perelman, Calvin Klein)

FREQUENT FLYERS

- Plane speaking
- Gulfstream V** (Teddy Forstmann)
- Gulfstream IV** (Keith Barish, Robert and Harriet Cohen, Al Taubman)

Get your kicks on Route 27.



- Gulfstream III** (Howard Gittis, William E. Simon, Peter Morton)
- Gulfstream II** (Barry Diller, Il-B: Jann Wenner)
- Falcon 900** (Mort Zuckerman, Henry Kravis, John Kluge, Tommy Mottola, 20 series: Mickey Schulhof)
- Citation VII** (Edward S. Gordon)
- Boeing 727** (Saul Steinberg)
- Sikorsky helicopter** (Ralph Lauren, Henry Kravis, Tommy Mottola, Ron Perelman, Donald Trump, Linda Wachner, Saul Steinberg, Teddy Forstmann)
- Aerospatiale Dauphin helicopter** (Tommy Mottola)
- Westwind 2** (Carroll Petrie)

A-LIST-IN-TRAINING

(* denotes power offspring)

- **James and Whitney Fairchild***
- **Alex and Alex Von Furstenberg***
- **Stephan, Conrad, and Lulu de Kwiakowski***
- **Robbie and K.K. Kravis***
- **Pia and Chris Getty***
- **Pavlos and Marie-Chantal of Greece***
- **David, Dylan, and Andrew Lauren***
- **Shoshanna Lonstein**
- **Samantha, Charlotte, and Mark Ronson***
- **Harlan Peltz***
- **Serena Altshul***
- **Liz Cohen**

- **Kristina Stewart**
- **Cristina Greeven**
- **Marjorie Gubelmann**
- **Alex and Liz Lind**
- **Sloan Lindemann***
- **Lara Shriftman**
- **Aerin Lauder**
- **Zinterhoffer***
- **Chris Barish***
- **Steven Perelman***
- **Lola and Stella Schnabel***



The photogenic Fairchilds.

- **Lizzie Grubman***
- **Jocelyn and Eric Javits***
- **Samantha and Serena Boardman***

LIVING LARGE

Rap Hamptons

IN A COMMUNITY WHERE EVEN CATHOLICS ARE STILL CONSIDERED A BIT risqué at certain private clubs, and where gentility is guarded so tenaciously that not too long ago, miniskirts were banned from the public thoroughfares of East Hampton, the two most terrifying words in the English language might just be *rap impresario*. So it was no surprise that after Sean "Puffy" Combs bought his house in Settler's Landing in the Springs last year, a portion of the populace started buggin'.

"I think people here were freaked out by the fact that rappers travel in crews," says one hip-hop Hamptonite. "They don't come by one or two; they come in big groups with loud music, sometimes by the truckload."

"The Hamptons have always tried to be muted about the enormous wealth," sniffs an old-guard local, somewhat anachronistically. "Unlike Beverly Hills, there are *very* few Rolls-Royces out here."

Puffy definitely didn't go for understatement with his \$2.5 million Gwathmey mansion—which he describes as "the Delano meets the Hamptons." After his decorator quit over "aesthetic disagreements," horrified gossips reported that the Bad Boy Entertainment mogul had ordered her to emblazon his initials on his gates, the bottom of his vinyl pool, his Jacuzzi, and every beach, bath, and dish towel on the premises. And former Motown head Andre Harrell's penchant for driving his Bentley through Bridgehampton blaring Big Punisher dismayed locals whose station wagons are usually tuned to Lite FM.

But none of this seems to bother the latest generation of Hamptons power players, who seem not only to accept their new neighbors but to desperately want to be down. The two most talked-about, written-about, and photographed July 4 parties this year were given not by a Duke or a Petrie but by Puffy and Interscope Records owner Ted Field, the man who made Snoop Doggy Dogg a household name. On the day of the Field bash, East End socialites frantically worked their cell phones trying to line up invites. Those who succeeded saw Funkmaster Flex spinning music, Puffy and Penny Marshall huddled together in the D.J. booth, and Ron Perelman, Donald Trump, and Mark Wahlberg getting down on the makeshift dance floor. Combs's barbecue featured Veronica Webb, Mike Tyson, the rapper Lil' Kim and several hundred white socialites. The next day, fans ransacked the garbage for souvenirs.

"They've jazzed things up a bit," admits society chronicler Heather Co-hane. Nick & Toni's owner Jeff Salaway agrees: "People want to hang out with them because they think it will be more fun." To Def Jam founder Russell Simmons, who established the hip-hop beachhead five years ago, it's a sign of the times. "When MTV started showing Run-DMC," he says, "they took the first step toward destroying the boring lily-white culture of the Hamptons. This was actually about the *last* place to get hip-hop."

"The hot energy of New York City has come to the Hamptons now," says Harrell. On a typical weekend, Harrell and Simmons play basketball from noon to 3:30, take in a movie, stop by Nick & Toni's for dinner, and hit the clubs until about 3 A.M. But over the past several weekends, they've been retreating to . . . Connecticut. "When I'm in the Hamptons, I do everything," sighs Simmons. "I need a vacation."

BETH LANDMAN KEIL



EVERYBODY COMES TO PUFFY'S: Harrell, Simmons, Brett Wright, and the host.

BOARDS BEYOND BELIEF

Just Say No

GOLDEN ARCHES LONG AGO INVADDED the Champs-Élysées, but they'll never make it to Main Street in the village of East Hampton, perhaps the most tightly zoned locality in America. When a CVS drugstore arrived last year, the village's design-review board jawboned the chain into giving up its familiar tomato-red sign; this one is sage green. A 1996 ordinance eliminates all public neon and neon-type lighting. Awning graphics may indicate only a business's name. No product descriptions are allowed. Not even a telephone number.

The East Hampton board's gentle potentate is Carolyn Preische, a 60-year-old Atlanta native who has lived in the town for 35 years. Preische was long active in the Ladies' Village Improvement Society, whose members, Carry Nation-like, had hacked down billboards on Montauk Highway in the twenties. The board's powers are subtle but far-reaching. "It's good if people come to us when their project is very much in the planning stages *in their minds*," says Preische. "Later, it can be hard to have a fruitful discussion."

After all, this is the village that had Jerry Della Femina arrested a few years ago for selling pumpkins on the front lawn of the Red Horse Market. (The case was later dropped.) And the town of East Hampton's zoning board, stretching from Georgica Pond to Montauk, can be just as draconian. Four years ago, swimming instructor Lawrence Heneveld was giving lessons to children in his home pool—a zoning no-no. When he persisted despite a cease-and-desist order, Heneveld was briefly jailed.

The adage that good fences make good neighbors was not borne out in another recent squabble. Franc Vitale decided he no longer wanted to see topless sunbathers in the backyard of trend-spotter Faith Popcorn, his Georgica Pond neighbor. He erected a five-foot-high fence down the property line right to the water. "This man wanted to cocoon deeply," says Popcorn, who asked the zoning board to make Vitale remove a portion of the fence closest to the water, which she claimed had spoiled her view. The board sided with Vitale, who got to keep his fence. Popcorn then wrangled with another neighbor, the attorney Lloyd Cutler, who objected to her plans to double the size of a cottage on her property. It took four years of sometimes acrimonious hearings before Popcorn finally won approval to build her addition last winter. After a personal on-site inspection, Cutler sent her a bottle of champagne. "Good champagne," Popcorn reports.

PETER HELLMAN

- Patricia Herrera*
- Carolina Herrera Jr.*
- Marci Klein*
- Samantha Kluge*
- David Schulhof*
- Jill Swid*
- John Theodoracopoulos*
- Jenny Finkelstein*

BRIT PACK

Sighted on Shelter Island, especially at the pharmacy feeding on sausage-egg-and-cheese sandwiches and at **Crescent Beach**, distinguished by its proximity to the swish **Sunset Beach Hotel** bar:

- **Toby Young** (shares a house with **Hugh Warrender**, *Austin Powers* party host **Rory Fleming**, and **Aeneas Mackay**): "We come from an island and feel at home here. And Shelter Island looks like Devon. The ferry acts as a velvet rope."
- Also: **Lucy and Plum Sykes**, **Maxine Harrison**, **Euan Rellie**, **Lucas White** (Veronica Webb's beau), and **Clive Cooke** (Southampton cricket).

THE OLDEST MONEY

Unless you have a street named after you, you can't complain about the new money ruining the Hamptons. The following families have owned property in the Hamptons since the seventeenth century:

- The Gardiners**
- The Halseys**
- The Toppings**
- The Hildreths**
- The Osbornes**



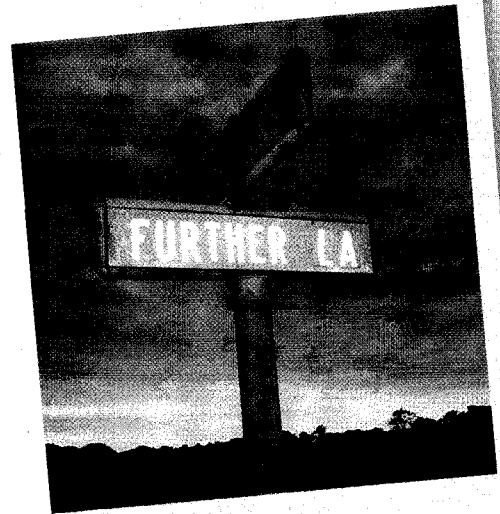
Carroll Petrie.

The Daytons
The Hallocks

ALPHA MAILING ADDRESSES

Gin Lane (Southampton): Carroll Petrie, Herb Allen, Felix Rohatyn, Vera Wang, Keith and Anne Barish, Marty Richards,

(perennial renter). **Murray Lane** (Southampton): Terry Allen, Kramer, George Soros. **Ox Pasture Road** (Southampton): Howard Gittis, Bill Acquavella, German industrialist Werner Otto,



Ground zero for East Hampton's power scene.

Sloan Lindemann (rents), Carl Spielvogel and Barbaralee Diamonstein Spielvogel, Al and Judy Taubman, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger Sr. **First Neck Lane** (Southampton): Marty Bregman, Dan Baker and Nina Griscom, Chuck Scarborough, Pamela Gross, James Finkelstein. **Meadow Lane** (Southampton): David and Julia Koch, Leon Black, Linda Wachner, Ted and Nicky Forstmann, Henry Kravis, Amalia Lacroze de Fortabat (one of the richest women in Argentina), Cendant's Henry Silverman (renting from Georgette Mosbacher). **South Main Street** (Southampton): Charles Stevenson, Tom Wolfe

Mickey Palin. **Georgica Pond** (East Hampton): **West End Road**: Kelly Klein, Courtney Ross, Steven Spielberg. **The Creeks**: Ron Perelman. **Lily Pond Lane** (East Hampton): Allen Grubman, Martha Stewart, Claudia Cohen, Mort Zuckerman, Howard Schultz (owns Starbucks). **Further Lane** (East Hampton and Amagansett): Lorne Michaels, Larry Gagosian, Billy Joel, Bruce Wasserstein. **Beach Lane** (Wainscott): Ron Lauder, Toni Ross, Heather Cohane. **North Haven**: Tommy Mottola, Jimmy Buffett, Christie Brinkley and Peter Cook, Andy Lack, Eric Fischl, Nicole Miller.

VIEW MASTERS

Own your own skyline

•**Steven Spielberg, Steve Ross**, and financier

Arthur Ross bought the eight-acre waterfront potato field on the west shore of Georgica Cove to preserve their vista; they then leased it out to farmers. Diane Saatchi, president of Dayton-Halstead, estimates that if these eight two-acre lots were put on today's market, they'd fetch as much as \$5 million each—making this own private Idaho worth \$40 million.

•After Steve Ross's death in 1992, his widow, Courtney, also bought up dozens of gravesites around his own at **Green River**



Jimmy Buffett en famille.

Cemetery, thereby insuring that in death, as in life, his greensward would remain intact.

•**Stanley Druckenmiller** found his view defiled by a big house on Southampton's prime Lake Agawam. Druckenmiller, who is George Soros's right hand, bought the house, but instead of tearing it down, he had it moved two lots away.

•**Ronald Lauder** has been

buying land around his home on Wainscott Pond since the seventies. In a 1983 coup, he was able to score about 35 acres—including 817 feet of oceanfront, as well as pond frontage on three sides—from the old Topping estate. Lauder also bought a neighbor's property for \$2.5 million to stop him from doubling his house's size.



Ron Lauder has strong views.

POWER BROKERS

Peter Hallock (president of Allan M. Schneider, East Hampton)

Peggy Hildreth Griffin (Allan M. Schneider, Bridgehampton)

Frank Newbold (v.p., Sotheby's East Hampton)

Paul Brennan (v.p., Sotheby's Bridgehampton)

Dunemere (founded by Charles Bullock, a member of the Maidstone Club; deals in high-end)

Tina Fredericks (sold the Creeks to Ron Perelman)

BLUEPRINTS OF HAPPINESS

The architects

Francis Fleetwood (living in shingle-heavy Fleet-

woods: Robert Morton, Caroline Hirsch, Bruce Ratner, Texas heiress Chan Mashek)

Norman Jaffe (drowned in 1993; Jewish Center of the Hamptons)

Charles Gwathmey (the Gwathmey Residence and Studio, built for his parents, was one of the first postmodern beach houses; Larry Gagosian's Toad Hall, commissioned by the de Menils; Spielberg's Quelle Barn) **Peter Cook** (married to Christie Brinkley—her connections and his poster-boy looks don't hurt)

Mark Ferguson (the Rennert "house")

Robert A. M. Stern (Cove Hollow Farm houses, Montauk's Wiseman

MALIBU SCHMALIBU

Spielberg, Phone Home

TRUE, AT LEAST ONE BONA FIDE HOLLYWOOD ROYAL rests peaceably in the Hamptons—specifically, Gary Cooper, who is buried rather inconspicuously. If only the current wave of Hollywood émigrés were so considerate. Instead, every summer, as reliably as a plague of Gulfstream-powered locusts, the West Coast crowd have descended on the East End's once somnambulant hamlets, ready to chew up the picturesque scenery.

But wait. It's almost August, and some of the inmates are escaping the asylum. Georgica Pond inhabitant Steven Spielberg is away, flogging *Saving Private Ryan*. (Of course, if President Clinton stays at the compound during his fund-raising round-robin, you may be certain the director will put in an appearance.) Even the Hamptons' most famous houseguest, Barbra Streisand, hasn't appeared *chez* Donna Karan. Ample anecdotal evidence suggests that more moguls and movie stars are spending this summer in Montana or on the Mediterranean than in Malibu-on-the-Atlantic. The chances are considerably greater of a crash of Hollywood-hired yachts off the Isle of Capri than of Hollywood-guided shopping carts in an aisle at Dreesen's.

Which is not to say that the Hamptons are celebrity-deprived. Regulars Kevin Costner and Mira Sorvino have shown up, and non-regulars Kelsey Grammer and Eddie Murphy have been spotted. This is, after all, where Ron Perelman's houseguests have included Penny Marshall and Melanie Griffith, and where Alec Baldwin is still regarded as a bankable actor. Many in the studio smart set are hanging out with director Nora Ephron and

her writer husband, Nick Pileggi, whose East Hampton retreat has quietly morphed into the address of choice for summer freeloaders.

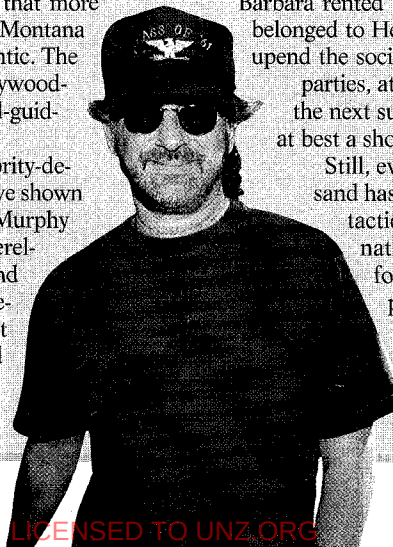
Steve Ross, the late Time Warner capo, bears most responsibility for the wave of arrivistes from Hollywood. It was Ross who introduced Spielberg to the charms of Georgica Pond, and Ross's wife, Courtney, who decorated "Quelle Barn," the director's home. With Ross gone and Courtney mostly out of sight, Spielberg and wife Kate Capshaw quickly became the Hamptons hosts with the best-known houseguests—including Tom Hanks and Rita Wilson, Robin and Marsha Williams, and partners Jeffrey Katzenberg and David Geffen. (That is, when the crown couple is in residence.)

Hamptons fever among the Hollywood set crested in the summer of '95, when a slew of entertainers and executives sought to put a continent between themselves and several years of man-made and natural disasters of almost biblical proportions (riots, earthquakes, fires, mud slides, the \$3.2 billion Sony write-off, *Waterworld*). That was the last time visitors could schedule trips for tax purposes to attend the cliquish HBO premiere party that was hosted by Michael Fuchs and organized to within an inch of its life by Peggy Siegal every August. (Time Warner fired Fuchs that November.) That same season, onetime 20th Century Fox owner Marvin Davis and wife Barbara rented the 45-acre Southampton estate that once belonged to Henry Ford II. Everyone thought they would upend the social order. Instead, they threw a few splashy parties, attended a few others—and were outta there the next summer. The East End's quaint villages have at best a short-term cachet for most of the Industry.

Still, every summer, rumors fan out that La Streisand has finally bought a choice spread—a surefire tactic for boosting real-estate prices. Now the nattering is, again, that Barbra has finally found her dream house. The location is supposedly so secret that even her unlisted phone is billed to an alias. Or maybe it's all just as much of a mirage as the ongoing belief that the Hamptons really still are Malibu East.

NIKKI FINKE

Here but not here: Spielberg's got better things to do.



house, the landmark Mecox Fields houses)

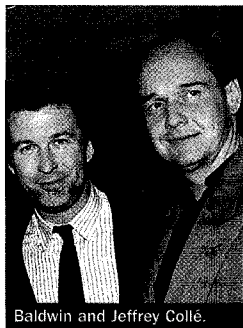
RAISING THE ROOF

The contractors

In his next movie, Warren Beatty will play a Hamptons builder who romances his clients, a mortar-and-brick *Shampoo*.

Jeffrey Collé (clients: Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger, Puff Daddy, Donna Karan)

Ben Krupinski (owns East Hampton Airlines and flies clients out: Martha Stewart and Kathy and Billy Rayner are just a few)



Baldwin and Jeffrey Collé.

ROOMS AT THE TOP

The decorators

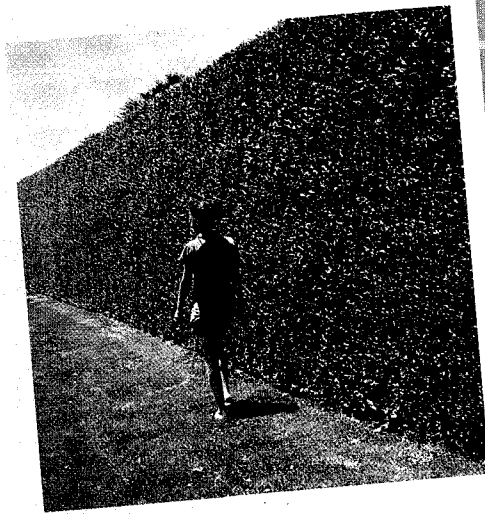
Peter Marino (decorated Ron Perelman's Creeks in just six weeks—marble bathrooms not to be believed; also did Claudia Cohen's place)

Betty (Mrs. Virgil) Sherrill In the old days, hiring Sherrill was a virtual guarantee of entrée into the big clubs. It doesn't work that way anymore, but her firm, McMillen, and her home, Mayfair, are still venerated.

Victoria Hagan (has whitened-out many a living room; did Barry Sonnenfeld's house)

Mac II (Leon Black and Henry Kravis are clients)

Parkin Saunders (with late partner, Chris Walsh) decorated David Koch's oceanfront estate, Aspen East, as well as



A phillistine at the hedgerow, no doubt.

Anne Ford and Teddy Forstmann's Southampton houses)
Parish-Hadley (and spores like David Kleinberg who excel at country-house kerfuffle)

HEDGE FUN

Landscape designers

Madison Cox (doing Ian Schrager's garden)

Edwina von Gal (David Salle's garden)

Deborah Nevins (hedges; Henry Kravis is one client)

Mario Nivera (Chan Mashek, Terry Allen Kramer)

Charlie Marder at Marder's

Mac Hoak at Mecox Gardens

PLANT PARENTHOOD

Great gardens

• **Lee Radziwill** (prize-winning roses tended by

• **Bob Schider**, "the rose man of the Hamptons")

• **Maria and Peter Mathiesen** (a Zen temple, too)

• **Kathleen Turner** (gets her hands dirty)

• **Martha Stewart** (roses)

• **Lynette and**

Howard Gittis

• **Ralph Lauren** (right on the ocean)

HEAVENLY HOST(ESSES)

• **Michael and Eleanor**

Kennedy use painted rocks as place cards, which they then place on the living-room mantel—a power pile-up.

• **Pia Getty** (slashing her way through the social jungle with a Tarzan costume party; also chaired the Parrish)

• **Barbaralee Diamonstein**

Spielvogel

and husband **Carl Spielvogel** (politicos)

• **John Scanlon** (Hibernian house parties)

• **Sally Quinn and Ben Bradlee** (she wrote the book on partying)

• **Carroll Petrie** (needs to show off guests like Baroness Thatcher)

• **Christian and Naomi Woffler** (the wine from their Sagpond Vineyards flows freely)

• **Marty Richards** (very Hollywood in the seventies—caviar and teeny baby shrimp)

• **Ross Bleckner** (pumped up boys and power broads)

• **Keith and Anne Barish** (Hollywood)

• **Carol and Earle Mack** (Broadway)

• **Lauren and John Veronis** (Mediarific)

• **Jonathan Canno** (East Hampton had a power outage, but his party raged on because he has his own generator)

• **Terry Allen Kramer** (Palm Beach darlings)

• **Bryan Bantry** (screenings; don't be late, you may not be invited back)

• **Lynette Gittis** (afternoon teas, girls-only luncheons)

• **Peggy Siegal** (cozy dinner parties)

• **Larry Gagosian** (postprandial movie screenings)

• **Claudia Cohen** (once served seaweed soufflé)

• **Nina Griscom** (foodies, fogies, and fashionistas)

• **Dottie Herman** (powerhouse real-estate broker; vanloads of Dreesen's delectables)

• **George and Susan Soros** (Saturday night policy-fests)

• **Jane Wenner** (low-key fashion crowd)

• **JoAnne de Guardiola** (Parish-Hadley decorator; helmet-hair eating angel hair)



Lynette and Howard Gittis.

TRAY CHIC

The caterers

Brent Newsom Catering (Liz Tilberis party for 300 on August 8; Martha Stewart shoots)

Robbins Wolfe Eventeurs (Nina Griscom, Allen Grubman's Fourth of July, Jonathan Canno)

Art of Eating (Barry Sonnenfeld, Martha Stewart)

Flavors (*Elle Decor* garden party in Bridgehampton, Patricof dinners)

Clamman (beach parties)

East End Clambakes (Jane Holzer's July 4 bash)

SWEET CHARITY

Best benefits

• **Planned Parenthood** (This year's host: Ross Bleckner)

• **Artists and Writers Softball Game**

• **Mercedes-Benz Polo Challenge** (opening day and closing day only)

• **Water Mill Center** (drop-dead host list)

• **Barbecue for Ovarian-Cancer Research Fund** (at Liz Tilberis's house on August 8)

• **Parrish Art Museum**

• **Southampton Hospital**

• **Huggy Bear Tennis Tournament**



Spielvogel schmoozing with Stephanopoulos.

Photographs: clockwise from top left, LEGO/Cut The Fat; Patrick McMullan; Joan Jedell (2).

Hamptons magazine is an empire built on party pictures. But for publisher Randy Schindler, it's blood sport.

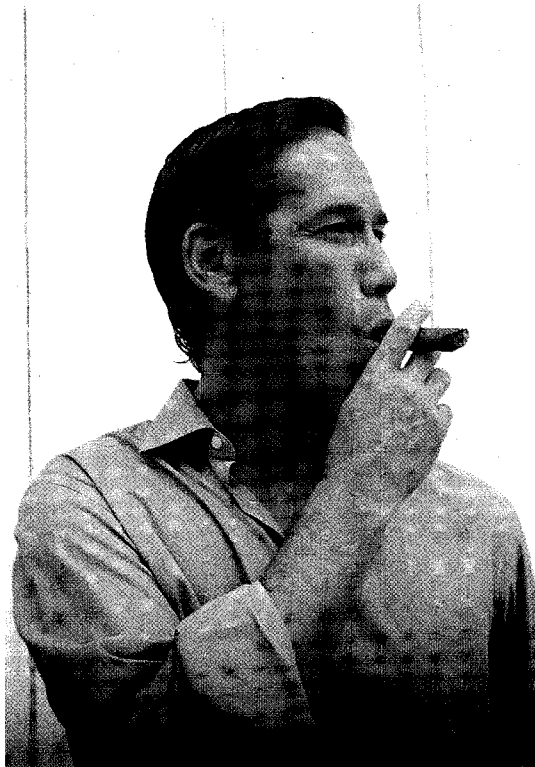
The Power and the Glossy

By Vanessa Grigoriadis

TO HEAR HIM TELL IT, RANDY Schindler doesn't much care for parties anymore, but to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of *Hamptons*, the magazine's editor and publisher made a few exceptions. The revelry began Tuesday at Donald Trump's 1 Central Park West penthouse, where demi-celebrities like Shoshanna Lonstein toasted the glossy with tepid white wine (someone forgot the ice) and Wesley Snipes doffed his shirt (someone forgot the air-conditioning). The scene then shifted to the *Hamptons* after-party at Life, where limos double-parked on Bleecker Street and Schindler's new partner, Jason Binn, made a brief 3 A.M. appearance with his "dear friend" Sean "Puffy" Combs. Three days later, hundreds of the same *jeunesse dorée* lined up outside the Southampton nightclub Tavern for an anniversary bash hosted by Andre Harrell and Russell Simmons, where the VIP room stayed open past dawn. And for those who were awake later the same day, Schindler hosted a star-studded *Hamptons* clambake—strictly invitation only.

Outsize and insidery, glitzy and gauche, packed with celebrities and hangers-on, these soirées were perfectly in sync with the self-congratulatory chronicle of surf and society that is *Hamptons* magazine. And pulling all the strings was Schindler himself, the dour, cigarillo-smoking publisher who fancies himself the social arbiter of the Flash *Hamptons*. "All I do," says Schindler, "is give my readers what they want."

Over two decades, Schindler has reflected—some might say abetted—the transformation of the *Hamptons* from a bohemian summer camp for writers and artists to a playground for Manhattan's rich and social-



Blowing smoke: *Hamptons* publisher Randy Schindler.

ly striving. An energetic entrepreneur who claims Calvin Klein, Neil Hirsch, and Donald Trump as his friends, Schindler has built a \$3 million-a-year empire on party photographs, series like "It Persons," and features on Billy Joel's latest home renovation. *Hamptons* is the kind of magazine in which captions on pictures of pretty girls read "Lookin' good!"; entire articles have gone to press in Latin dummy type; and a few weeks ago, David Dinkins was identified in a pho-

tograph as Nelson Mandela.

Just the same, as soon as the copies are distributed on Friday night, *Hamptons* moves—snatched from the front steps of the Polo store, the doorway of Bobby Van's, and the sidewalk outside Loaves & Fishes. "I love *Hamptons*," confesses super-publicist Peggy Siegal. "It captures what's happening, the young, hip, sexy, swinging scene. But you can never find it—it's so annoying." The unabashedly trashy magazine has become a guilty pleasure for People With Influence, whose daily plans include checking to see whether they've made "The List," an utterly arbitrary roll call that can include anyone from super-model Irina to Oscar Wilde to fashion stylists at *Allure*—and which the editor refers to with typical tact as "Schindler's List."

Indeed, Schindler's formula has proved so lucrative that he's facing serious competition this summer, most notably from mogul Marvin Shanken, the deep-pocketed publisher of *Wine Spectator* and *Cigar Aficionado* and the new owner of the rival *Hamptons Country*. The week of the magazine's release, Shanken took out three full-page ads in the *New York Times*, the opening salvo in what promises to become an all-out war.

Though neither *Hamptons* nor *Country* submits to independent publishing audits, each claims a circulation of more than 35,000 and revenues of several million dollars. Schindler brags that 64 percent of his readers earn over \$100,000 and 72 percent are college-educated. Though the actual rates paid by advertisers at both magazines vary widely, the *Hamptons* rate card lists \$7,900 for a full-color ad; at *Country*, the going rate is \$6,000. But Schindler was here first. "It might all be junk food, but Randy single-handedly created this whole niche," says a former *Hamptons* editor. "The magazine is his candy store, and time has proven him right."

RANDY SCHINDLER WAS JUST 22 AND STILL IN Southampton College when he put out his first issue of *Hamptons* in 1978, beginning it "innocently enough on a *Queen Elizabeth* crossing to Cherbourg, France," as he muses in the twentieth-anniversary issue. "Torn between sculpting in Montmartre and returning home to pursue a career in publish-

ing, I sailed around Greece and Turkey listening for the sound of one hand clapping. I didn't hear it." Back in the States, Schindler and Roberta Stryhas, the high-school girlfriend he would later marry, created the magazine from their Shelter Island home. The first issue ran twelve pages, featuring Q&As with Roy Lichtenstein, Willem de Kooning, and Larry Rivers—all of whom Schindler had studied with at school. Stryhas's uncle owned a computer-typesetting business, so the magazine was relatively cheap to produce, and the couple wrote, edited, and photographed the whole thing themselves. "It was just fun and games," says Schindler. "When I sold my first ad, I felt like I was selling my soul."

As the eighties wore on and the weekly's

Girls, girls, girls: Don't judge a book by its cover.



remedied by calls to his bookie. He began gambling away his summer profits during the winter months until they hovered near zero, but each summer brought a new liquidity. It was a cycle he would repeat for several years. "The man would gamble on a fly crossing a windowpane," says an old friend.

Eventually, his antics became a regular staple of the city's gossip columns. There were horror stories of Schindler angrily ripping shelves off the wall, debating editors' anatomies at meetings, and driving employees to near-nervous breakdowns. By then, Randy had become a familiar figure at the Suffolk County courthouse. "No deal was ever done with Randy until the money was in your pocket," says Mallory Crosby, a former editor. "He felt that if he was paying what you had agreed upon, he was getting cheated." But as writers, editors, and salespeople lined up to sue him for unpaid fees, they discovered that he actually owned nothing, had no credit card, and had his car registered under an assumed name.

In 1994, in an attempt to force Randy to pay regular child support for his daughter, Ursula, Stryhas sued for receivership of *Hamptons* and won, though Schindler settled out of court before she took possession. By then Schindler was remarried to a Next model named Matesi

while he severely curtailed his nightclubbing. Schindler still managed to pop up in party pictures, a feat he accomplished by ordering his art director to Photoshop him in, *Zelig*-like, beside unsuspecting celebrities.

"LET'S DO A NICE NEON YELLOW FOR THE HEAD here," says Schindler, squinting at a mock-up of the *Hamptons* "Beauty and Fitness" issue, which features Miss USA in a blue Speedo two-piece. It's noon on a Sunday, and Schindler is huddled with several chain-smoking editors in the magazine's wood-paneled offices on Southampton's Main Street. "*Vogue* and *Elle* do that neon yellow in the summer, and I figure they've done their market research," says Schindler. They ponder the photo. "Bring out the dark blue in her bathing suit," says one. "How 'bout taking it off completely?" giggles Schindler.

Such is the introduction to the publishing world that Schindler has offered neophyte editors, many of whom happen to be young, female, and well-born. His current managing editor is 21-year-old Mandolyna Theodoracopulos, Taki's daughter. "He's got these beautiful 19-year-old debbs basically in bondage," says a writer who recalls police being summoned after Schindler and one such editor got into a violent spat.

But over the years, Schindler has also been able to attract a stable of name-brand writers—including George Plimpton, George Wayne, David Mamet, C. Z. Guest, and Candace Bushnell. "I'd get teased mercilessly out on the softball field with Mort Zuckerman and Ken Auletta," admits Jay Severin, the

"Schindler's got these beautiful 19-year-old debbs basically in bondage," a writer says.

influence grew, the earnest young editor from Baldwin found himself caught up in the social whirl. "I was just a kid from the suburbs, so glamour and celebrity blew my mind," says Schindler. "I thought the celebrities were as excited to meet me as I was to meet them." He became a fixture at East End discos like Danceteria, Hurrah, and Le Mans, migrating to the city for coke-fueled benders at Studio 54 and Xenon and splurging for nights at the Plaza or the Mark.

"As the Hamptons evolved, Randy evolved," says an employee who roomed with Schindler. "He got rid of his hippie wife and started dating models. I used to wake up to different naked models strutting past my door every morning."

After he moved out on his own, Schindler moved into high Gatsby mode, hosting immense parties on the weekends. "Randy was the best friend to have if you wanted to meet models," says former assistant editor Alex Kramer. "He would throw everyone a bone." Before long, Schindler found himself with a cash-flow problem—one he temporarily

Michelson. According to press reports at the time, Schindler married her in a "bogus off-shore ceremony" presided over by a suspect sea captain. Schindler insists that it was all aboveboard. "We made vows to each other on the boat, but Matesi knew it was not a real marriage," he insists. Michelson could not be reached for comment; in any case, it turned out to be a prescient move. The couple split up a year later, after a Christmas Eve altercation that landed Schindler in the Southampton jail.

But all this is ancient history, Schindler says. After several efforts to clean up, he has become a regular at AA meetings and meditation groups on the island. "I like to go to what's really the most beautiful place in the world, the Siena Spirituality Center in Water Mill, and meditate with the nuns," he says. "Funny, right? A nice Jewish boy like me." Even detractors admit he's been a doting parent to his 4-year-old son, Xander, whom he won custody of after a court battle with Michelson. Friends say he has mellowed considerably and his behavior is less erratic. But

Republican consultant who wrote the magazine's political column for several years. "But the important thing is that they read it."

AS HAMPTONS PROSPERED, and Schindler looked for ways to fill up his winter months, he sought to reinvent himself as a resort-town Citizen Kane. He considered starting a magazine in Aspen, and in 1997, he launched a Waspy version of *Hamptons* in Palm Beach. Last year, he entered talks with Jerry Finkelstein's News Communications, hoping to trade 40 percent of *Hamptons* for a majority interest in *Manhattan File*. He wanted to combine all three into a new company, Hamptons Media.

Though he did not yet own the title, Schindler played publisher at *Manhattan File* for two months this winter, where he swamped editor Cristina Greeven with such editorial suggestions as a tag line for the magazine—"Do you smoke after sex?"—

and a decree that every issue of the magazine should feature a starlet puffing on a cigarette. A year earlier, in retaliation for a slight, Schindler had electronically altered a *Hamptons* party picture to make Greeven look obese. "Randy allows his competitive nature to get the better of him," Greeven says now. "If he's bitter about something, he'll go out of his way to get you back."

By April, Schindler's grand plan had begun to collapse. His bid for *Manhattan File* was aborted after *Hamptons* printer Wilcox Press won a \$311,000 settlement against Schindler, charging that his company hadn't paid its bills. Schindler asked News Communications to pay a portion of the judgment as part of the deal, but the company refused. "Eventually," says a well-placed source at News Communications, "we realized he wasn't worth all the aggravation."

So *Manhattan File* is now owned largely by Greeven. And *Palm Beach* rests in the hands of Miami's *Ocean Drive* owners, Jerry Powers and Jason Binn. A perpetually sunglassesed Roslyn Harbour native, Binn (né Binnstock) announced this spring that he was also becoming Schindler's partner in *Hamptons*. A manic 30-year-old schmoozer who shares a Southampton house with Russell Simmons and Andre Harrell, Binn has lured dozens of high-profile advertisers to the magazine this year, including Cartier, the Gap, Hugo Boss, and Tommy Hilfiger. Binn's office is filled with hundreds of photographs of himself with "friends" like Cindy, Sly, and Madonna—in fact, he never travels anywhere without his Canon Elph. "Tony Shafrazi and Peter Brant and Dennis Hopper were just telling me that I'm just like Andy Warhol—y'know, totally in touch," says Binn, calling from his cell phone. "I took it as a compliment."

Together, Binn and Schindler are aiming high. "We're going to make *Hamptons* look better each week," Schindler vows, "so we can make a deal with Time Warner and start building the kind of company we dream of. I'd like to create a publishing group with national clout, to move *Hamptons* Media into TV and records, and producing would be fun." He mentions the script he's written for a *Hamptons*-based soap opera—but of course, he "can't go into the details." Not everyone is so optimistic. "Even Hachette was courting Randy," says a former editor. "But he couldn't do it. He's one of these guys who always has a gun pointing at his foot."

TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE, THERE'S SOMEONE waiting to pull the trigger: Marvin Shanken, who recently bought three-year-old *Country* as a centerpiece for his upscale consumer empire. Shanken is a fiercely private businessman whose office includes a wine cellar, JFK's half-million-dollar humidior, and one of the world's best collections of vintage French posters. "Look, we're not looking to get into a pissing match here," he says. "But we'd be amateurs if we couldn't do better than what's in the *Hamptons* right now." Like *Hamptons*, *Country* features spreads on real estate, copious pages of party pictures, and gossip columns written by publicists. Unlike *Hamptons*, it is printed entirely in color on heavy paper stock and geared for an audience more comfortable at the Maidstone Club than at Jet East.

Schindler seems to revel in his new un-

from its own tawdry history. *Country* had been published by Schindler's ex-ad director Joe DeCristofaro, who had quit *Hamptons* when Schindler refused to pay him thousands of dollars in outstanding commissions, recouped only after the sheriff paid a visit to the *Hamptons* offices. A sort of Schindler manqué, DeCristofaro has also been sued by unpaid employees. "We spent \$100,000 to clean up a lot of problems," says Shanken, sighing heavily. "It was part of the cost of acquisition. But we're doing great now."

Meanwhile, Shanken must contend not just with *Hamptons* but with other giveaways fighting over the same pie—among them *Dan's Papers*, Joan Jedell's *Hamptons Sheet*, *Hamptons After Dark*, and *27 East*, as well as newspapers like the *East Hampton Star*, the *Southampton Press*, and *The Independent*. And not everyone is fighting fair. At *Hamptons*, Schindler has been known to quote publicists a price for plugging a product, or threaten restaurants unwilling to advertise that he'll print that they've been closed by the Health Department. Schindler insists he was joking. (Certainly Binn was, too, when he told this reporter that if the story didn't turn out to his liking, he'd run a picture of her with Donald Trump and claim she was Trump's latest flame.)



Swingers: Schindler says that his son is "the only celebrity in my life."

derdog status. "Shanken has the big bucks and he's marketing the *Hamptons* like we never have, but we're *Hamptons* magazine. Get it? So he's actually marketing our product. And I couldn't be happier about it." He warms to the subject. "We're like the Vietcong out here. It makes me crazy to think about some fat cat sitting in an office in New York thinking he can put us out of business because he's got big money."

Indeed, Shanken, who made his fortune in the relatively rarefied world of cigars and wine, may find the terrain a bit rockier in the *Hamptons*, where traditional notions of media ethics are as incongruous as wing tips on the beach. He spent his first few months at *Country* trying to rescue the publication

IT'S 3 P.M. ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, and Schindler has brought his 4-year-old son, his girlfriend—a real-estate broker who looks scarily like Sharon Stone—his 20-year-old daughter, and her husband to Puffy Combs's house for a barbecue. The setting puts Schindler in a sentimental mood. "Having a little one opens your eyes to look for the good in people," he says. "Xander is the only celebrity in my life." Combs strolls by, headed for the pool, while Binn trails him with the Elph, calling out "Puffy! Meet the owners of Asia de Cuba. A picture?" He obliges. "That's not my Puff Daddy," pipes up little Xander. "It's my uncle Puffy!"

Schindler beams proudly. Having discovered the "true meaning of life," he says he'd like to remake *Hamptons* in his new image. "I want it to be more about inner life, about yoga, meditation, natural healing, I Ching, reiki, past-life regression..." Schindler trails off and watches a bevy of models dangling their legs in Puffy's pool. "I'd tell you what I was in a former life, but it would seem grandiose." ■

BEAUTY AND THE BEACH

Ladies Mile

ON THE PRISTINE WHITE SAND OF Two Mile Hollow beach, past the town of East Hampton, there is a tiny stretch of waterfront where men are in short supply. "It's weird how the beach divides naturally," muses Florence Finkle, a former Manhattan assistant D.A. "First there are the families and straight couples on the far right, to the left are the gay men, and straight ahead are the power lesbians." Unlike other gay women's resorts, like Provincetown, where the preferred swimming costume is a pair of boxers and a sports bra, the bathing beauties of the Hamptons opt for Versace thong bikinis and Calvin Klein maillots. "It's a group of professionals, a lot of lawyers and M.B.A.'s and advertising execs," says Finkle—women like author Blanche

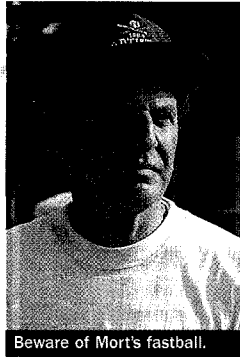
Wiesen Cook, longtime activist Vivian Shapiro, and IBM heiress Olive Watson.

The Hamptons have long been a power base for gay men, but in recent years lesbians have also established a beachhead at this rarefied sandbox's parties, bars, and advocacy groups. Back in the early eighties, The Swamp, the area's reigning gay bar, was attacked for its strict boys-only policy; these days, it's

Girls Town.

owned by Linda Batiancela, a lesbian who's brought in a much more diverse clientele. The East End Gay Organization, also male-dominated in the eighties, is currently two-thirds women.

Despite a few high-profile exceptions, many of the Hamptons' most powerful gay women aren't officially out, though they come and go openly from events and restaurants with girlfriends and adopted Chinese babies in tow. "It's becoming very common in the power-lesbian community to adopt or give birth," notes M. J. Vineburgh, the premier caterer for gay events in the Hamptons. "I've been doing lots more birthday parties." Last weekend she co-chaired the Empire State Pride Agenda Tea Dance, one of the season's major dyke events. "Every year, the women get more beautiful," marveled Midge LaGuardia, vice-president of William B. May Real Estate, surveying all the blonde bobs and perfect pedicures. In one corner, three Bianca Jagger clones in black sunglasses used a tent pole as a go-go bar; in another, an energetic brunette incorporated her belt into her dancing-cowgirl routine. A bejeweled passerby turned to her date, dressed identically down to her chocolate Gucci loafers: "As if you need a lasso here!" ARIEL LEVY



Beware of Mort's fastball.

FUNDS AND GAMES

Hottest political benefits

- **Bruce Wasserstein's** dinner for the DNC (\$25,000 per couple; July 31)
- **Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger's lawn party** for the DNC (August 1)
- **Jonathan Sheffer party** (\$5,000 will buy you Bill's handshake; August 1)

COME AGAIN

Sought-after invites

- **Flick flack Peggy Siegal's movie premieres:** *Return to Paradise* (August 8), *The Rat Pack* (August 14), *A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries* (August 15)
- **July 3 party** at **Ted Field's**
- **July 4 parties:** **Jerry Della Femina, Deborah and Allen Grubman, Puff Daddy, Jimmy Buffett, and Claudia Cohen**
- **David and Julia Koch's Labor Day party**



Julie Hayek wants in.

- **Ron Perelman's private movie screenings**
- **The Hamptons Classic** (VIP tent on Grand Prix Day only)

I'M WITH MORT

Unbidden guests

- **Julie Hayek** (former Miss U.S.A.)

- **Paparazza Joan Jedell**
- **Marc Packer** (owns Harley-Davidson Cafe)
- **Alan and Ivan Wilzig** (muscle-bound bank executives who own the Castle)
- **Joey DeCristofaro** (publisher of *Hamptons Country*)

THE PLAYERS

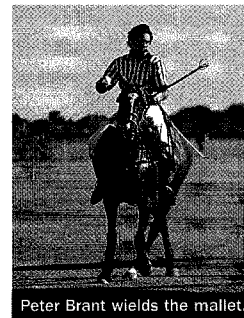
MVP softballers

Best pitchers:

Mort Zuckerman and artist Leif Hope.

Best hitters: Partners & Shevack CEO Brett Shevack, Ken Auletta.

Best infielders: Robert Sam Anson, Richard Reeves, John Leo, Avery Corman, Richard Emery.



Peter Brant wields the mallet.

HIGH TEE

This year at the Maidstone, everyone wants to hit the links with tennis player **Patrick Rafter**.

COURT DATES

- Top ranking goes to the four-day **Huggy Bear** tournament at Teddy Forstmann's, where pros compete with amateurs for big bucks. Past participants include David Koch.
- **Bernard Mendik** of Vornado Realty and **Mickey Schulhof** have the best courts, with computerized scoreboards and other stadiumlike trappings.
- **George Soros's** VIP games at the Meadow Club.
- **Power pod:** **Harry Macklowe, Mickey Schulhof, Ed Gordon, and Steve Schwarzman**

DIVOT AND CONQUER

Polo players

Peter Brant
Neil Hirsch
Mickey Tarnopol
Adam Lindemann

RIDING HIGH

Status stables

Topping (where Calvin took his tumble)

Two Trees

(plenty of room for polo ponies)

Sag Pond (Peggy Siegal, Adair Beutel, Bianca Jagger, Rose and Tatiana Schlossberg)

Darkhorse (where Kelly Klein's palominos live)

GUEST

APPEARANCES

- **President Clinton** (hosts: George and Susan Soros or Steven Spielberg)
- **Melanie Griffith, Don Johnson, Shirley MacLaine, Michael Douglas, Angie Everhart, Rachel Hunter, Rod Stewart, Andy Stein, Penny Marshall** (host: Ron Perelman)
- **George Pataki** (hosts: Charles Gargano and Phyllis George)
- **Matt Damon, Ben Affleck, Gwyneth Paltrow, Winona Ryder, George Lucas** (host: Steven Spielberg)
- **Ivana Trump** (host: furrier Dennis Basso)
- **Abe Rosenthal, Shirley Lord, Barbara Walters** (host: Linda Wachner)
- **ICM's Jim Wyatt** (hosts: Binky Urban and Ken Auletta)
- **Nancy Reagan** (hostess: Carroll Petrie)
- **Mark Wahlberg** (host: Ted Field)
- **Rose and Bill Styron** (host: Peter Matthiessen)
- **Arthur Miller** (hostess: Gloria Jones)
- **Shimon Peres** (hostess: Dana Hammond)
- **Faye Resnick** (hosts: Kathy and Rick Hilton)
- **Goldie Hawn, Joan**

Rivers, cast of *The Life*

(host: Marty Richards)

• **Donald Trump**

(host: Puff Daddy)

• **Alfonse D'Amato** (hosts: Earle and Carol Mack)• **Regis and Joy Philbin**

(hostess: Claudia Cohen)

DOUBLE STRENGTH• **Nick Pileggi** and **Nora Ephron**• **Katie Ford** and **André Balazs**• **Toni Ross** and **Jeff Salaway**• **Betsy** and **Wilbur Ross**• **Charles Gargano** and **Phyllis George**• **Peter Brant** and **Stephanie Seymour**• **Alec Baldwin** and **Kim Basinger**• **Ahmet** and **Mica Ertegun**• **Mort Zuckerman** and **Marla Prather**• **Ken Auletta** and **Binky Urban**• **Bill Bratton** and **Court TV's Rikki Kleiman**• **Ben Bradlee** and **Sally Quinn**• **Gail Sheehy** and **Clay Felker**• **Jerry Della Femina** and **Judy Licht**• **Nina Griscom** and **Dan Baker**• **Joan Ganz Cooney** and **Pete Petersen**

Wilbur and Betsy Ross.

• **Richard Gere** and **Carey Lowell**• **Sarah Jessica Parker** and **Matthew Broderick**• **Kati Marton** and **Richard Holbrooke**• **Jennet Conant** and **Steve Kroft**• **Alan** and **Hannah Pakula**• **Judith Hope** and **Tom Twomey**

Greens With Envy

IN THE PRIVATE CLUBS THAT NESTLE ATOP THE Hamptons' social ziggurat, a low profile is highly prized. "It's one thing to be prominent," says the treasurer of one Southampton club. "But it is rather frowned upon to be in the news for the wrong reasons or in gossip columns constantly."

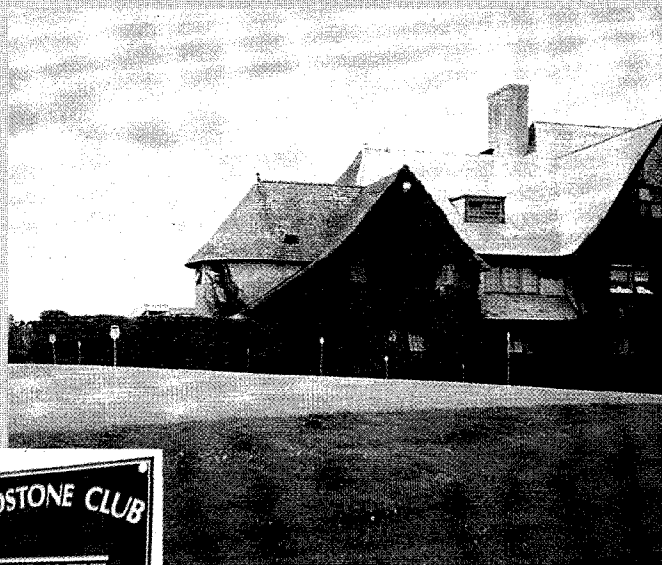
By that standard, Mr. Barthold von Ribbentrop, 57, must be one of the Meadow Club's ideal members. The former chief executive of Deutsche Bank's New York operation and now chairman of a German telecommunications company, Mr. von Ribbentrop—son of Hitler's foreign minister, Joachim von Ribbentrop, who was hanged at Nuremberg—has spent a lifetime quietly trying to rehabilitate his unfortunate surname. His Meadow Club membership and entry in the Hamptons' social register, *The Blue Book*, indicate how well he has succeeded. Still: If having a father who was executed for crimes against humanity is not a reason to be excluded from a private club, what is?

Well, it's hard to say. Carroll Petrie, minus her late husband, Milton, was deemed acceptable at the Southampton Bathing Corporation—"the Beach Club"—this summer, but real-estate mogul Richard LeFrak and his wife, Karen, and oil baron David Koch and his wife, Julia, were not. Elena Ford, daughter of Charlotte Ford and Stavros Niarchos, applied solo to the Meadow Club because her then-husband had been a groundskeeper there—and got in. (When Ford later married a local plumber, the joke at the club was that she had "traded up.") And when Diana Ross married ship owner and Maidstone Club member Arne Naess, there was speculation about whether she would even be allowed on the premises. Naess diplomatically let his membership lapse.

Such exclusive, Waspy establishments as the Meadow of Southampton, the Maidstone, the Beach Club, Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, National Golf Links, and (less so) Southampton Bath and Tennis may seem anachronistic, but a young Maidstoner disagrees: "The more the Hamptons becomes Nick & Toni's, the better it is to belong here. The wilder the rest of the Hamptons becomes, the more this place becomes our own piece of Paradise."

A few who felt excluded from Paradise carved out their own piece: Edgar Bronfman, Jonathan Tisch, Leonard Stern, and 155 others paid between \$100,000 and \$125,000, more than twice and in some cases three times the initiation elsewhere, to form the Atlantic. Other clubs—Southampton, Noyack Golf, and Bridgehampton—are regarded by some as B-list. "The qualifications for joining the Bridgehampton Club are a gold card and a driver's license," sneers a National member. "Noyack admits anyone who can pay, too."

Still, says a Bridgehampton member, "few memberships come up anywhere—you are waiting for people to die. Which club is most exclu-



Nick & Who's?: The Maidstone sign says it all.

sive is really something that matters more to outsiders. I would rather be in a club convenient to my home."

Maybe not *too* convenient. Socialite Catalina "Kitty" Meyer, who died in a fire at her Upper East Side townhouse in December, owned the house next door to Bath and Tennis. The club was there before she was, but its presence in the largely residential area enraged her, and she tried unsuccessfully to figure out ways, legally, to rid herself of it, even persuading Denise Rich to buy the club in the hopes that she'd close it down (Rich did buy it, but immediately sold it to the members). Meyer finally resorted to blaring heavy-metal music from her home all weekend. It is said that some members—discreetly, of course—viewed her death as karma kickback.

PETER FEARON

Peter Fearon is the author of Hamptons Babylon (Birch Lane Press, © 1998).

Everybody's Got His Number

ON AUGUST 1, ALONGSIDE A CORNFIELD on Wickapogue Road, some 1,400 people will dance past white ostrich feathers clustered into *faux* palm trees in a tent the size of a football field. And even though boldfaced Ronald Perelman, Peter Kalikow, and Rand Araskog will be cruising the buffet elbow-to-elbow with swimming-pool contractors, the Southampton Hospital bash remains the prestige launch pad for a society blast-off. Joining the Platinum Circle (\$25,000 minimum gift) or buying a table may not catapult a Wall Street wizard into the Meadow Club, but it does earn invitations to benefit-before-the-benefit parties in some of the great homes of the Hamptons and Palm Beach.

This year's summer-party chairman, Barbara Stovall Smith, has a killer act to follow (not to mention the bad luck to be competing with Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger's do for the Clintons on the same evening). Hospital backers give Howard and Lynette Gittis credit for getting their billionaire buddies to pitch in on a fund-raising leap from just under \$2 million in 1996 to \$3.3 million last year. No small feat considering there weren't any more wings waiting to be built and chiseled with the name of a heavy-hitter pal. Howard is vice-chairman and CEO of Revlon and MacAndrews & Forbes Holdings, Lynette his forthright blonde wife.

"They claimed and deserved legitimacy with the Southampton Hospital benefit last year," says social chronicler and editor-in-chief of *Avenue* magazine David Patrick Columbia. But a scion with the acreage to host 600 guests at the family home is less generous: "They're very new, and they're trying to break into the community. And they're getting there, they're getting there," he says with a laugh. "Howard turned the steam on all his friends."

In addition to opening up Westerly, their 22-acre Georgian estate on Ox Pasture Road, and their Palm Beach home for such events, the Gittises pulled in numerous big gifts by the standards of a little hospital: \$25,000, \$50,000, \$100,000. "The Gittises have tremendous personal contacts, and they used them," says Jean Rimmel Little, a longtime hospital-board member and unofficial godmother of benefit chairmen.

This year's benefit, however, is powered by an even stronger instinct: protecting the hospital's

very existence. Deep in generalists and family practitioners but short on income-generating hyper-specialists and their technological gadgetry, Southampton Hospital is the only medical institution within 35 seaside miles that stands between a vacationing CEO and death by cardiac arrest. But after three bright years under the stewardship of newly hired president John J. Ferry Jr., during which the hospital saw needed refurbishing, physician recruitment, and expansion into outpatient clinics, it suffered a dramatic shortfall in 1997. Like other small hospitals, Southampton was whopped by shrinking reimbursements from HMOs. And there were fewer patients than projected. All that led to layoffs, a reorganization, and the loss of \$4 million, equal to the hospital's permanent endowment. (To boost interest—and gifts from summer people—Stovall Smith insisted that all proceeds be allocated to an emergency-room endowment fund.)

Ferry, a 46-year-old pediatrician, is in the odd position of being castigated as a financial manager even as he's praised as the fastest physician callback east of Stony Brook. By all accounts smart, charming, and a favored dinner guest, Ferry seems to have met everyone and invited them all to keep in touch. Many have taken this to mean they can bypass 911 and speed-dial Ferry when the au pair slices her hand open along with the bagel. "I guess the word is out. He's

incredibly accessible, even if you're someone no one's ever heard of," says hospital board member Catherine di Montezemolo. "I must have called him six times myself this summer," says a young media executive. "He's everybody's doctor, because when you're out here, you don't have a doctor. So you call John Ferry, and he's terrific."

Many are the stories of Meadow Laners getting instant Ferry referrals for guests or staff members and returning the favors with hospital contributions. Ferry calls these tales "a little embarrassing" but admits that when Mort Janklow tripped over a bicycle stand in front of the American Hotel, he had Ferry paged so he could alert a plastic surgeon. "They're lovely people and very, very supportive, and a lot of people don't think twice about calling me. That's fine, it works," Ferry says. Then he adds quickly, "But there's no jumping the line in the emergency room." SUSAN BRENNAN



Town lifeguard: Southampton Hospital chief Dr. John J. Ferry Jr.

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE

Join the club

The Bathing Corporation:

Widely speculated that this tony beach club turned down billionaire David Koch because of his braying laugh. Members are up for re-admission annually—if you bring the wrong people too many times, you're out, and your initiation fee isn't refunded.

Members: Carroll Petrie, Mai Hallingby, Harry Hurt III, Henry Buhl, Schuyler Chapin, Mark and Duane Hampton, Tom and Nan Kempner.

The Maidstone Club:

Grass tennis courts, enviable golf course, private beach. So publicity-shy, it's considering repurposing a member-couple whose daughter was photographed in their cabana for a cover of *Quest* magazine.

Members: Chevy Chase, John Eastman, Chappy Morris, Robert Goelet and Alexandra Creel Goelet.

Shinnecock Hills Golf

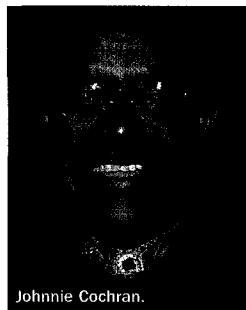
Club: As at all the Southampton power clubs, members of Shinnecock frequently dangle membership recommendations in exchange for help getting past prickly Manhattan co-op boards. The rough course mimics Scottish links. Members: Dan Baker and Nina Griscom, Charlotte and Elena Ford, Mai Hallingby, Tommy and Nan Kempner.

Georgica Association:

Tennis and beach; Wasply bare-bones. John and Jody Eastman are members, so sunbathers are occasionally treated to the sight of in-law Paul McCartney pulling up to the beach on their Sunfish. Members: Michael and Eleanor Kennedy.

Southampton Bath & Tennis Corporation:

Began as a club for locals not invited to enlist at the Bathing Corporation; the Atlantic of beach clubs. Briefly owned by Denise Rich and, at \$60,000, one of the most expensive clubs



Johnnie Cochran.

to join. Members: Paul Hallingby, Howard Gitis, Vera Wang, Wilbur and Betsy Ross.

The Meadow Club: Membership here is one of the first hurdles that new money has been able to get over. Lawn tennis and a brand-new fitness center. Members: Nick Forstmann, Chuck Scarborough, George Soros, Dan Baker and Nina Griscom, Rand Araskog, Henry Buhl, Schuyler Chapin, Elena Ford, Francesco Galesi, Henry Grunwald, David Koch.

The National Golf Links: Was always for people who couldn't get into Shinnecock Hills, but the golf course is said to be more challenging. Members: Billy Rayner, Lionel Pincus, and Michael M. Thomas. Ken Chenault of American Express is part of a foursome of affluent black men who play together; Diane Brooks, CEO of Sotheby's, was the club's first female member.

Atlantic Golf Club: Known as the "fuck-you club" because some members here were blackballed elsewhere. Opened six years ago,

and already, membership is closed. Reputed to have the best golf course and best food of any club in the Hamptons. Members: Marty Raynes, Henry Kravis, Vera Wang, Edward S. Gordon, Jonathan Tisch, David Koch.

AT YOUR SERVICE

• Orthodox Jews founded the **Lubavitch of the East End**, in a private house at the corner of Lily Pond Lane (Ron Perelman attends every Saturday morning, and husband hunting is thwarted by the fact that the women's service takes place upstairs)

• **Jewish Center of the Hamptons** (congregants: Lionel Pincus, Ron Delsener, Lynn Scherr, Faith Popcorn, Linda Stein, Joe and Joan Cullman)

• **St. Andrew in the Dunes** (St. John's Episcopal has a beach house next to the Bathing Corporation, featuring guest pastors. Members: Bill Manger, Ann Swint)

BLACK POWERS

• **Johnnie Cochran** (renting from *Black Enterprise* publisher **Earl Graves** in the Sag Harbor development Azurest)

• **Barbara Smith** (Sag Harbor)

• **Bruce Llewelyn** (owner of TV stations and Coca-Cola bottling; Job's Lane in Southampton)

• **Susan Taylor** (editor-in-chief, *Essence*; Azurest)

• **Kenneth Chenault** (president and COO of American Express; Azurest)

• **Alma Brown** (Ron Brown's widow and a Chevy Chase Bank executive; Sag Harbor)

• **Bernard Beal** (president and CEO of MR Beal & Co.; Azurest)

• **Helen Marshall** (city

councilwoman; Azurest)

• **Ed Bradley** (East Hampton)

• **Russell Simmons**

• **Andre Harrell**

• **Veronica Webb** (Southampton)

• **Sean "Puffy" Combs** (East Hampton)

THE BOYS ON THE BEACH

Eric Javits

Billy Norwich

Jann Wenner

Ross Bleckner

Jonathan Canno

Jonathan Sheffer

Bob Colacello

Robby Browne

Eric Ellenbogen

Michael Braverman

Stan Herman

Chris Browne

Scott Currie

David Patrick Columbia

James Reginato

Randolph Duke



Ralph and Ricky Lauren.

UNDEREXPOSED

• **Caroline Kennedy** and **Ed Schlossberg**

• **Donna Karan** and **Stephan Weiss**

• **Ralph and Ricky Lauren**

• **Marvin Hamlisch**

(owns three houses—one in Quogue, two in Sag Harbor)

• **Isaac Mizrahi**

• **Henry and**

Marie-Josée Kravis

• **Billy Joel**

• **Robert De Niro**

• **Herb Allen** (rarely there anymore, but keeps the kitchen stocked anyway)

• **Paul Simon**

and **Edie Brickell**

• **Arthur Ochs**

Sulzberger Sr.

• **Salman Rushdie**

(renting this year)



Fancy foraging at the Red Horse Market.

ALL-STAR DAY CAMP

East Hampton

Sports Camp

STEP RIGHT UP

AA meetings

• **Wainscott Chapel**, Sundays at 8 A.M. (where the Cheeveresque problems of the rich get aired—"my spinnaker ripped, and I really could have used a gin and tonic")

• **The Amagansett School**, Sundays at 10 A.M. (people refer to it as *The Phil Donahue Show*, because a wireless microphone gets passed around; media and movie stars)

• **Siena Spiritual Center** in Water Mill, Saturdays at 11 A.M. (where one prominent Manhattan gossip columnist has been known to monopolize the chatfest)

BULL MARKETING

The grocery stores

• **Loaves & Fishes** (with potato salad at \$12 a pound, the store has earned its nickname "Loaves & Finances")

• **Red Horse Market**

• **Barefoot Contessa** (Martha Stewart, the Baldwins)

• **The Seafood Shop in Wainscott**

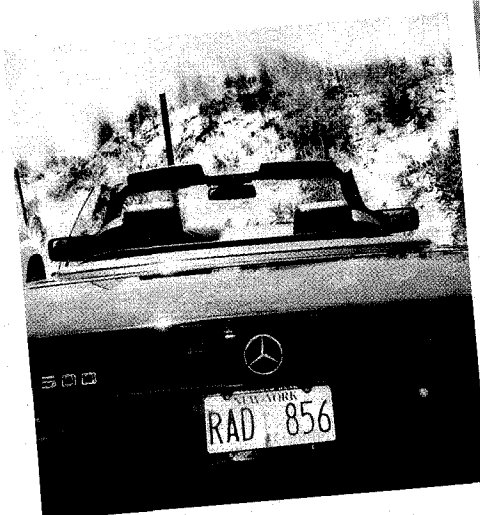
(the toniest tuna)

• **Bridgehampton's King Kullen** (moguls like to dump their pocket change in the Coinstar machine and walk out with crisp dollar bills)

NIP SERVICE

Plastic surgeon

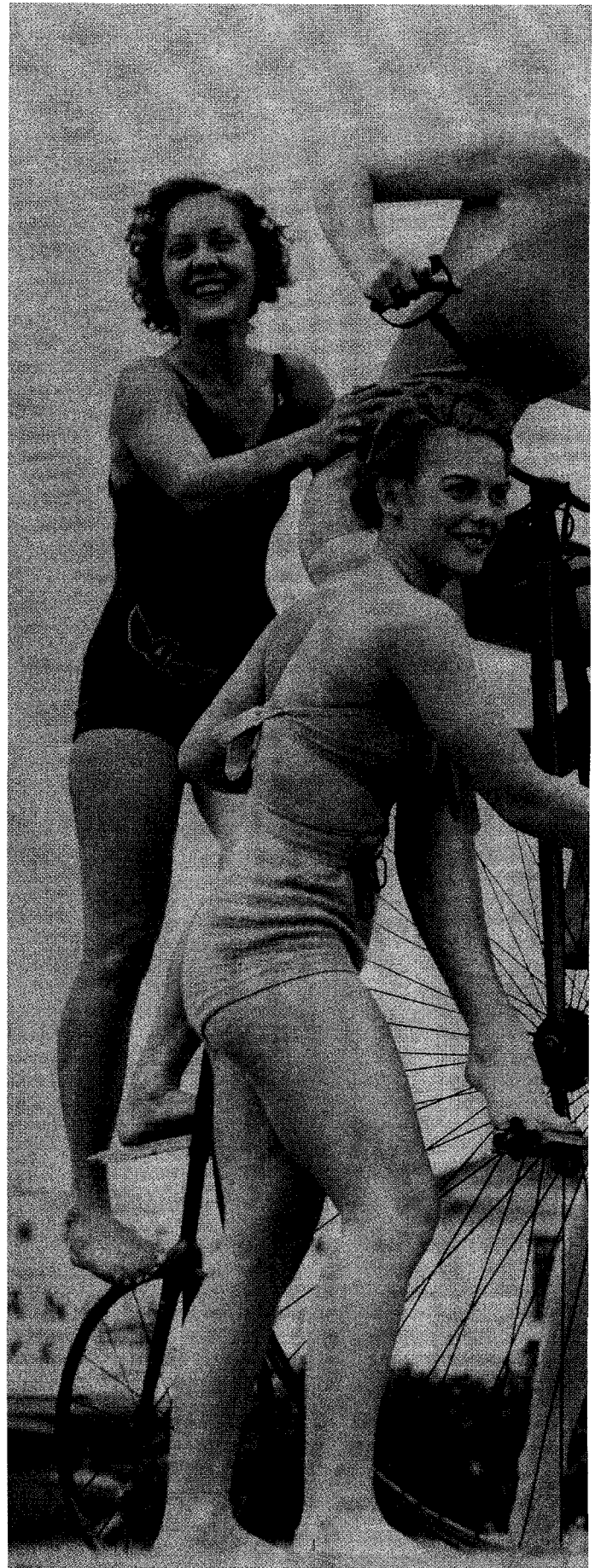
Dr. John Anton on Old Town Road in Southampton



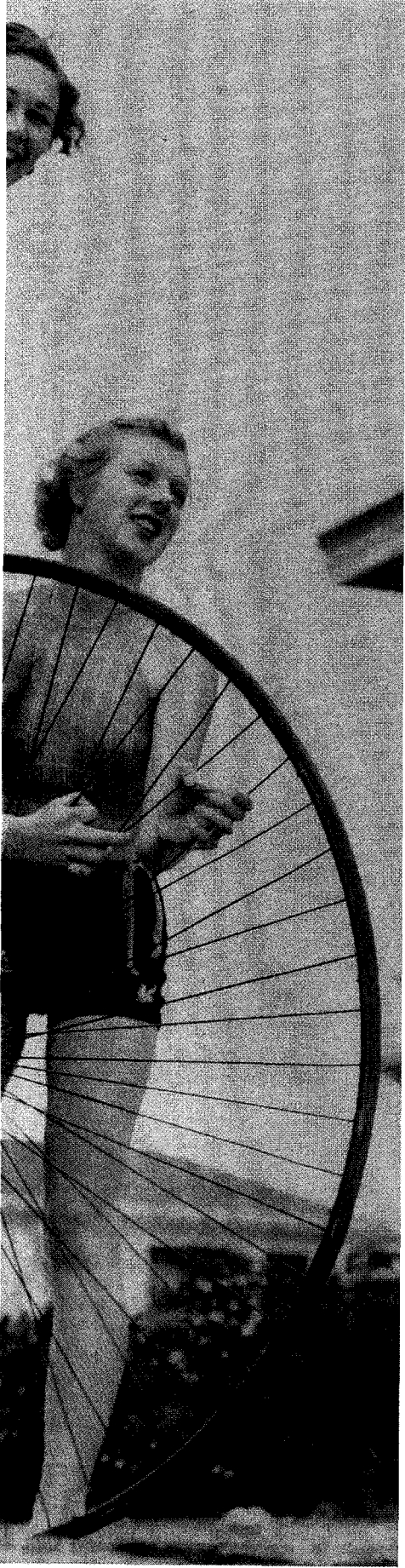
Ragtops to riches.

Adult Education 1998

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sports Body WORK

There's only so far a stationary bike can take you. It's time to get out of the gym and into that Speedo.

BY MICHAEL STEELE

SPLASH

Those who weren't drawn to sports at an early age often believe that, as with learning a foreign language or a musical instrument, the window of opportunity slams firmly shut at adulthood. But as NYU diving coach Todd Kolean will tell you, it's never too late. "I've had people from their early twenties to their mid-seventies," he says. All you need to know, for **diving**, at least, is how to swim. Kolean starts with the basics on stable ground before moving to the one-meter board, where students learn to dive properly (forward and backward). "It's a very individualized sport," he says. "One person's on the board, so it's me with that one person until the next person gets on." Eventually you'll graduate to the intermediate class, where the real crowd-pleasers—front somersaults, back somersaults, back one-and-a-halves—are mastered.

"Diving I," Thursdays beginning September 24, 7 to 8 P.M. "Diving II," Thursdays beginning September 24, 8 to 8:55 P.M. Classes are \$190. New York University, Coles Gym, 181 Mercer Street (998-7131).

SAILOR BEWARE

"New Yorkers seem to have some kind of socio-demographic switch that says 'We don't go outside after Labor Day,'" says Eric Stiller, owner of Manhattan Kayak Company, which offers regular **kayaking** classes. "The warmest the water ever gets is in September and October," he points out, and by water he means the Hudson, though the prospect of getting splashed by such a dubious fluid, not to mention swallowing a mouthful, puts many people off. "They assume that because it's not blue, it's dirty," says Stiller. "But it's the same color as at its source in the Adirondacks, and it just keeps getting cleaner." Stiller's been paddling around the city for fifteen years, and he'll teach you to use your

whole body instead of just your arms and shoulders. The increased efficiency means paddling longer and stronger, a must when contending with the powerful tidal currents of the Hudson.

"Paddle Basics" I & II, Saturdays, 1:30 to 5:30 P.M.; \$150. Manhattan Kayak Company, Chelsea Piers (336-6068).

NETSCAPE

After losing to Venus Williams in the U.S. Open last summer, Monica Seles set up a few workouts with Neil Friedman, **tennis** director at Manhattan Plaza, before her next tournament in Japan. "She hits the hell out of balls," reports Friedman. "A lot quicker pace than my students." Indeed, beginners at Manhattan Plaza focus on simply maintaining a rally; intermediates refine skills like spin, tactics, positioning, and specialty shots; and advanced players engage in more realistic match simulation. Each class has four students. The advantage of group lessons over private, besides cost, is that you're automatically in a situation where you will meet potential practice partners. Manhattan Plaza is one of the nicest facilities in the city—Agassi and Graf sometimes stop in—and students rave about Friedman. "Neil's great," says one. "He straightened out my backhand in fifteen minutes."

Four weekly 1½-hour group sessions; \$150 to \$180. Manhattan Plaza Racquet Club, 450 West 43rd Street (594-0555).

COLD COMFORT

"Ice skating is cardio and anaerobic, it's cool and air-conditioned, and it's kind of an interesting thing to do," says Sid Morgan, the New School's head **ice skating** instructor and the director of Sky Rink at Chelsea Piers. Given the rate at which his classes fill up, he's not the only one who feels that way. The staff, which includes pros from the Ice Theatre of New York, breaks each class down into groups according to skill

level (skiing and in-line skating count as experience) and instructs accordingly. Each 30-minute lesson is followed by more than an hour of open ice time. "The faster you pick it up, the faster you can move into other areas," says Morgan. "If you want to go into hockey, we'll start teaching you more of the hockey skills; if you want to learn jump and spin, then we'll start developing those techniques."

Eight sessions, Mondays or Wednesdays beginning October 5, 7:30 to 9:20 P.M.; \$145. The New School (229-5630); classes meet at Sky Rink—Chelsea Piers, Pier 61, 23rd Street and the West Side Highway.

RUN, DON'T WALK

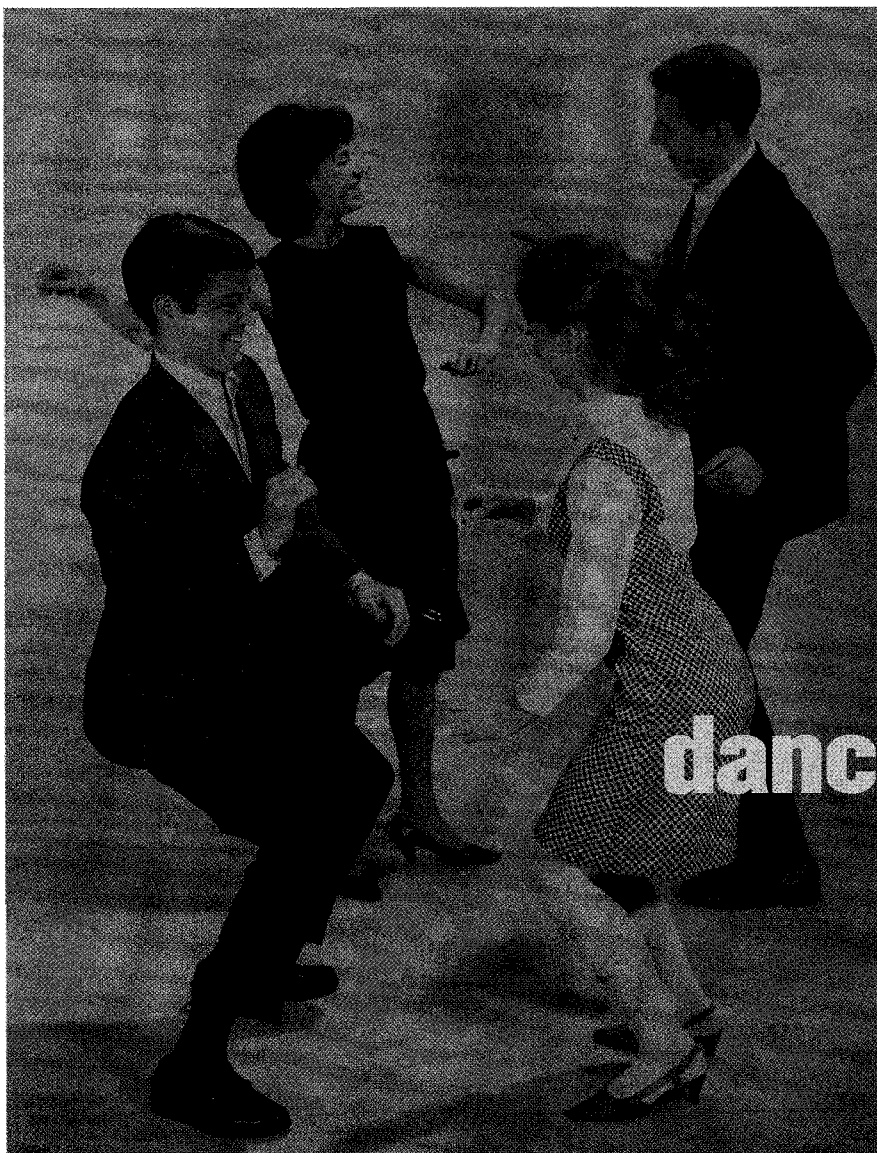
Speed training is one aspect of running that many joggers neglect. But if you're not devoting at least one run per week to increasing your speed, you'll stay fit without getting any faster. Grueling, regimented, and goal-oriented, speed work makes **running** a sport as opposed to just exercise. Most runners are loath to tackle speed work alone, though, which is why Bob Glover's twice-weekly running classes in Central Park have remained popular for more than twenty years. Glover and his partner, Shelly-lynn Florence (who co-wrote *The Runner's Handbook*), conduct seven classes simultaneously, each for a different skill level. Staff coaches lead each group through a workout that varies from week to week, including hill, fartlek, interval, and tempo runs. For those who are just starting out, there are two beginner classes that alternate running and walking.

Twenty sessions, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 6 P.M.; \$65 for members, \$75 for nonmembers for one evening a week; \$115 for members, \$150 for nonmembers for twice a week. New York Road Runners Club (860-4455); classes meet at P.S. 6, 81st Street and Madison Avenue.

HOT LINKS

"I have to golf a lot for work, and I just don't want to embarrass myself," says one of Darryl Jack's **golf** students at the Jim McLean Golf Academy. "When I play now, I don't even count the strokes." The student, an architect, is enrolled in a beginner's clinic, good for people who need to learn a little about the game (how to hold a club, for instance) but aren't yet ready to invest a lot of time and money. Chelsea offers smaller "schools" (four students per teacher) for beginners or experienced players who want to fine-tune their swings. (The academy also offers private lessons with pros.) The architect's swing improved noticeably by the end of the class, especially considering the fact that at the start she frequently missed the ball altogether.

Four weekly sessions; \$165 for clinics, \$325 for schools. Jim McLean Golf Academy, Chelsea Piers, Pier 59 (336-6444).



Everybody SWING!

This isn't your grandparents' Charleston—or is it?
The hottest new dance steps are deliciously retro.

BY STEPHANIE WILLIAMS

KICK ME

You can learn the hottest dance, martial art, and fitness trend simultaneously by mastering **capoeira** (*cap-WER-a*), a form created by African slaves in Brazil that centuries later became the basis for break dancing (which happens to be back). "If you go to nightclubs on the Lower East Side, you'll see that many kids use the capoeira moves," says Edna Lima, who has practiced it for 24 years. Lima teaches a fitness-related capoeira conditioning

class at Chelsea Piers Sports Center, but it's her dynamic martial-arts class downtown that's the real deal—people ducking, crouching, and jumping rhythmically to miss one another's kicks. "I like to have the advanced people help the beginners, because that's how life is. You have to see the different levels above you to inspire you to learn," says Lima.

Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 8 to 9:30 P.M.; \$20 per class, or \$120 for an intensive month of thirteen classes. 43

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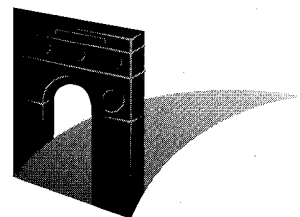
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White Street, between Broadway and Church Streets (368-2103). The Sports Center at Chelsea Piers, Pier 60, 23rd Street and Twelfth Avenue, hosts an ongoing fitness capoeira class every Saturday, 1:15 to 2:30 P.M.; nonmembers can pay \$31 for a day pass (336-6000).

SCHWING!

If you prefer something a little less like a Jackie Chan movie but just as exciting, then a class in **swing dancing** is worth considering. It's also a great place to dance with a partner—or find one, for that matter, since many people show up solo. With just a four-class series, Harvest Moon Ball champion Margaret Batiuchok (a co-founder of the New York Swing Dance Society and the instructor for the most popular series of swing videos) can teach you to lindy like those fun-loving folks in *Swingers* and the Gap's "Khakis Swing" commercials. (Well, maybe not *quite* like the acrobatic kids in the commercials. But close.) "A lot of Charleston steps are in now," says Batiuchok. "It's a bouncier style than it used to be, with a lot more kicks and swing-outs. I give people a sense of the rhythm patterns and teach them the newest steps, and then let them go and put their own style into it—because everybody has a style." Even you.

Four sessions for beginners, Wednesdays beginning October 7, 7 and 8:30 P.M.; \$60. 550 Broadway (598-0154). Preview Batiuchok's class on October 4 at Irving Plaza on Irving Place (696-9737), where \$13 buys an hour-long lesson at 7 P.M., followed by swing dancing to a live band until midnight.

THE JIG IS UP

Riverdance is back—and this time, instead of scuffing the kitchen floor trying to do **Irish step-dancing**, you can learn to reel for real at the Irish Arts Center. Josephine McNamara, who's been teaching step dance since she arrived from Dublin in 1959, points out (in her heavy brogue), "The center is different from most dance places, because anybody is welcome. I like everybody to enjoy themselves." Her class progresses from what she calls "your basic sevens and threes" to slip jigs, reels, jig double reels, and the blackbird. (Her version is more traditional and disciplined than the Lord of the Dance, but you can add your own elaborate hand gestures later.) The Irish Arts Center also offers instruction in a variety of other Irish dances, including the Ceili and set dancing, and though the center suggests people start with a general introductory course, Josephine is always willing to make an exception.

Eight sessions, Mondays beginning September 28; \$70. Irish Arts Center, 553 West 51st Street (757-3318).

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Food for THOUGHT

High art to low, Broadway to Buddhism—broaden your mind without those pesky exams.

BY BRIAN FARNHAM

HOUSE SEATS

Leonard Fleischer's course on the golden age of **Broadway musicals** shares two things with a hit Broadway show: rave reviews and a high recidivism rate. This fall's discussions about *Chicago*, *Annie*, and *A Chorus Line* promise to be every bit as spirited as those he led for *Fiddler on the Roof* and *Man of La Mancha*. Students tend to know the material inside out. "There are a lot of sidetracks," Fleischer admits. "Of course, when I play the music, they shut up."

"The Golden Age of Broadway Musicals: The Seventies," ten sessions, Wednesdays beginning October 7, 1 to 2:20 P.M.; \$165. Marymount Manhattan College, 221 East 71st Street (517-0564).

OPEN THE POD BAY DOOR, HAL

The cult of **Stanley Kubrick** continues apace, despite the fact that he hasn't released a film since 1987's *Full Metal Jacket*. That will change later this year when

the long-awaited *Eyes Wide Shut* finally opens. In the meantime, Vincent LoBrutto will be conducting an investigation of the man and his work. LoBrutto has just published a biography of Kubrick, and his course will take students through all the films. "In the book, I say he's *arguably* the greatest living film director," says LoBrutto. "But I think he really is the greatest."

"Stanley Kubrick: A Study," twelve sessions, Tuesdays beginning September 15, 7 to 9:40 P.M.; \$350, plus \$65 audiovisual fee. School of Visual Arts, 209 East 23rd Street (592-2011).

A BELIEVER'S ART

A cult figure of an entirely different sort is **C. S. Lewis**, author of the children's classics "The Chronicles of Narnia" as well as numerous books and essays on Christianity (he was also the subject of the recent film *Shadowlands*). This year marks the centenary of Lewis's birth, and James Como is teaching a course that should suit Lewis

Photograph from H. Armstrong Roberts.

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DESIGNER
PREVIEWS

neophytes and dichards alike. A CUNY professor and founding member of the C. S. Lewis Society, Como recently completed a book on Lewis. "Having slaved over this book, I'm going to afford myself the luxury of being more subjective than in the past," Como jokes. For students, that means the refreshing experience of hearing an unabashed fan discuss, among other things, "six ways Lewis was simply wrong."

"*A Providential Voice: C. S. Lewis 100 Years Later*," five sessions, Mondays beginning September 21, 7 to 8:30 p.m.; \$15. Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, 7 West 55th Street (247-0490).

INSTANT KARMA

Interest in spirituality, particularly the Eastern varieties, has been rising faster than the Dow lately, so it's not surprising that people want to learn more about the philosophies underlying it all. John Major, who is teaching a course in **Chinese philosophy and religion** at the China Institute, tries hard to tailor his decidedly academic subject to a broader audience. "What you try to do," says Major, who taught at Dartmouth for thirteen years, "is achieve clarity on the real essentials and hope [students] will go away with a satisfied air that you have done something pleasant and useful." He treats all three major Eastern isms—Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism—and according to former student Paula Thomson, "he has a scholar's view, yet he keeps it simple." Not that he's above the occasional bit of shtick. "The conventional Chinese [idea] of the universe is that Heaven is round and the earth is square, and I go through a little astronomical exercise to show that in a sense that's true," he says. "That gets people's attention."

"*The Way of Chinese Thought*," five sessions, Wednesdays beginning September 30, 7–8:30 p.m.; \$150. China Institute, 125 East 65th Street (744-8181).

ART TALK

Thanks to the Met, art lovers can eavesdrop this fall on three **interviews with artists** by *Times* art critic Michael Kimmelman. He will be discussing other artists' work with Elizabeth Murray, Richard Tuttle, and Chuck Close, but he expects their answers to reveal a great deal about themselves. "If you ask a direct question, there's sometimes a kind of deer-in-the-headlights reaction," Kimmelman says. "But essentially, anytime they talk about other art they are talking about their own work, their own preoccupations."

"*Talking With Artists in the Met: Elizabeth Murray, Richard Tuttle, and Chuck Close Talk With Michael Kimmelman*," three sessions, Tuesdays beginning October 6, 8 p.m.; \$50. Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949).

One WORD at a Time

Putting yourself on paper isn't just work—it's therapy.

BY SARAH BERNARD

TELL ALL

"Some people think writers spring from the ear of Zeus—well, they don't," says John McPhee, a legendary writing teacher at Princeton and author, most recently, of *Annals of the Former World*. "What really teaches writing is writing." In other words, just get started, and what better way to cope with the aggravations and small miracles of life in the big city than to channel every thought, every paranoia, every lunatic in the elevator, into your PowerBook? For those who can't make it to Princeton, Lou Stanek's class on **the memoir**—aptly called "Writing to Save Your Life"—is just the ticket. Participants range in age from 21 to 84, but one thing they have in common is a penchant for the emotional. "I suppose I should thank Frank McCourt," says

Stanek. "I put a box of tissues on the edge of the table." Sherrie Carman, a two-time veteran currently at work on a book about her brother's death from AIDS, insists that the best thing about Stanek is the way she makes you feel your life is worth writing about "even if nothing eventful has happened yet."

writing "Writing to Save Your Life," four sessions, Wednesdays beginning September 16, 2 to 5 P.M.; \$300. The New School, 66 West 12th Street (229-5353).

NOVEL APPROACH

If you prefer a bit more distance between the page and your personal life, Grace Edwards's course on **fiction writing** teaches that the best inspiration may come from observing others. "So many walk around

the city with Walkmans and lock themselves out," says Edwards. "But these little nuggets of info are exactly what we can use. Especially on the subway." A mystery writer whose latest book, *A Toast Before Dying*, debuted last May, Edwards has a loyal following. "Unlike teachers who try and force their voice upon you," says former student Diane Richards, "she inspires students to find their own."

"Fundamentals of Fiction Writing," ten sessions, Thursdays beginning October 8, 7 to 9 P.M.; \$285. The Writer's Voice, 5 West 63rd Street (875-4124).

THE PERFECT RHYME

William Packard has been teaching **poetry writing** at NYU for over 30 years. "When I started, I used to be the only one" says the poet, who also edits the *New York Quarterly*, a poetry journal that sometimes publishes his ex-students. He marvels at his students' self-awareness: "This summer's session, they all were extremely clever, because every one of them had had therapy. It was wonderful! They had access to material they didn't know what to do with."

"Poetry Writing Workshop," ten sessions, beginning September 22; \$450. Limited enrollment. New York University, 48 Cooper Square (998-7130).

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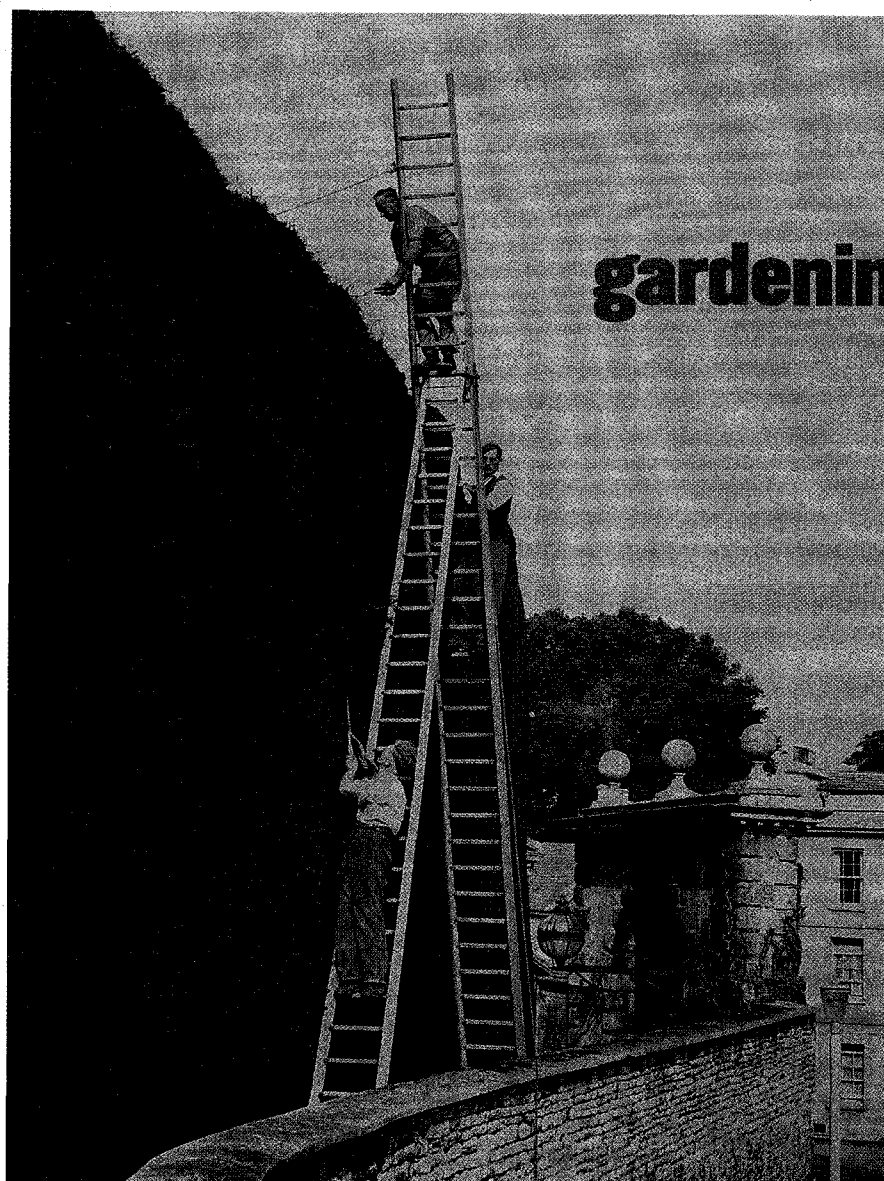
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BY KATE COYNE

URBAN HERBS

Given that a small bunch of cilantro can now run you \$2 at Dean & DeLuca, converting that unused windowsill into an herb garden may not be a bad idea after all. And it won't just be good for your pasta, either—cilantro is considered to be an herbal remedy for ailments like headaches and stress. According to Marjorie Kern, a noted herbalist, plenty of common herbs do double duty, "for flavoring, for culinary purposes, and for medicinal

purposes." Kern will be teaching a pair of classes about **medicinal herbs** at the Horticultural Society of New York. "Chinese Herbal Medicine" will review ordinary herbs normally associated with cooking that can be grown in window boxes or small gardens—including cilantro, which is an excellent source of vitamin C, and Chinese chives, which help to ward off colds. (No one need fear a two-hour lecture on the uses of the rare and hard-to-grow flowering scrophularia.)

Two weeks later, she will teach students how to cultivate and harvest winter indoor herbs, spotlighting those that can handle even prewar-apartment steam heating. "Anyone can grow anything, anywhere," Kern explains, "and that goes for the winter garden." Participants will leave with a sample of Kern's own homegrown herbs.

"Chinese Herbal Medicine," October 3, 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. "Winter Indoor Herbs," October 17, 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. Classes are \$55 each for members, \$65 for nonmembers. The Horticultural Society of New York, 128 West 58th Street (757-0915).

LATE BLOOMERS

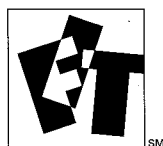
Liz Innvar, a veteran gardener at the New York Botanical Garden, has some good news for gardeners who think the growing season ends in October. "Fall is a good time for gardening," she insists, "particularly in this climate." Innvar will be offering two classes this fall aimed at **backyard gardeners**. The first, "Getting Started With Perennials," explains how to start and maintain a healthy perennial garden. The second, "Late Season Gardening," provides the basics for growing a fall garden and is appropriate for anyone from weekend enthusiasts to hard-core green thumbs. Both classes will include slides, ample discussion time, and a walk through the Botanical Garden to see firsthand the beauty of a perennial or late-season plot.

"Getting Started With Perennials," October 7, 10 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. "Late Season Gardening," October 19, 10 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. Classes are \$40 each for members, \$44 for nonmembers. New York Botanical Garden, 200th Street and Southern Boulevard, the Bronx (718-817-8700).

SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL

Ever wonder at the elegance of a Japanese garden or marvel at the delicate beauty of a **bonsai tree**? With the help of Robert Mahler, you can stop wondering and start cultivating them in your own home garden. Mahler, an expert gardener at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, will offer two classes on the subject. The first, "Japanese Gardening in Small Spaces," is designed to teach students how to produce a miniature Japanese garden in their own plots, even very small ones. The second, "A Bonsai Forest," is an interactive workshop in which participants will create and take home a bonsai forest that mimics a peaceful nature scene.

"Japanese Gardening in Small Spaces," September 19, 2 to 5 P.M.; \$19 for members, \$22 for nonmembers. "A Bonsai Forest," November 7, 10 A.M. to 3:30 P.M.; \$99 for members, \$109 for nonmembers (fee includes \$50 materials charge). Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn (718-622-4433).



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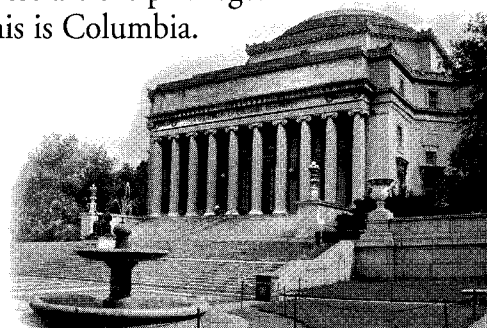
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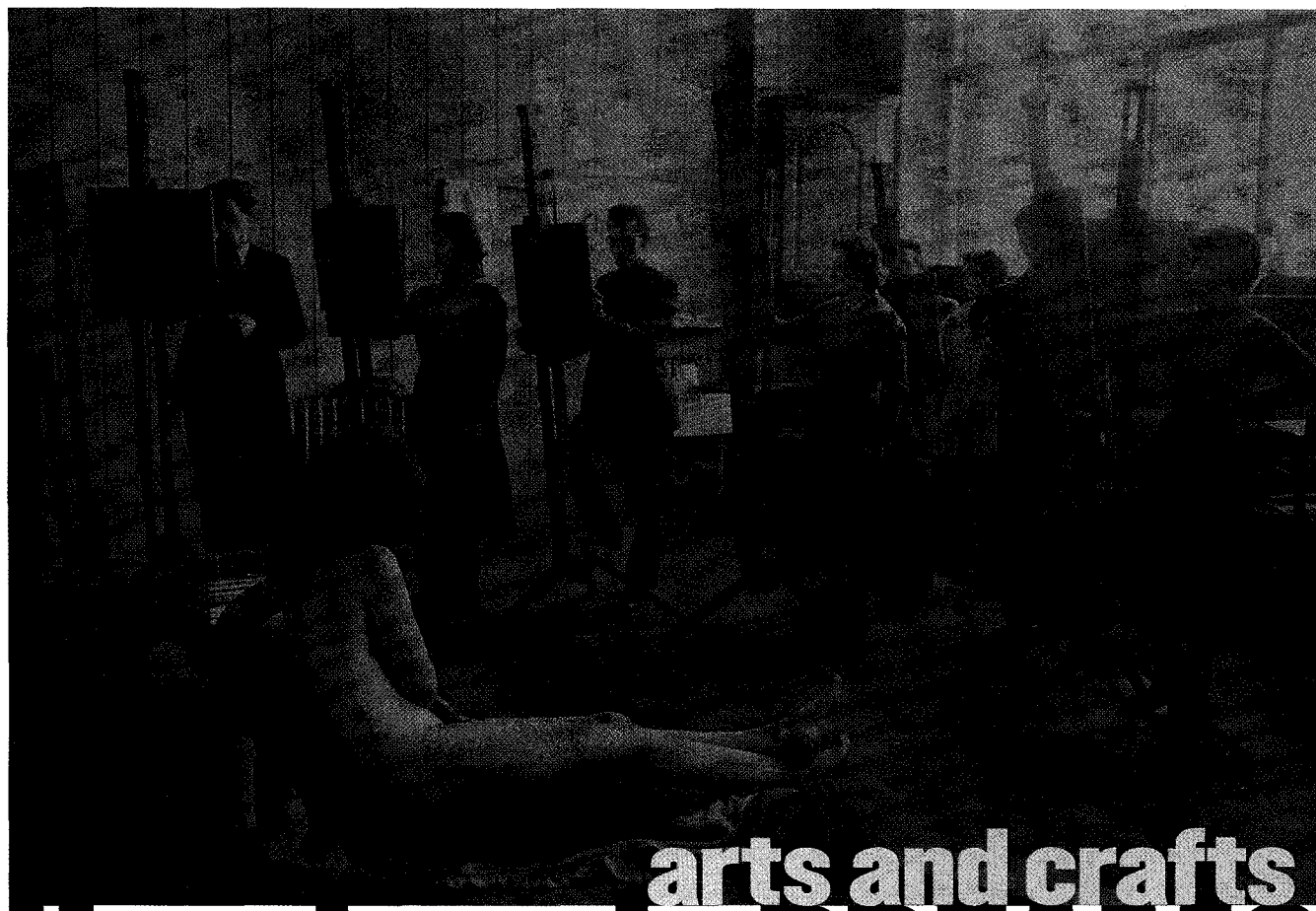
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BY MAURA EGAN

GROUT EXPECTATIONS

Mosaics seem to be appearing everywhere, from new murals in subway stations to tabletops at Pottery Barn. Robert Hickman, who teaches the **mosaic-making** class at UrbanGlass, the granddaddy of glassblowing schools, fell in love with mosaics on a trip to Pompeii in 1989. A mildly eccentric obsessive, Hickman likes to expose his students to the hundreds of different historical mosaic styles—from Roman to Moorish and Byzantine—but this beginners' class is still clearly about technique. Students start with a Greek reproduction using marble, then follow it with a small Byzantine spiral pattern using smalti, pieces of colorful Venetian glass. They conclude by designing and executing their own larger projects.

"Mosaics," twelve sessions, Mondays

beginning September 28, 6 to 9 P.M.; \$600, plus \$50 enrollment fee. UrbanGlass, 647 Fulton Street, Brooklyn (718-625-3685, extension 237).

JUST SHOOT ME

Time to wipe the dust off the camera you asked for on your last birthday and learn what all those buttons and meters really do. If you are tired of blurry snapshots of your thumb or if you still think an f-stop is something on the IRT, the International Center of Photography's "Photo I in Color" class can help. While most beginner classes in **photography** stick with black and white and devote hours to the darkroom, Gerard Vezzuso starts his students in color and allows more time to shoot pictures and critique the results. A professional "printer to the stars" (he does

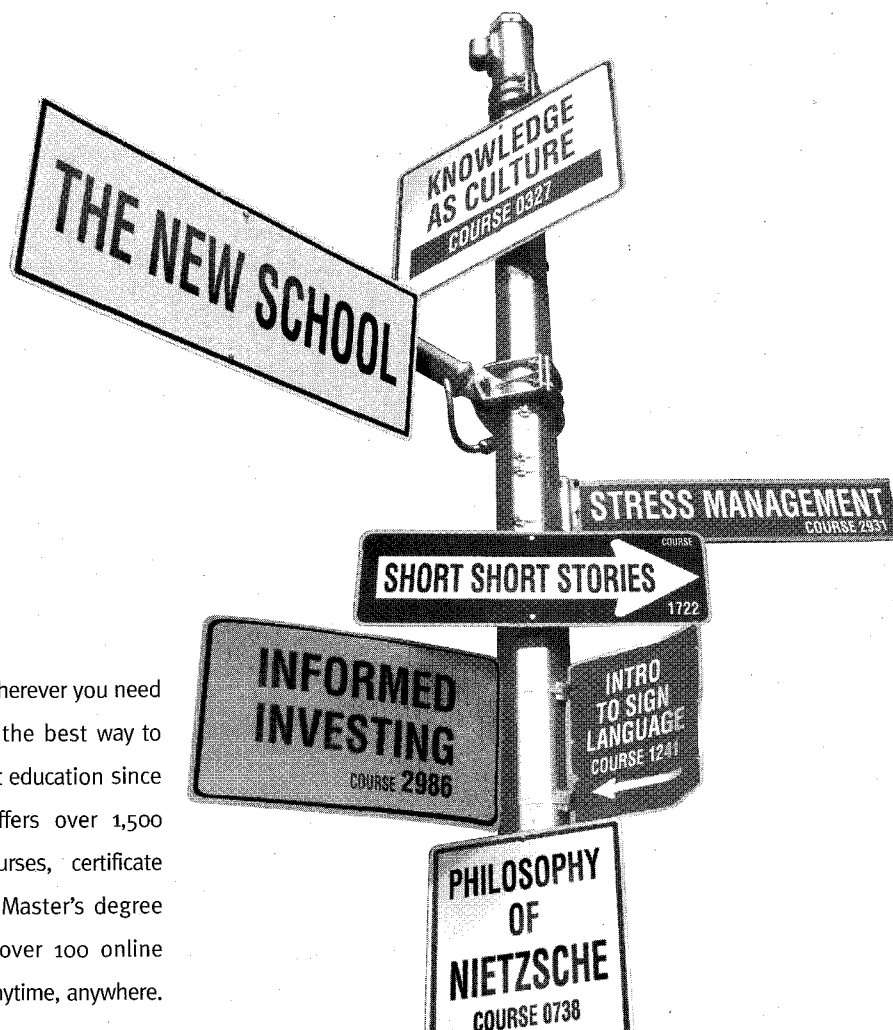
work for Nan Goldin and Philip Lorca di Corcia), Vezzuso has taught several undergraduate programs, but the adult-education classes are still his favorite. "They are so serious about their work. Who else is going to take a three-hour class on Saturday morning?" One of his students, a 55-year-old retired dancer and interior designer, went on to have several shows in SoHo. Vezzuso did all her printing.

"Photo I in Color," ten sessions, Saturdays beginning October 3, 10:30 to 1:30 P.M.; \$445, plus \$70 lab fee and \$30 registration fee. International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Avenue, at 94th Street (860-1776, extension 156).

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Expires October 30, 1998

per at Kate's Paperie come from? Not from trees, which is where commercial paper originates. Pat Almonrode teaches classes in the nearly lost art of **fine papermaking** at the Dieu Donné Papermill, and he likes to explain that handmade paper is better because it is more ecological and more durable. It also looks nicer. Founded in 1976, "The Mill" supplies customers like Chuck Close, Louise Bourgeois, and the Library of Congress with archive-quality paper for artworks, books, and documents. "Most people don't know that 99 percent of the paper they use comes from wood pulp," says Almonrode. "But the handmade paper we make is from plant fibers." It lasts, he says, pretty much forever. In "Basic Papermaking," students get to experiment with a smorgasbord of fibers—corn, flax, even lilies—and learn how to pull the pulp into a sheet of paper. For finishing touches, they learn how to emboss and watermark their finished sheets.

"Basic Papermaking," five sessions, Wednesdays beginning September 16, 6:30 to 9:30 P.M.; \$220. Dieu Donné Papermill, 433 Broome Street (226-0573).

BODY TYPES

With his thick Russian accent, Leonid Lerman speaks modestly about his own work as a sculptor, though he's represented by the prestigious McKee sculpture gallery on Fifth Avenue. He's also reticent when it comes to talking about his **Portrait in Clay Sculpture** class at the Sculpture Center. Students, however, can't say enough about him: "He may be a genius. Before I met him, I was this Renaissance devotee, and then he introduced me to Egyptian and African sculpture, monumental and decorative sculpture," says one former student who was so impressed by Lerman's teaching tradition that he went to study at his teacher's alma mater in St. Petersburg. "He changed my whole concept about art." In Lerman's class, which is open to beginners, students first create quick three-dimensional sketches of a model, concentrating on mood, gesture, and balance. Afterward, the class selects one pose and sculpts the human figure on 15-to-30-inch armatures. Lerman wants students to keep things open and not stick to any one aesthetic. "He's really passionate," says one satisfied customer. "It just becomes contagious."

"Portrait in Clay Sculpture," eight sessions, Wednesdays and Fridays beginning October 2, 2 to 5 P.M.; \$150. Sculpture Center, 167 East 69th Street (737-9870).

SO SEW ME

Elissa Meyrich is a spitfire. Wearing leopard-skin pants and purple-frame glasses, she talks animatedly about the perils of

the "biting crotch" (tight inseam) and "sloping shoulder" (material that hangs improperly). She teaches an intermediate **sewing** class at Sew Fast, Sew Easy School, located in an atelierlike studio space on West 57th Street. Meyrich aims to bring sex back to the sewing circle ("Sewing is not fuddy-duddy-grandma-style here"), and her students tend to be young, fashionable, and well versed in Prada and Gucci. You may not become the next Daryl K., but Meyrich and her staff can make sure you know how to fashion sporty, well-made clothes.

Six sessions, Thursdays beginning September 24, 5:45 to 8:30 P.M.; \$227.50. Sew Fast, Sew Easy School, 147 West 57th Street, second floor (582-5889).

A FINE LINE

The Graduate School of Figurative Art is known for its classical approach to **drawing**, with strict lessons in anatomy and form. But Ann McCoy likes to break with tradition now and then in her "Drawing in the Museums" class. A self-described Irish oddball, Ann often leads her students, both beginner and experienced, out of the studio to visit her favorite inspirational places: from the National Museum of the American Indian to the Southeast Asian Wing of the Metropolitan Museum. "We're not in Dubuque," she laughs, "so there's no reason to work in some windowless classroom." She also invites guest lecturers to deepen students' appreciation of their subjects—like the Chipewa priest who discussed Native American culture. "I want my students to understand what they're drawing, be it a warrior shield or a Grecian urn. This is a holistic approach to drawing."

"Drawing in the Museums," twelve sessions, Wednesdays beginning September 23, 2 to 5 P.M.; \$350. Graduate School of Figurative Art, 111 Franklin Street (966-0300).

HEAVY METAL

"Hollowware is really big right now," says Jonathan Wahl. "Calvin Klein and Donna Karan are featuring it in their new home collections." Wahl, an accomplished metalsmith, happens to teach **metalworking** at the Craft Students League. "This is going to be a cool class—candlesticks, salt and pepper shakers, cups—you can make as many things as you have time for." Class members will fabricate their own objects from sheets of sterling silver and then cast found objects, like buttons and smaller trinkets, to make handles and finials.

"Hollowware and Fabrication," twelve sessions, Wednesdays beginning September 23, 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; \$270. Craft Students League, 610 Lexington Avenue (735-9731).

CLICK Here

Discover the opportunities on the Web—for self-expression, self-aggrandizement, and self-abuse.

BY CONNELL BARRETT

WEB FEATS

If you already have a cell phone, a pager, and a Palm Pilot, all that you're missing is your own Web page. Ann McDermott teaches Web-page construction in her **HTML design** class at NYU, and Web virgins are welcome. One lawyer with three master's degrees was totally at sea his first day. "She was talking about 'chmod-ing,'" he recalls. "I'm saying, 'Hello! That sounds like a Hebrew dish.' I was lost." By the end of the semester, however, he had designed his own site, and he has since won awards for his online creations. Some students come to start a business, says McDermott; "others just think do-

ing a Web page would be fun."

"*HTML Workshop*," ten sessions, Saturdays beginning October 3, 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; \$895. New York University, 48 Cooper Square (998-7190).

MIDAS TOUCHPAD

"Investment Basics" is a class in **online personal investing** that's offered, appropriately enough, only over the Internet, via cyberchat. "The future of investing is online," says Ron Miller, president of Plaatsdale Investment Advisors. "The Internet has helped level the playing field for the individual investor versus the professional. In the



old days, the only people with access to a lot of information on different stocks were the brokers. Now anybody sitting at home with a computer can get price histories and information about companies. And they can trade. That's a real advantage."

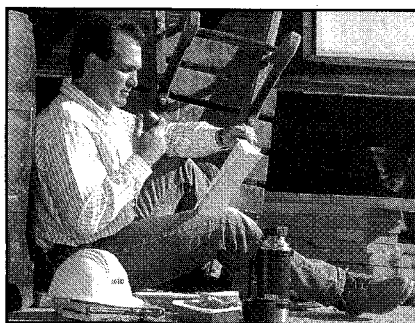
"*Investment Basics*," nine weeks, beginning September 21; \$390. The New School, www.dialnsa.edu (229-5880).

LOVE BYTES

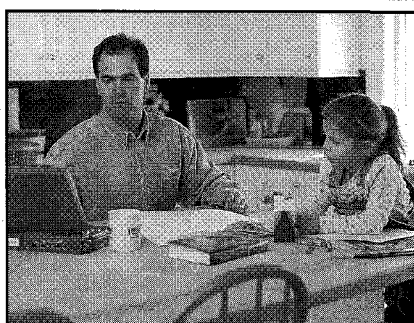
Sex sites on the Web outdraw nearly all others, and a three-hour Learning Annex seminar on starting your own **erotic business** online promises to put the "adult" back into adult education. Under the guidance of erotic performer Jennifer Blowdryer (don't ask) and Linda E. Jacobs (author of *Gummed on My Bum by My Mother-in-Law*), you'll learn how to create, advertise, and sell your own adult site. "Sex sells," says Jacobs, and apparently anything goes. Well, almost anything: "There's no bestiality," she promises. "So if you're interested in making love to a sheep, you're out of luck."

"*How to Make \$\$ in the Adult Business on the Net*," September 16 or October 21; \$39. The Learning Annex, 16 East 53rd Street (371-0280).

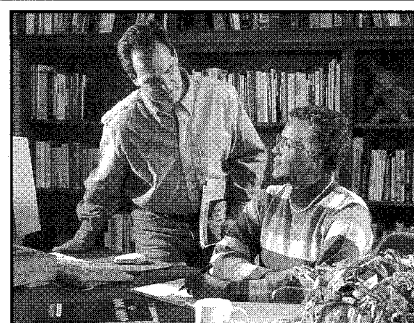
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BY ETHAN SMITH

ANYONE WHO HAS EVER SUSPECTED that youth and its attendant perks—such as college—are wasted on the young need look no farther than the city's numerous education programs for older students. Much older students. Men and women who would rather spend their retirement years having their minds stimulated than nap by the shuffleboard court. And when *these* seniors enter a classroom, they are everything their youthful counterparts often aren't: i.e., motivated and eager to learn.

Nowhere are these qualities better displayed than at **Quest**, the "peer learning" program at CUNY's TriBeCa Center for Worker Education (925-6625, extension 229). Quest has no administration and no faculty; tuition is \$450, and the 140 student-professors (ages 55 to 95) set the course schedule, run all the classes, and staff the admissions committee. Among the fall semester's 40-odd offerings are "Brain, Mind and Self," "Foreign Policy," "The Future of Capitalism," "Twentieth-Century Japanese Literature," and conversational French. "You don't hear any grandchildren-talk," says Quest's Gina Liebow. "And you don't hear any sick-talk. We haven't got time for it." The one drawback, a ninetysomething student notes wryly: "We have a lot of attrition."

The New School's **Institute for Retired Professionals** (229-5682) invented peer learning for seniors back in 1962. (Quest was spun off from the IRP in 1995.) It offers courses in writing, local history, and languages—plus a new subprogram ("Visions") for visually impaired seniors.

For those who prefer not to run the show themselves, there are other options: Marymount Manhattan College's **Center for Learning and Living** (517-0564) offers classes in Egyptology, yoga, and American history. NYU (790-1352), Hofstra (516-463-5993), and Hunter (772-4490) also offer programs geared to older students.

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Brooklyn Botanic Garden

1000 Washington Ave. (718-622-4433).

Registration begins early Aug.

Chelsea Piers Sports Center

Chelsea Piers (336-6068).

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St. (744-8181).

Registration begins mid-Aug.

Columbia University, 116th St. and Broadway (854-2820). Registration period is Sept. 1-3.

Craft Student League, 610 Lexington Ave. (735-9731). Registration begins Aug. 27.

Dieu Donné Papermill

433 Broome St. (226-0573).

Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church

7 W. 55th St. (297-0490, ext. 51).

Registration ends Sept. 16.

Graduate School of Figurative Art, 111 Franklin St. (966-0300). Registration begins mid-Aug.

Horticultural Society of New York

128 W. 58th St. (757-0915).

Hunter College, 695 Park Ave., Room 100, North Building (650-3850).

Registration begins late Aug.

International Center for Photography (ICP)

1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1776, ext. 156).

Registration begins after Labor Day.

Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St.

(757-3318). Registration period is the last two weeks of Sept.

Manhattan Plaza Racquet Club

450 W. 43rd St. (594-0555).

Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St.

(517-0564). Registration begins mid-Aug.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave.

(570-3949). Registration begins this week.

Museum of American Folk Art

61 W. 62nd St. (977-7170).

The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5630).

Registration begins mid-Aug.

New York Botanical Garden, 200th St. and Southern Blvd, Bronx (718-817-8700).

New York University, 48 Cooper Sq. (998-7080).

Registration begins Aug. 3.

92nd Street Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100).

Registration begins Aug. 17.

Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St.

(229-8933). Registration begins Aug. 24.

Pratt Institute, 200 Willoughby Ave.,

Brooklyn (718-636-3453).

Registration begins early Aug.

Pratt Manhattan, 295 Lafayette St. (925-8481).

Registration begins Aug. 15.

Quest (CUNY's TriBeCa Center for Worker Education), 99 Hudson St. (925-6625, ext. 229).

School of Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St.

(592-2011). Registration begins Aug. 10.

Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (737-9870).

Sew Fast, Sew Easy School

147 W. 57th St. (582-5889).

UrbanGlass, 647 Fulton St., Brooklyn

(718-625-3685, ext. 237).

The Writer's Voice, 5 W. 63rd St. (875-4124).

Registration begins mid-Aug.

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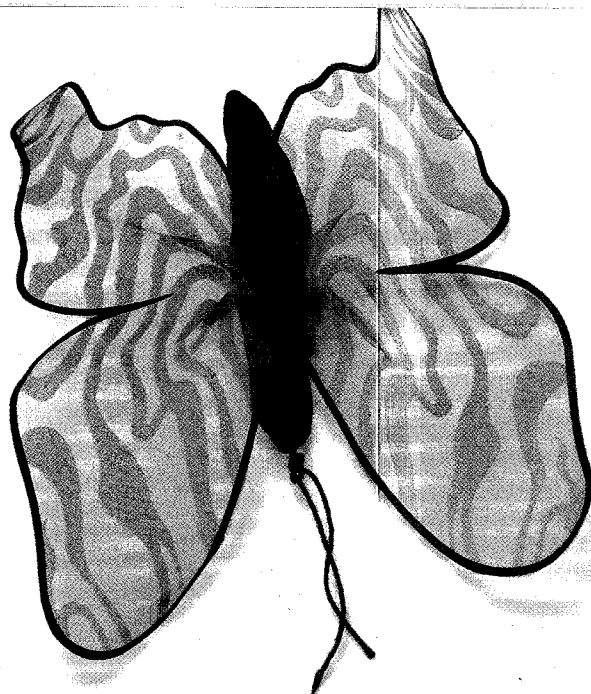
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Wings on Their Fingers

Upon discovering the country was woefully lacking in butterflies that kids could actually play with—not just chase or, ugh, pin—Folkmanis set about correcting the problem. This California company has been turning out animal puppets for the past 22 years: Its butterfly finger puppets are made of polyester sheers so they flutter about like monarchs, swallowtails, and the like. Budding lepidopterists can now get an early start: Vladimir Nabokov didn't get hooked until he was 7 (\$4.50).

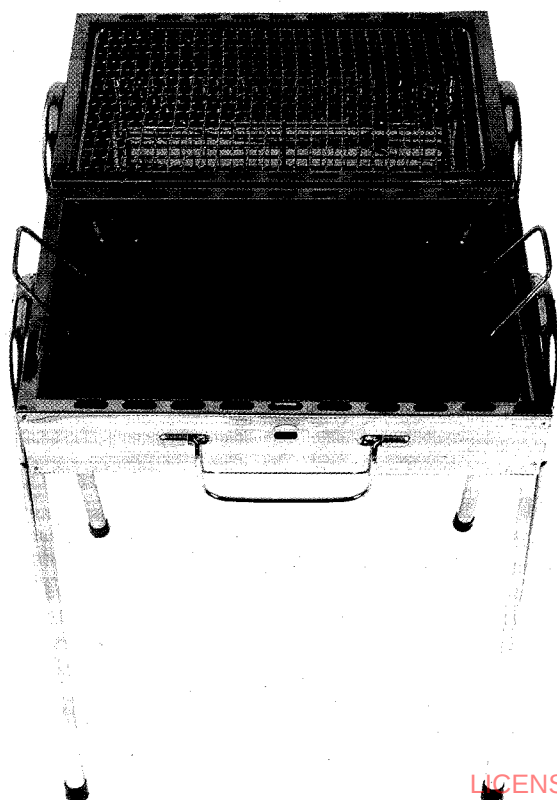
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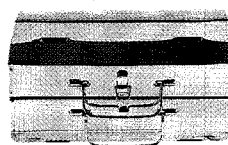
BY CORKY POLLAN



Grill Seekers

When Bonnie Pressman of Barneys spotted this portable barbecue in Australia, she knew she had to have it. So she tracked down Room Interiors (the two-year-old Melbourne homewares company that designed it) and brought it back for the store. Though not much bigger than a tool box, it opens into a standing barbecue with a charcoal grill on one side, a griddle or warming plate on the other. It's stainless steel, takes seconds to assemble, and is surpassingly handsome. And so lightweight it can go anywhere, allowing for ever more occasions for those who are manic about grilling (\$150).

BARNEYS NEW YORK/Chelsea Passage

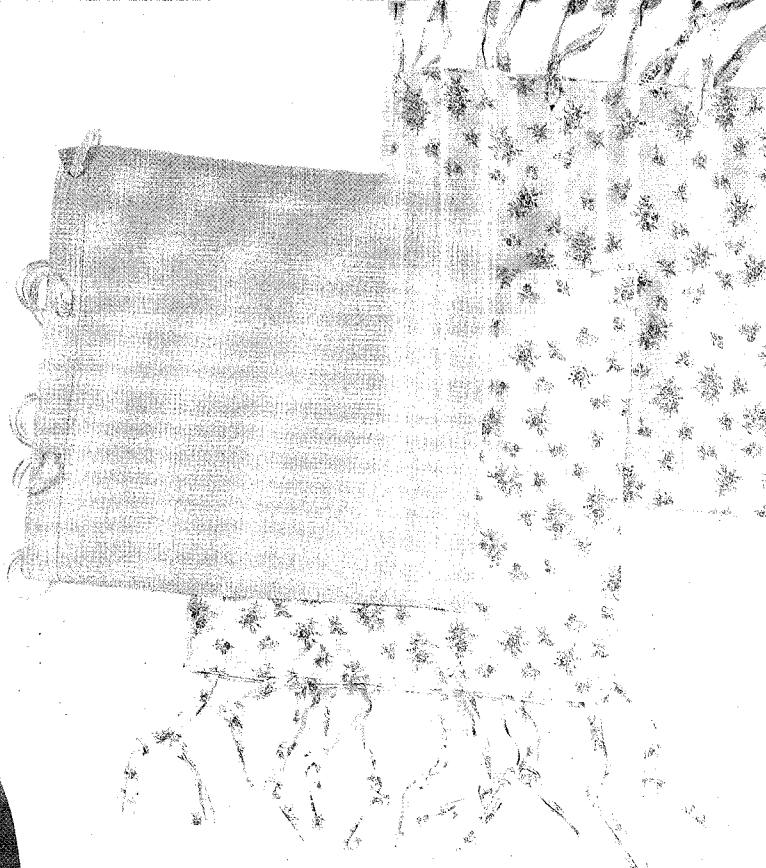


Photographed by Norman

Shower Play

Girly is not an adjective usually associated with shower curtains, but ABC Carpet & Home's new "Sarah" line definitely fits that description. Tiny buds are scattered over a linen ground, and instead of unsightly metal loops, there's a French tie top. For those who just want "pretty," ABC has cotton-blend solids in honeydew, hyacinth, and peony. All you'll need to go with these curtains is a small cottage in the country (floral, \$125; solid, \$35).

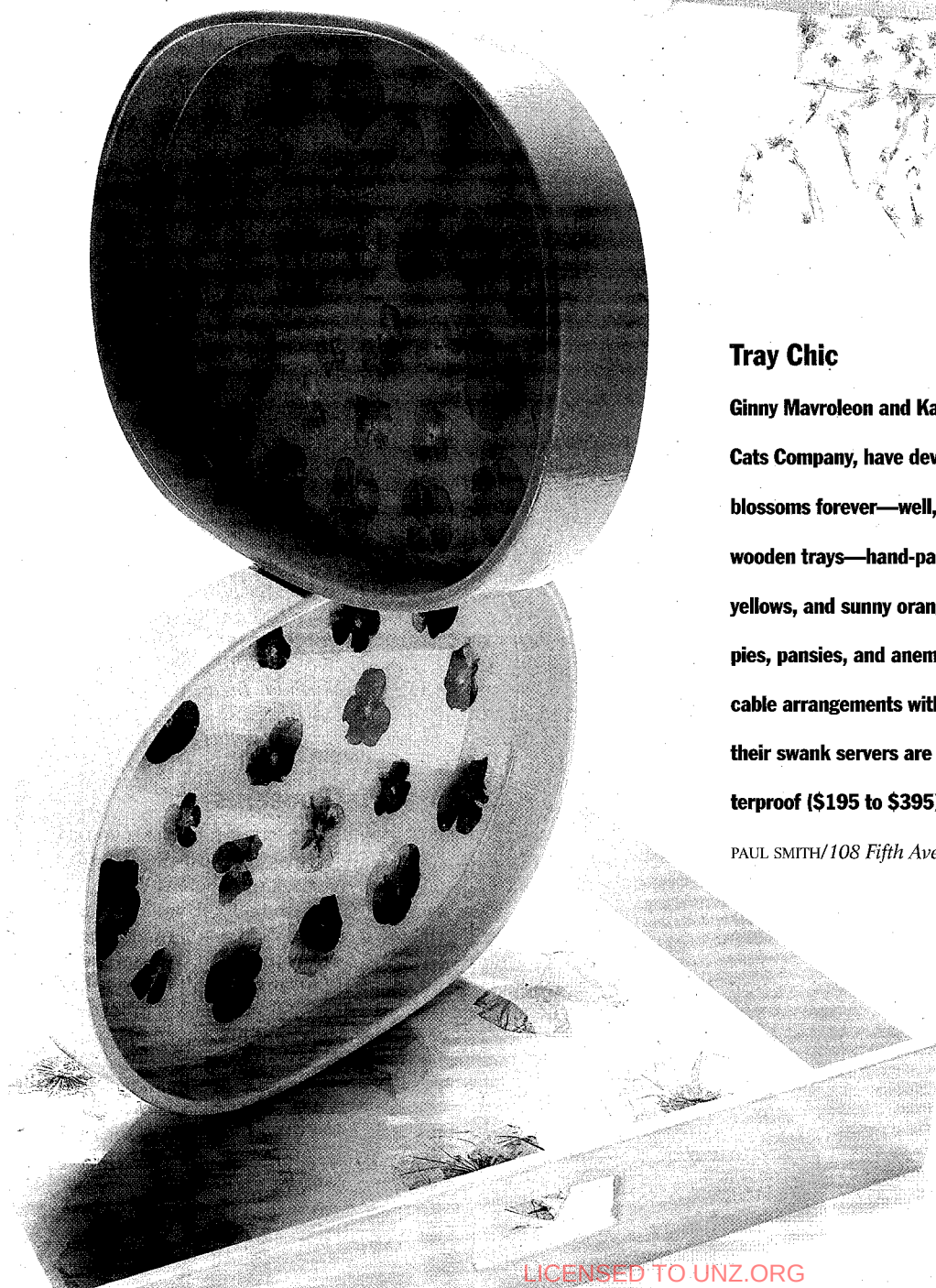
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Tray Chic

Ginny Mavroleon and Kari Catalano, of the fledgling Giant Cats Company, have devised a way to preserve ephemeral blossoms forever—well, sort of. They inlay handmade wooden trays—hand-painted glossy sea greens, lemon yellows, and sunny oranges—with delicate pressed poppies, pansies, and anemones. Then they seal their impeccable arrangements with a thick coat of polyurethane so their swank servers are heat-and-cold-resistant and waterproof (\$195 to \$395).

PAUL SMITH/108 Fifth Avenue, at 16th Street/627-9770



Small Wonders

Child portrait photography *that's miles from Sears; pinafores and short pants (new and outgrown)—and Pumpkin's maternitywear, in case one's on the way.*

LOOKING THROUGH CHILD PHOTOGRAPHER Dennis O'Brien's portfolio, one is immediately aware that he isn't producing conventional studio shots. Each black-and-white portrait is a tight close-up that captures an expression unique to the subject. For the rest of the summer, his sitting costs \$325 (was \$375). Photographs of additional children are \$175 each. *O'Brien Pictures, 135 W. 20th St., sixth floor (366-1828); checks accepted; call for appointment; 7/20-9/15.*

Olive What She's Having

OLIVE & BETTE'S—THE STORE ON THE West Side that had the sharp idea of putting clothes by designers like Vivienne Tam, Daryl K., Theory, Diane Von Furstenberg, and its own line into a catalogue so fashionistas across the country could keep up with Big Apple hipsters—is having a huge warehouse sale. For example: Cynthia Rowley dresses, were \$218, now \$98; Daryl K. striped cotton shirts, were \$120, now \$54; Inca bags, were \$55, now \$24. *Olive & Bette's, 155 W. 72nd St. (712-9761); A.E., M.C., V.; Thurs. 8-8; 7/30.*

The Sleep of Kings

WE KNOW THAT \$2,999 FOR A NINE-PIECE set of bed linens is extravagant. But when the original price is \$5,575—well, that is a sale. And Léron's linens and lingerie are this expensive for a reason: Each item is handcrafted to a level usually reserved for couture (with details like hand embroidery and the finest of fabrics). King-size textured-Italian-silk blanket cover with two matching French cases and two boudoir cases, were \$4,900, now \$1,950; white organdy tablecloth with floral patterns and a dozen matching napkins, were \$2,295, now \$1,499. *Léron, 750 Madison Ave., at 65th St. (753-6700); A.E.,*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.



You needn't be photographer Dennis O'Brien's niece (above) to benefit from his distinctive view.

M.C., V.; Mon-Fri. 10-6, Sat 10:30-5; 8/3-8/29.

Squashed Prices

PUMPKIN—THE ROCKER TURNED MATERNITYWEAR designer—is having a sale on her cool pants, skirts, dresses, T-shirts, shorts, and button-downs; retail \$60-80, they're now \$30-\$40. *Pumpkin Maternity, 67 E. 3rd St. (674-7476); A.E., M.C., V.; Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5; 8/1-8/2.*

Resale Value

THE RECENT EXPANSION OF DESIGNER RESALE included the creation of two new stores—for men and children—as well as even more offerings on the store's womenswear. Prices here are well below retail to begin with, but the sale makes them even lower; for example: Dolce & Gabbana never-worn pantsuit, was \$750, now \$325; Evenflo stroller, was \$155, now \$46.50; Versace men's suit, was \$250, now \$75. *Designer Resale, 324 E. 81st St. (734-3639); Gentlemen's Resale, 322 E. 81st St. (734-2739); Chil-*

dren's Resale, 303 E. 81st St. (734-8897) A.E., M.C., V.; call stores for hours; through 8/8.

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Petit Points

ROBIN'S NEST—THE CUTE-AS-A-BUTTON children's-clothing store—is having a summer blowout sale. T-shirts, pants, shorts, bathing suits, dresses, jackets, sweaters, and leggings (sizes 3 months to 10 years) by designers like Jean Bourget, Petit Boy, Catimini, Chevignon, Les Touts Petits, and others will all be 50 to 60 percent off. Both the store's locations will also offer 10 percent off layettes booked that week and on purchases of fall merchandise totaling \$200 or more. *Robin's Nest: The Boutique for Children, 1168 Lexington Ave., at 80th St. (737-2004); 1356 Old Northern Blvd., Roslyn (516-484-2366) A.E., M.C., V.; Mon-Fri. 11-6; 7/27 until supplies run out.*

Material Concerns

FOR FABRICS AND FURNITURE, AND MADE-to-measure drapes, shades, headboards, and the like, check out Richard's Interior Design. Custom balloon and Roman shades, were \$18-\$20 a square foot, now \$12; custom furniture will be 40 percent off retail; floor samples will be up to 60 percent off; in-stock damasks, brocades, tapestries, silks, and linens, among other fabrics, will be 50 percent off. (Sale prices exclude fabric and installation.) *Richard's Interior Design, 1390 Lexington Ave., near 91st St. (831-9000); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon-Fri. 10-6, Thurs. till 7, Sat. 10-5, Sun. 11-5; 7/27-9/8.*

Quite Contrary

'There's Something About Mary' wraps a romantic comedy in frat-house humor; 'Zorro' is 'Star Wars' with real swords. Can't anyone here make a genre flick?

THE NEW ROMANTIC COMEDY **There's Something About Mary**, a film by the Farrelly brothers (*Dumb and Dumber*), has been extravagantly praised by some of my colleagues, but I'm having a hard time warming to it, and I feel like making trouble. What do we want out of romantic comedy, anyway? Romantic comedy is a lovely form, and a fairly flexible one, too. A romantic comedy can be satirical (*The Lady Eve*, *Annie Hall*), tender (*Moonstruck*), farcical (*Tootsie*); it can be erotic and profane, or fairly rough, and maybe a great many other things as well. But a romantic comedy, I think, needs two things: It needs to convey the sense that a man and a woman are heading irrevocably for one another and for no one else, and further, that these lovers, whatever trouble befalls them, are in a state of grace, even dazzled by fairy dust. And the trouble with the Farrelly brothers is that in order to get a laugh, they dump on everybody and everything. Their fairy dust smells like manure.

Manure, I admit, has its value. It is the value of shock, of breaking taboos, of liberating secret fears. But does gross-out humor—the Farrelly brothers' specialty—go with romantic comedy? In a kind of prologue, we meet the hero of the movie, Ted (Ben Stiller), a high-school nerd with braces and a hapless way with girls. By some miracle, Mary (Cameron Diaz)—the beautiful and kindly Mary, a blonde with soul—asks him to the senior prom. But when Ted arrives at Mary's house, dressed in a taupe tux, he suffers, in the bathroom, an unspeakable entanglement of his most delicate parts in the zipper of his fly. The police and fire department show up, the whole neighborhood is called in to see this once-in-a-lifetime event, and we get to see it, too—which, I suppose, is a first in the history of cinema.

After this catastrophe, Ted loses Mary, and thirteen years later, having done very little with his life, he's still thinking about her. The trouble is, Ben Stiller acts as if his privates were still caught in a zipper. He goes too far into bumbling masochism; he makes Ted an unappealing character, a jerk. Audiences will put up with fumbling and pratfalls in a lover, but not with sneakiness and cowardice; they want a lover with something game and determined about him. Otherwise he doesn't deserve the girl.

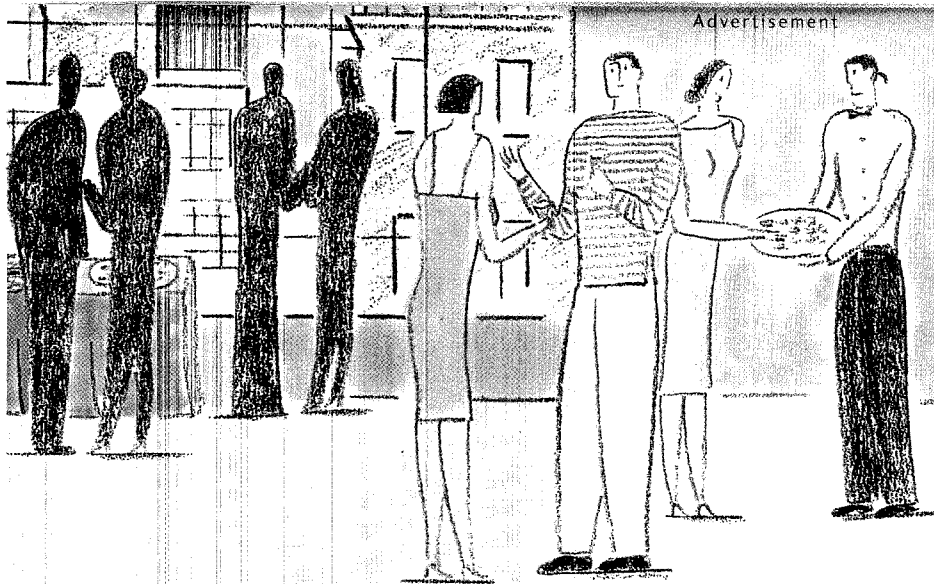
Ted sends a sleazy insurance investigator, Healy (Matt Dillon), to

spy on Mary. And of course Healy falls in love with her too. For a while, Ted is forgotten—it is the best part of the movie. Matt Dillon has had the incredible good sense to realize that the sluggish diction that was sexy in a 16-year-old boy is the comic equipment of a 34-year-old man. Dillon has become very good at playing sleaze-balls. His Healy wears a pencil-line mustache, the one adornment absolutely certain to destroy Matt Dillon's looks, but we can see that Healy thinks it's cool. In order to impress Mary, he tries to pass himself off as an architect and free spirit, but everything he does is just a little off, or even way off—he wears the wrong clothes, gets his architectural terms backwards, and displays an improper attitude toward the retarded, and Dillon's attempts to retrieve the errors grow more and more desperate. When Healy visits Mary in her apartment, he falls into a misadventure with a dreadful little dog that is on to him. What Matt Dillon does to that dog is one of the wildest and funniest things in recent movie comedy.

While watching this episode, we may feel we're being tested in some way. Do we have the honesty to admit that the abuse of a pesky little dog is funny? And we're tested again by Mary's brother, who is retarded. He's a big sweet guy, but he flies into rages, and wrestles people to the ground, and we're supposed to be able to laugh at him, too. If you don't laugh at him, or at a man on crutches, or at a psychopathic hitchhiker, or at an old woman's withered breasts (shown twice), then you

Comic stretch:
Ben Stiller and
Cameron Diaz
in *There's*
Something
***About Mary*.**





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stand accused of hypocrisy, of a craven obeisance to political correctness. And although I laughed at the poor dog, I didn't laugh at these other things.

Haven't any of the movie's fans noticed that the interiors are lit like a TV show, that the staging is generally clumsy? Haven't they noticed that apart from Matt Dillon, most of the actors are unappealing, and that the wonderful Mary, who gets the benefit of Cameron Diaz's good cheer, never observes anything about anyone? The general insensitivity of the atmosphere gets one down after a while. None of these people go together: Friends don't seem like friends, lovers don't seem like lovers. In brief, it's not enough just to have bad taste. You have to have talent, too. Some of the critics write as if bad taste were an actual cause—as if a blow against p.c. were somehow a victory in itself. But anyone who falls into that trap not only loses his judgment but congratulates himself for far too little.

MOVIES IN *The Mask of Zorro*, ANTHONY HOPKINS AND Antonio Banderas work with professional skill in a ludicrous vehicle—a retro-style comedy-adventure with lots of explosions and fires and gold-toothed Mexicans falling down in a heap. In his black pants and cape, Hopkins, amazingly, has a rather mournful dignity; he uses his precise diction as if it were a weapon as potent as his whip and sword. He speaks with contempt to the messy Banderas—a thief who doesn't know how to fight—and then begins the arduous task of turning the young ruffian into a gentleman and a warrior. Banderas, with his flashing eyes, makes a good mock-Hidalgo, but the movie would be a lot more amusing if it weren't such kid stuff. The director, Martin Campbell, and a variety of screenwriters and producers have created a vaguely leftish tale of Zorro helping "the people" fight the Spanish grandees who want to take over old California. But no one on earth will be fooled by the movie's protestations of deep feeling. This *Zorro* is just another pop-culture jamboree. Zorro himself is less an aristocrat with a double life than an amalgam of Jackie Chan, Batman, and Obi-wan Kenobi. He lives in a huge black cave and employs martial-arts techniques to discipline his mind. The best thing in the movie is the swordplay. There's lots of it, in different places and styles, and even Catherine Zeta-Jones—a young and beautiful actress of the heaving-bosom school—gets into the act. She gives Banderas a good fight. When he prevails at last, he cuts the straps of her bodice with his rapier, but the camera, in the movie's only act of discretion, hides its eyes. ■

David Denby's 1997-98 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

Art Isn't Easy

Stephen Sondheim, whose landmark musicals include 'Company' and 'Follies,' gives a biographer good cause to call him Broadway's master of ambivalence.

Stephen Sondheim: A Life

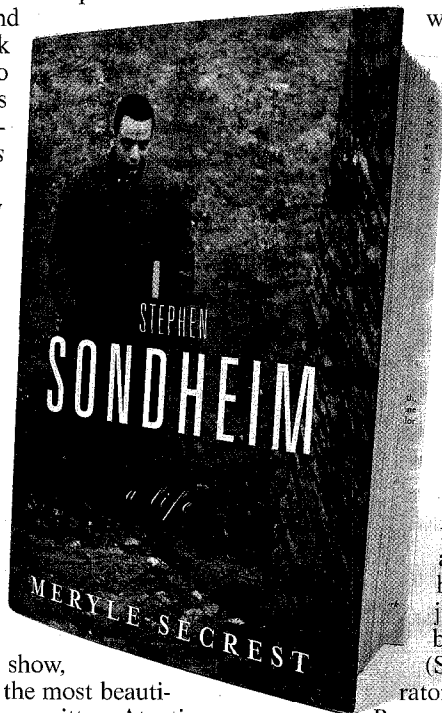
BY MERYLE SECREST
Knopf; 461 pages; \$50

WHEN THE PLAYWRIGHT ANTHONY SHAFFER had tea one afternoon at Stephen Sondheim's Turtle Bay townhouse, he was so struck by his host's obsession with games and puzzles that Shaffer modeled a character in his new play on the composer-lyricist. The character, Andrew Wyke, describes himself as "the complete man—a man of reason and imagination; of potent passions and bright fancies" who is "joyous and unrepenting. His weapons are the openness of a child and the cunning of a pike and with them he faces out the black terrors of life." The character so evoked Sondheim that the play's producer, Morton Gottlieb, suggested calling the thriller *Who's Afraid of Stephen Sondheim?*

Though the show ultimately opened under the title *Sleuth*, Gottlieb was onto something. In the world of the Broadway musical, no one can set people to fisticuffs like Stephen Sondheim. To some, he is the iceman—distant, cold, unfeeling, unsingable; the twisted mind behind musicals about mass murders and assassins, stalkers, and aesthetes. To that crowd belong the critics—and there were many—who dismissed *Sunday in the Park With George* because "audiences like shows about people," as one wrote. "They're funny that way." But even to those who hated that show, *Sunday in the Park* had several of the most beautiful—and moving—theater songs ever written. At a time when the Broadway musical had gone bland and British, Sondheim was writing firecracker lyrics set in an astonishing range of musical idioms—waltzes, ballads, sarabands, jigs, you name it. In the seventies, with the string of shows from *Company* and *Follies* to *A Little Night Music* and *Sweeney Todd*, Sondheim played with, and ultimately changed, the form of the musical. He captured, in the bargain, the postwar era's shaky ambivalence with haunting and ever-deepening power.

The split over Sondheim has always been reflected in the culture. His musicals, continuously rediscovered and reinvented, are regarded as modern classics, yet they almost never make money and rarely appeal to a wide audience. Nightclub divas devote whole programs to Sondheim,

yet with the exception of "Send In the Clowns," his songs are mostly unknown to the general public. At 68, Sondheim remains the most influential unsuccessful talent Broadway has created, the subject of countless academic exegeses and a quarterly newsletter, the standard against whom every serious young theater composer and lyricist is today measured. Throw into the mix a psycho seductress of a mother, a devoted mentor in Oscar Hammerstein II, and a decade-long partnership with director Hal Prince that utterly changed Broadway before flaming out in failure, and the paradox of Sondheim is catnip to a biographer. After all, who could resist someone who writes, in a mere thank-you note to close friends, "Thanks for the plate, but where was my mother's head?"



In *Stephen Sondheim: A Life*, Meryle Secrest sheds some light on the complex sensibility that grew out of a golden yet emotionally ragged childhood. Secrest spent many hours interviewing Sondheim, a famously elusive, not to say evasive, subject. His own words on subjects ranging from his homosexuality to the development of characters in his shows make this book a must-read for anyone interested in the musical theater. Moreover, Secrest has done considerable legwork, committing to print for the first time several anecdotes long known to musical-theater insiders. As a narrative of Sondheim's intellectual and emotional growth from childhood into mature artist, it's a good, juicy read. Secrest, who has written biographies of Leonard Bernstein (Sondheim's *West Side Story* collaborator), Frank Lloyd Wright, and Bernard Berenson, is pretty useless in assessing

Sondheim's work—a job she's all too willing to leave to others. Nevertheless, the tale of Sondheim's early years provides a kind of skeleton key to his oeuvre.

SONDHEIM WAS BORN IN 1930, THE SON OF HERBERT T. Sondheim, a successful dress manufacturer of German-Jewish extraction, and Janet Fox Sondheim, always called Foxy, a daughter of Lithuanian Jews who was Herbert's chief designer. They were an affluent, vivacious couple—Herbert loved show tunes and was a skilled pianist—who lived in the San Remo, on Central Park West, until the parents divorced when Steve was 10. "After Herbert left, most of his mother's effort was focused on poisoning his mind against his father,"

A lot of night music: Sondheim, from *Gypsy* in 1959 to *Passion* in 1994.

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Secrest writes. "She also began to act very strangely. . . . Then he became aware that she was trying to seduce him. 'Well, she would sit across from me with her legs aspread. She would lower her blouse and that sort of stuff.' This happened often during his teenage years, and he was 'surprised, rather than shocked.'" No wonder, then, that Sondheim would grow into the master of the ambivalent statement—about sex, about marriage, about friendship, and, most unforgettably, about love.

He spent a couple of comfortably regimented years at the New York Military Academy in Cornwall, New York (a distinction he shares with that other Manhattan icon, Donald Trump). At Williams College, Sondheim began studying music seriously; the composer Milton Babbitt, who taught at Princeton, later took him on as a private pupil even though he knew Sondheim was not interested in becoming a "serious" composer. "When he came to me, he was about as sad a young man as I have ever seen," Babbitt recalls.

While still a youngster, Sondheim had become friendly with Jamie Hammerstein, son of Oscar, and in order to cultivate the friendship, Foxy bought a country place in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, near the Hammersteins (where she proceeded to scandalize the neighbors with

wild parties). However evil she may have been in her son's mind, that move was providential. In Oscar, Sondheim found an incomparable mentor and father figure. Here, too, Secrest is revealing: Sondheim is typically characterized as the cocky protégé (Hammerstein called his first effort "the worst thing I ever read" before telling him why and taking him under his wing). But the relationship—and its impact on the other Hammersteins—was more complicated than that. Oscar, the great humanist lyric writer, had a cutting wit that only Sondheim, unlike Hammerstein's own children, could match. Around the dinner table, Oscar and Steve tended to dominate in the repartee. And it was Oscar whose principles of writing would later take on a kind of biblical significance for Sondheim even as he rebelled against the form that Hammerstein and his last great partner, composer Richard Rodgers, had themselves redefined.

Hammerstein died in 1960, and if that decade was a tough one for Sondheim—after all, the rise of rock and roll made the Broadway musical increasingly irrelevant as a source of popular music—the one that followed saw him come into his own. Only Hal Prince was as important as Hammerstein in focusing Sondheim's vision and launching him to a higher level of achievement, ushering him from excellence to greatness. Both were interested in offbeat subjects. But where Sondheim

saw brittle short stories and private little sagas, Prince saw Major State-ments, and the fitful merging of those two intellects and approaches resulted in a new kind of musical, beginning with *Company* in 1970 and extending through *Follies*, *A Little Night Music*, *Pacific Overtures*, *Sweeney Todd*, and *Merrily We Roll Along* (the last a wonderful score that may never fit comfortably onstage, no matter how many times it's tried).

Broadway is an insular community in which everyone's business is known to everyone else. Once Secrest passes through Sondheim's early years into his development as a Broadway lyricist—beginning in 1957 with *West Side Story*—and composer-lyricist (his first show with both credits was *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, in 1962), she enters territory well covered elsewhere, notably in Craig Zadan's *Sondheim & Co.*, a freewheeling, indispensable oral history of the making of Sondheim's shows. And because Secrest has so little to say about the musicals themselves, her book bogs down in details about the productions that aren't particularly illuminating and aren't always correct. She never conveys the emotional pull Sondheim exerts on some of us. One may speculate that having gained the confidence of her subject, Secrest never probed deeply; *A Life* is pretty meager reading on details of Sondheim's adult life and padded with windy, speculative passages from Secrest's other work.

For decades now, Sondheim has stood accused of a certain aloofness—the same charge leveled, it's worth noting, against Tom Stoppard and George Bernard Shaw—and of an ambivalence toward love that derived from his essential solitariness, his homosexuality, his perfectionism, his literary conceits. When he fell seriously in love, he wrote *Passion*, a mesmerizing one-act musical in which an obsessive, sickly woman through sheer force of will wins the love of a handsome soldier otherwise engaged. The woman, Fosca, sings of "a love as pure as breath, as permanent as death, implacable as stone / a love that like a knife, has cut into a life I wanted left alone." "Some Enchanted Evening" it ain't. It's closer to what the critic Julius Novick, writing about *Sweeney Todd*, called "emotionalism of operatic boldness." *Passion* left the critics, and the public, deeply divided; though it had its earnest supporters and won the Tony award for Best Musical in 1994, the show struggled for a few months before closing without having earned back the money it had cost to produce. Yet those who saw it will never forget it. That seems to be Sondheim's fate.

Crocodile Tears

Theâtre de Complicité's attempt to adapt Bruno Schulz's poetic 'Street of Crocodiles' is a flat-footed exercise in futility; Capitol Steps trips up.

BRUNO SCHULZ'S STORIES ARE POETIC, SURREAL, and chary of action and dialogue. As such, they are about as unsuited for stage adaptation as texts can get. But do not underestimate the perversity of the human animal—or, at least, that of Simon McBurney and his Théâtre de Complicité, who are as French as fish and chips.

Schulz (1892–1942), the Polish schoolteacher, graphic artist, and writer, was killed by the Gestapo in the ghetto of Drohobycz, the small Galician town that, along with the universe, was his home. Accidentally in the ghetto on Black Thursday, Schulz, the protected Jew of a Gestapo officer, was shot by a rival Gestapo agent whose Jewish protégé his officer had killed—an awesomely Kafkaesque death for Kafka's Polish translator and counterpart. There were to be only two collections of Schulz stories, revolving around his burg, his family, and chiefly his father, who owned a tailor shop. But they were viewed through Bruno's poetically skewed, surrealistically transmuting vision—a surrender, as John Updike put it, “to the multiple distortions of obsessed reflection.”

How do you theatricalize the changing seasons as “an enormous purple-skinned onion disclosing ever new panoramas under each of its skins”? Or skies featuring “the spirals and whorls of light, the pale-green solids of darkness, the plasma of space, the tissue of dreams,” the art of a self-proclaimed “parasite of metaphors . . . carried away by the first simile that comes along”? The stage circus that McBurney and Mark Wheatley have contrived is either awkwardly literal transposition of Schulz's words or bumptiously grotesque hysterics that remotely ape and crudely simplify Schulz's exquisitely unreal conceits.

The Street of Crocodiles adopts the American title of Schulz's first collection, published as *Cinnamon Shops*, though it also includes much of the second and last, *Sanatorium Under the Sign of the Hourglass*, although the Polish has *klepsydra* (English *clepsydra*) from the Greek for “water clock.” As water is even more elusive than sand, it is yet more apt a metaphor for Schulz's writing and its uncapturability by the adapters' butterfly net.

Sure enough, there are busy vaudeville carryings-on: climbings up ladders, walkings down vertical walls, alignments and realignings of school desks with much banging of their tops. Also ludicrous maneuvers with wood, saws, and hammers in a so-called woodwork class. Also all sorts of bolts of cloth unrolled this way and that or unfurling from the flies, sometimes covering the entire

cast, though not for long enough. There is the repeated clatter of Nazi boots marching to and fro, dressings and undressings, a fright wig periodically removed and crookedly replaced, bits of dialogue in three or four languages, and a mock execution in which Joseph, the protagonist, is passed like a baton from arms to arms in a group-grope Pietà, to delight the masses and the *Times's* chief drama critic.

Because Schulz was assigned by the Nazis to sort out books for booty or banning, we see Joseph prolongedly sorting tomes, though neither the actor nor the script can invest this with significance. Evoking Bruno's murder, the actress portraying his sister shoots Joseph with two fingers making like a gun. Such things are, if anything, an insult to Schulz's memory.

From the loudspeakers, there is overloud music and even louder noise. Relationships and plot elements have to be guessed or inferred from prior information. Thus because the boy Bruno was awed when his mother read him Goethe's “Erlkönig,” the cast takes turns reciting bits of the poem, singly or jointly, in dubious German, to what enlightenment? The ten performers are painful to look at, resembling—at best—freakish caricatures à la Grosz, Beckmann, or Dix. The production, in that respect, echoes Schulz's drawings, far less imaginative than his writings. Yet all this unsightliness lacks the sharpness of satire.

It is hard, if not impossible, to assess individual achievements. No one in the cast rises above the dis-

Annabel Arden
as Mother and
Charlotte
Medcalf as
Agatha in *The
Street of
Crocodiles*.



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jointedness and puerility of the shenanigans. But at least McBurney's company is aptly named, *complicity*, even in French, meaning participation in a criminal act such as we were subjected to. There are no actual crocs on view in The Street of Crocodiles, but you could say that the whole thing is a crock.

CAPITOL STEPS IS THE NAME FOR A GROUP OF congressional staff members who first put on some skits for Senator Charles Percy in 1981, and who have since, as they claim, "infested all of Capitol Hill," not to mention New York. On any given evening, a few of them perform material with piano accompaniment, largely old pop songs with putatively satirical lyrics. The current show is entitled **Unzippin' My Doodah**, and I need hardly tell you whose mighty zipper and whose mightier mouth are being referred to.

You would think that, overexposure notwithstanding, the Bill and Monica and Kenneth and Linda show could still yield better stuff than one witty comment on Monica's beret. Or do you think that turning "The Lady Is a Tramp" into "The Linda Is a Tripp" is a hoot? The opening number, "Circle of Lies," equates the animal parade in *The Lion King* with the gaggle of new Capitoline geese, not saving but sullyng our Capitol. Yet all too often something that struck you as funny—e.g., a high-level introduction, "Yasser, that's my Bibi"—is the sort you'd swear you had heard before, and quite possibly had.

Most of the amusing ideas are hit-or-miss, or hit-and-miss, what with a droll opening line or concept that then becomes a ball not run with but fumbled. If I recall correctly, the same wig was used for Jesse Helms and Alfonse D'Amato, proving an old sight gag no better than an old joke. Even that Yasser-Bibi line, I learn, is a step backward to a former Capitol Steps show. For me, the best moment came last, when a male performer, without saying anything, appeared as Janet Reno, and looked more like her than she does herself.

Lincoln Center Festival 98, WITH ITS SLOGAN "It's a trip!", brought us, besides Complicité, such clinkers as Penderecki's bestially megalomaniacal oratorio *Seven Gates to Jerusalem*, the Hamburg Ballet's bathetic *Bernstein Dances*, and any number of second-rate Bernstein works large and small, managing to make Lenny look less than he was. The nadir, however, was Tel Aviv's Geshen Theatre, of which I endured 30 unendurable minutes. The Festival may be a trip, but it's no holiday.

John Simon's 1997-98 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

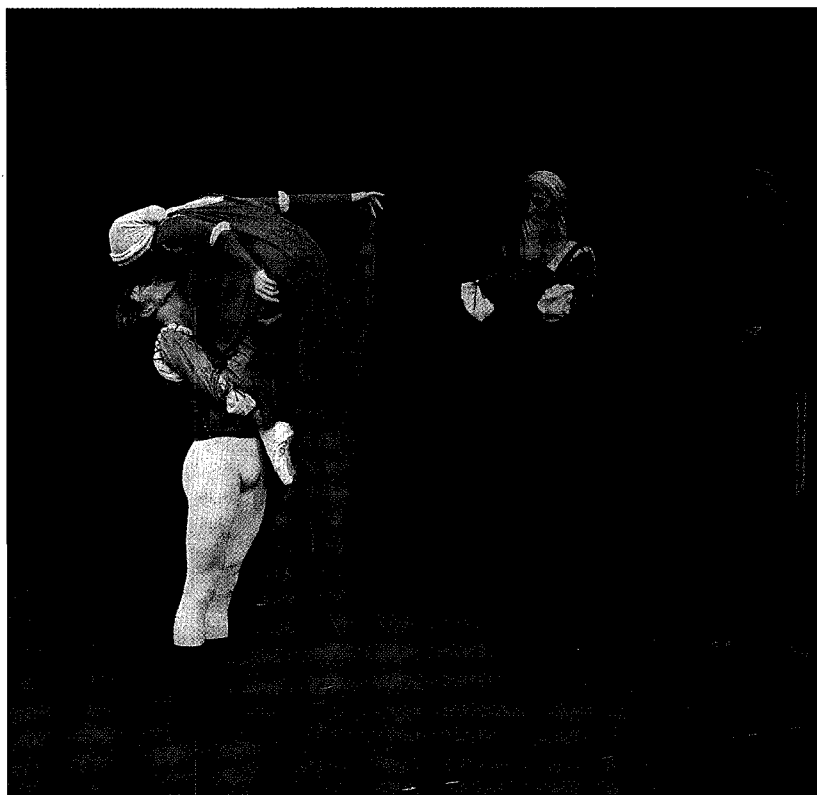
Prussian Roulette

The Stuttgart Ballet hedges its bets, sticking to proven crowd-pleasers; the Hamburg Ballet and its beloved choreographer have trouble translating.

BALLET HAS HAD A PRESENCE IN STUTTGART for several centuries, but it was John Cranko who really put the town on the international dance map, serving as a charismatic director and prolific choreographer for the **Stuttgart Ballet** until his death in 1973 at the age of 45. New York, which greeted the company with a-star-is-born enthusiasm in 1969, hadn't seen it for nineteen years until this summer's Lincoln Center Festival, where it was presented in tandem with the Hamburg Ballet, as if to provide a perspective on the state of classical dance in Germany today.

The two programs offered by the Stuttgart, however—both devoted to narrative three-acters by Cranko—hardly represented this company's range, which encompasses a variety of European-oriented approaches to classicism by Kenneth MacMillan, John Neumeier, Jiri Kylián, Maurice Béjart, Hans van Manen, and William Forsythe, to name just the practitioners Americans know best. I suspect that Cranko's 1962 *Romeo and Juliet* and his 1965 *Onegin* were chosen to guarantee good box office. Both works are proven crowd-pleasers, in the repertoires of several companies besides the Stuttgart. Love and death courtesy of Shakespeare, love and renunciation courtesy of Pushkin, scenery and costumes in both cases by Jürgen Rose, a genius at transforming empty space into atmospheric place—what better way to keep the summer audience happy?

Despite world-class companies' effective productions of both ballets—many veteran New York dancers use American Ballet Theatre's *Onegin*, with Natalia Makarova as Tatiana, as their benchmark for the piece—the Stuttgart still has first claim on these works. Cranko's choreography is the Stuttgart's native language, a fact that frees the Stuttgart dancers from laboring tensely to get the basics right and results in a freshness and spontaneity of interpretation. It's true that today's Stuttgart (now directed by Reid Anderson, after twenty years under the guidance of Marcia Haydée, Cranko's main muse) lacks the potent stage personalities Cranko molded and on whom he shaped his work. At the performances I attended, many of the leading roles looked slightly miscast, clearly because there was no one more suitable to take them on. *Onegin*, who should be demonically attractive, and Paris, who should appear fatuously eligible, were played by the same nebbish, while guest artist Vladimir Malakhov, whose entire presence evokes Hamlet, was cast as Romeo. Heroines to die for were interpreted by



women who, despite their gifts, weren't. Yet everywhere, from principals to ensemble, the company showed itself sensitive—and devoted—to the dramatic values that govern Cranko's work.

Two of the finest interpretations came from veterans: Haydée's Lady Capulet was nuanced and potent, a thin veneer of pride and formality barely covering an internal life that is all memory and desire. Kurt Sponer's Duke of Verona was the most striking realization of a minor role I've ever seen outside the Royal Danish Ballet, which specializes in that sort of thing. In a single brief passage, you saw an old ruler who was sick unto death—of life, of love and lust, of street brawls and cabals in high places—yet who, despite physical frailty, could assert his authority with a small gesture of an arthritic, palsied hand. Among the younger players, Elena Tentschikova was particularly admirable. Her Olga in *Onegin* delightfully embodied the idea that the glowing joy of youth is available to her because, unlike her fated-to-suffer sister, Tatiana, she doesn't read books.

The choreography of both pieces is, admittedly, mediocre. Cranko knew how to put on a show, all right; his ballets have undeniable theatrical impact. But it's a superficial one, without (continued on page 62)

**From the
Stuttgart
Ballet's *Romeo
and Juliet*.**

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Vlad the Impaler

Adrian Lyne's 'Lolita'—more expansively American and less prurient than Stanley Kubrick's 1962 version—makes us wonder again about Nabokov's mind.

TO ANSWER YOUR DIRTY QUESTION FIRST: BY NO stretch of the prurient imagination is Adrian Lyne's *Lolita* (Sunday, August 2; 9 to 11:15 P.M.; Showtime) in violation of the Child Pornography Prevention Act of 1996, which panicky statute forbids "any visual depiction, including any photograph, film, videotape, or computer image" that is, or even appears to be, "of a minor engaging in sexually explicit conduct." It's certainly less explicit than Carroll Baker and Eli Wallach were permitted to be, by Elia Kazan and Tennessee Williams, in *Baby Doll* (1956). So far as exposed flesh goes, even during nap time, what happens between Lolita (Dominique Swain) and Humbert (Jeremy Irons) is almost as decorous as what didn't happen between Doris Day and Rock Hudson in *Pillow Talk* (1959)—there's nary a nipple in view. Late in *Lolita* we do see genitalia, but they are those of an adult male, altogether unaroused, as Frank Langella's Quilty runs away from Humbert's gun.

Nor, as incarnated in these two-plus hours, is the passionate fixation of the bibliosophic Swiss cheesehead on the nubile American preteenybopper—"light of my life, fire of my loins"—much of a commercial for pedophilia. It is, instead, a sorry burlesque. And this is a surprise. Of the Adrian Lyne who graduated, like Alan Parker and Ridley Scott, from the floating signifiers of British television advertising to such glitterdome gaud-

ies as *Flashdance*, *9½ Weeks*, *Fatal Attraction*, and *Indecent Proposal*, we had every reason to expect something as slick as a fashion spread and as shallow as cyberspace. But Lyne is almost too loyal to Nabokov's printed page, if not to the many books in Humbert's head. Like Volker Schlöndorff, whose reverential 1979 film version of *The Tin Drum* got into so much belated trouble last summer in Oklahoma City because of oral sex involving a minor, a nervous director seems to be looking over his shoulder at a famously difficult novelist, desperate for approval.

How does Lyne's *Lolita* compare with Stanley Kubrick's, back in 1962? It's superior in balance: Kubrick let Peter Sellers run rampant. So Quilty, Humbert's parodic nemesis and low-rent Doppelgänger, consumed the movie. Langella gets a lot less face time, and none of it is comical. Lyne's version is likewise more expansive: As much as the novel satirized the myths of romantic love, it also extolled the boundless vistas of what Nabokov called our "lovely, trustful, dreamy, enormous country," which Humbert "defiled with a sinuous trail of slime." It was a vagabond novel in the tradition of Kerouac's *On the Road*, Updike's *Rabbit, Run*, Clancy Sigal's *Going Away*, and Don DeLillo's *Americana*. There were 342 motels mentioned in its pages; Kubrick, filming in genteel England, left out all of them, as he omitted the vertigo of westward landscapes and those superhighways suturing them. Lyne hits the road, sings out the long vertebral lines of telephone poles, pulls in at gas stations and rest stops for pints of ice cream and beds that vibrate, gobbles up deserts and horizons. If not a neon, there is at least a *lostness* about his *Lolita*.

And within this lostness, the fetish thrives—the underwear ribbon from Humbert's bygone Annabel; Lolita's pj's and pigtails; the toenails and the bug zappers; the typewriters, the weather vanes, the bubble gum. (Personally, I'd have resisted Lyne's temptation to lipstick and a banana, but I'm shy.) A deracinated Humbert deserves this entrapment in pathetic sorcery. And here Jeremy Irons is very different from James Mason. For Mason's corrupt delusions, we couldn't help liking him, whereas Irons has always been hard to take, from *Brideshead Revisited* to Claus von Bülow. We're never in danger of identifying with *his* Humbert, despite voice-overs with a plummy English accent, because we wouldn't want Jeremy (continued on page 62)

Paradise
regained:
Humbert
(Jeremy Irons)
with Lolita
(Dominique
Swain).



RESTAURANTS HAL RUBENSTEIN When in Chrome

All gleaming surfaces and pale palettes, Cena's décor doesn't break new ground. Chef Normand Laprise's menu, however, is both understated and surprising.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT A COOL DINING ROOM that initially puts me off. I don't mean cool as in hip, but as in brushed shiny surfaces and pale monochromatics: no ruffles, no flourishes, no living anything blooming in color. Undeniably, this look has its advantages. It's gleamingly smudgeproof enough to withstand any proposed new Board of Health codes. It radiates a nothing-to-hide openness. It's a blissful oasis for anyone with allergies and hay fever.

But if the space were any less romantic, you might as well be eating at your desk. And in a world too eager to pace itself to the ticking of the *60 Minutes* stopwatch, a restaurant that wants us to enjoy its sensory delights would do well to distance itself from surroundings that remind diners of their deadlines.

Which leaves me mystified as to why the owners of **Cena** chose to create an environment more Spacely Sprockets than seductive. True, all New Yorkers should bow in deep gratitude to these restaurateurs for replacing the previous tenant, Rascals (a singles bar with food less complex than the nachos at Cineplex Odeon and a clientele that had cornered the market on drop-shouldered leather jackets). But the focal point of Cena should be the singular confluences arising from the pots and pans of celebrated Canadian chef Normand Laprise. From the bland décor, you'd never guess Laprise is a man whose palate is fortuitously, famously atypical. Imagine being invited into Wonderland only to discover that Alice and the cards have been busy painting the roses taupe.

To the room's credit, its lighting is flattering, not clinical; the seating is comfortable and spacious rather than cubicled. The sane acoustics alleviate both the need to shout and the fear that everything you say will be repeated by a neighboring diner at his water cooler tomorrow. The staff members are attentive, informative, and opinionated. It's obvious that they're proud to serve Laprise's cooking and that they want you to like it—and understand it—as well.

Their concern is not ungrounded. Laprise's talent can be too easily overlooked. Jean-Georges Vongerichten, Daniel Boulud, and Eric Ripert (of Le Bernardin) are masters who revel in big flavors, often highlighting not just one but several in a dish, setting them off like a series of delicious explosions. The pleasure of Laprise's dishes is derived not from fireworks but from his seamless blending of disparate elements. The flavors are faintly layered but almost indistinguishable, resulting in something you can't quite put

your finger on (although you'll want to put your fork back in it again). What you're most aware of when you taste his poached skate is not the chilled sake in the base, or the yellow tomatoes and arugula underneath, or even the blackberries that seem gathered from left field, but a veil of brightening sweet acidity that envelops the skate's nutty flavor, producing a surprisingly smooth sensation that's fresh and new. The smokiness of velvety foie gras is not set in contrast with macerated plums, shallots, pumpkin-seed oil, and artichokes. Instead, the spikiness of those four ingredients turn the liver into something less languid and more substantial, a gutsy foie gras.

High-glass joint: Cena.



The risk, however, is great when the chef intends for each dish to resonate as one shimmering, harmonious chord. When it works, as in a spice-lacquered smoked salmon with wasabi, yellow beets, and daikon, it's a bull's-eye. But when it misses, as in a soy-marinated beef tataki with a flavorless raspberry emulsion, it's obvious to even the least sensitized diner that the dish has fallen flat. Luckily, the sumptuous triumphs greatly outnumber the failed attempts. Smoked salmon has rarely tasted this airy and sweet. Shavings of foie gras lovingly temper the often gruff woodiness of cauliflower in an irresistible soup. The sweetness of grilled peppers adds such a buoyant note to a crab summer roll, each bite

tastes as refreshing as a handful of grapes. An expertly cooked grilled Chilean sea bass at lunch (served at the café) is served with just enough balsamic-lovage vinegar that it's not eclipsed by baby beets and fennel. In the evening, rabbit loin becomes a light summer dish when grilled with lovage and thyme. Woody spruce tips and sautéed chanterelles neutralize the gaminess of a tender venison. Black beans, cumin, jalapeño, arugula, and bacon may be the best things that ever happened to a rosemary-braised halibut. Busy? No, just bracingly luscious and surprisingly balanced. And keys to the executive washroom have been handed out for ideas less riveting than Laprise's spicy crisp lobster with a spiky risotto of sorrel, tomatoes, and Parmesan.

But resignation is all that is tendered by caramelized kumquats that obfuscate a delicate breast of duck. Under the weight of the wild mushrooms, gnocchi, grilled fennel, and basil oil, opaline scallops simply disappear. A salmon tartare at lunch has as little flavor as salad-bar sushi.

The complementary delicacies provided by Laprise's pastry chef, Sara Spearin, yield the same polarized results. A rapturous fig tart is well met with chocolate-ginger ice cream. A flourless chocolate cake eschews the density that would please chocoholic purists, a concession made, it seems, so the dessert would better suit the accompanying compote of cherries. The strawberry-and-mascarpone frozen parfait provided a satiating end to the meal, a rare feat for a semifreddo. But a chocolate-pistachio-lemon cake serves up each element in such a faint state that a scoop of pistachio ice cream is left to dominate.

Laprise hasn't been here very long, but after tasting four weeks of his ever-improving menu, I expect the lineup will eventually include nothing but blue-ribbon winners (even if this does clash with the décor). And if it's arrogant to expect a Benjamin Moore overhaul, one adjustment the management can make is to its appetizer-portion size: You can forget about sharing, which is a shame, because cooking this deft deserves the appreciation of an entire table. But the two spring rolls are about an inch long. Beef tataki consists of three teardrop slices. Dwarfed even further by the house's enormous china, the portions are sure to inspire greed, but for the wrong reasons. Frankly, if you could eat this well at your desk, you'd never leave the office.

Cena, 12 East 22nd Street (505-1222). Dinner, Monday through Saturday, 5:30 to 10:30 P.M.; the café is open Monday through Friday, 11:30 A.M. to 11:30 P.M., Saturday 5:30 to 11:30 P.M. A.E., M.C., V.

Hal Rubenstein's 1997-98 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

Tobias continued from page 59

layering or mystery; everything in it meets the eye in one fell swoop. And once the entertainment factor is exhausted, the flaws in the work are quickly revealed: the unabashed banality with which Cranko used the classical vocabulary and the infernal gimmickry of the lifts designed to make the audience gasp. In the excellent souvenir book that chronicles the Stuttgart's history, Cranko, asked for whom he created his ballets, is quoted as saying, "I think I really do them for God." I find the statement touching, and pray God is tolerant.

THE **Hamburg Ballet** IS A VEHICLE FOR THE work of John Neumeier, who's been at its helm for 25 years. The New York engagement comprised an evening of his choreography to Mahler (with whose music he's obsessed) and an evening of his take on Leonard Bernstein, part biography-via-innuendo, part—Jerry Robbins, where are you when we need you?—revue. Neumeier's work is self-indulgently long, banal, unmusical both in its choice of scores and in its response to them, intermittently pretentious and uncertain in tone. This is a choreographer, mind you, who is beloved by his European audience and idolized by his dancers. Though he's American-born and -bred, Neumeier speaks to a European taste many American dance fans, myself among them, don't share or even comprehend. The foggy high-mindedness, the tedium, the lack of a rhythmic pulse simply do us in.

The current Hamburg dancers, who've been drawn into the Neumeier orbit from all corners of the world, are technically competent—the repertoire doesn't require anything more—and individually personable. The Russian Ivan Urban, for example, beams his sweetness out at the audience as if he were volunteering to be each viewer's personal archangel. The current roster also includes a trio of world-class stars: Elizabeth Loscavio (formerly the glory of the San Francisco Ballet), who did not appear in New York because of injury, the American Lloyd Riggins, and the Danish Rose Gad, the latter two the best the Royal Danish Ballet had to offer after Nikolaj Hübbe defected to the New York City Ballet. No doubt all three are relishing the adventure of leaving their artistic home bases and working for a guy with an impassioned vision; everyone needs a little excitement in his life. Still, in terms of their development as dancers, it's hard for me to see how Neumeier's choreography is going to enlarge their scope.

Tobi Tobias's 1997-98 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

Leonard continued from page 60

anywhere near our children.

Melanie Griffith as Lolita's mother Charlotte is fine, even svelte. I say this as someone who thinks that Shelley Winters can't be improved on. As the semi-conscious nymphet, Swain is less of a *Baby Doll* vamp than Sue Lyon was. She's also less of a provocation to the predatory male mind than recess at any junior high school I'm aware of, where, as Pauline Kael pointed out in her review of Kubrick, our pubescent daughters look "not merely nubile: some of them look badly used." But then all the fuss about minors and sex on the silver screen has always been a projection of our own anxieties as parents and guardians, a scapegoating of caretakers abetted by the usual satanic hypnotherapists. We know perfectly well that children are most at risk at home.

If Kubrick erred on the side of comedy, Lyne is downright morose. I wonder if *Lolita* can really be translated into something other than a novel. Rereading it—and it's not as wonderful the second or third time around, no matter what the editorial board of the Modern Library told us last week when it announced its risible list of the 100 best English-language novels of the twentieth century—I'm sorry that Alan Jay Lerner's musical version never made it from Boston to Broadway. Perhaps if the literature Nabokov made fun of had been dressed up in period costume for fantasy song-and-dance routines...

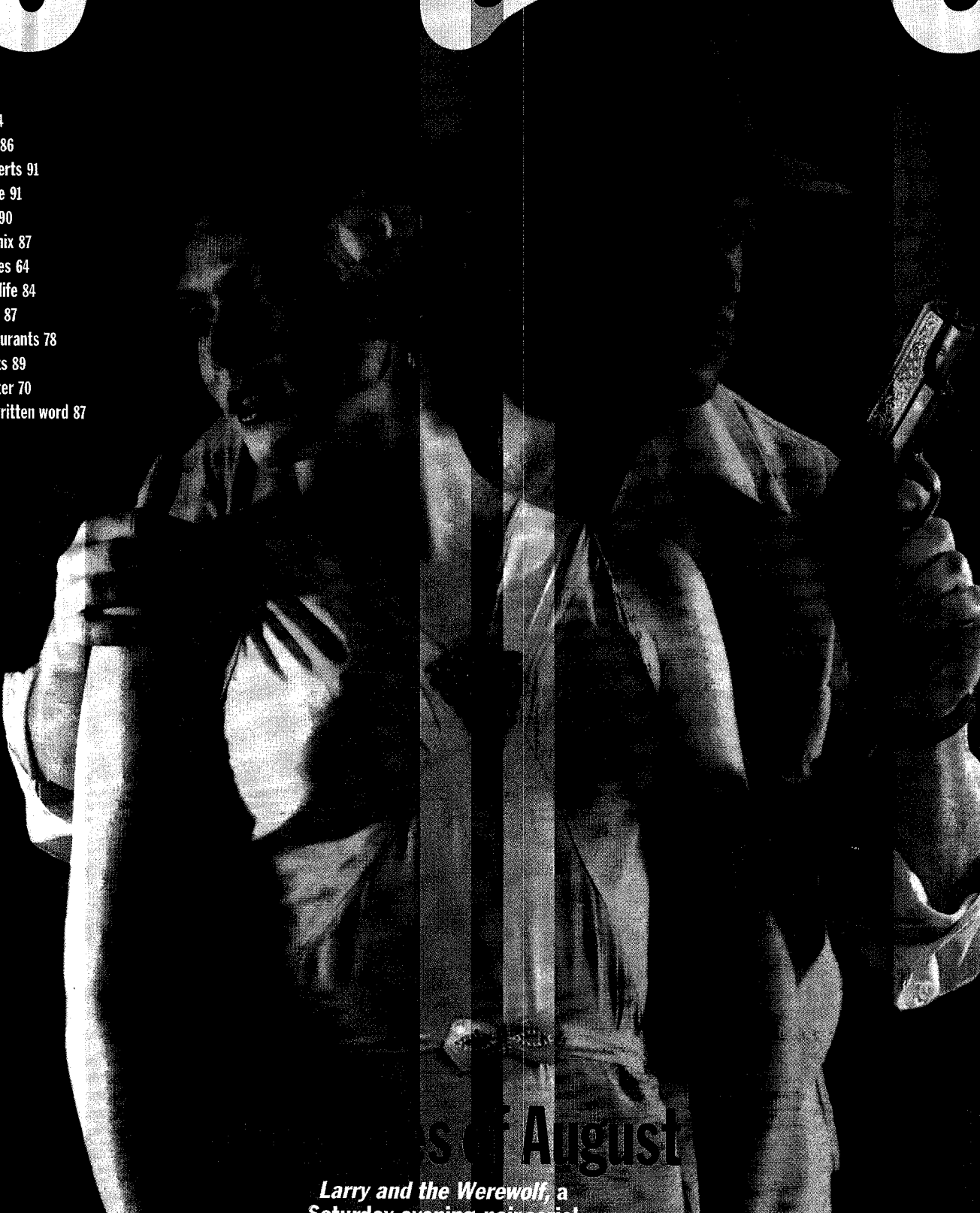
Well, perhaps not: You'd have to include Poe, Melville, T. S. Eliot, Lewis Carroll, Louisa May Alcott, and Eugene O'Neill. Plus Shakespeare, Swift, Blake, Joyce, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Sherlock Holmes. Plus Flaubert, Baudelaire, and Proust; and Cervantes, Goethe, Pushkin, Gogol, Kafka, Hegel, and Schlegel. Not to mention Petrarch, Horace, Propertius, Catullus, Maeterlinck, and *Melmoth the Wanderer*, and not even to think about Prosper Mérimée, *The Blue Angel*, *The Rubaiyat*, Sleeping Beauty, the Little Mermaid, Dick Tracy, and Bluebeard. And then you'd have to wonder why Nabokov, so happily married for so many years, so equally contemptuous of Dostoyevsky and Freud, turned so often in his fiction to incest (*Ada*) and child sex (see the nastier precursor to *Lolita*, *The Enchanter*); why he dreamed in so many novels of insanity and suicide, of artist-criminals and artist-madmen, of strangled wives and slaughtered sons and debauched nymphets; and whether in his seething for a Zembla, or some other Antiterra, there wasn't some insectly sickness. Just asking.

John Leonard's 1997-98 reviews are available at newyorkmag.com.

Culture

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...s of August
Larry and the Werewolf, a
Saturday-evening *noir* serial
from the Adobe Theatre Company
(page 71)

movies

Jonathan Rhys Meyers... Ever After... Walter Gutman

New Films

★**Un Air de Famille (Family Resemblances)**—Cédric Klapisch's expert film is about a family in provincial France who gather for a weekly meal in the restaurant they own and who fight with the intimate violence of people whose habits have been grating on one another for years. The movie is a fluidly directed comedy of habit and surprise—delicate, eloquent, very satisfying. (Denby; 7/13/98) (1 hr. 47 mins.; NR) *Eastside Playhouse*.

★**Armageddon**—This is not a good movie, but it's probably the best movie that ever gave you a ringing headache—exciting, fast, often funny. Billy Bob Thornton is the executive head of NASA—the guy who has to run the crisis center and save the world. Here's what he says: The asteroid is coming our way at 22,000 miles an hour; we have eighteen days in which to try to blow it up or deflect it; we need to land on it, drill a hole 800 feet deep, plant a nuke, take off, and detonate the nuke. The only person who can do this is "the world's best deep-core driller," who sounds like the hero of a porno movie and turns out to be Bruce Willis. Willis demands his own raffish crew for this adventure in the skies. Ben Affleck is the young hot-shot who happens to be in love with Willis's daughter (a mooney, dopey Liv Tyler, who looks eager to put a thumb in her mouth and crawl into a large crib). Also along for the ride are a fatty (Ken Campbell), a basso-voiced meatball (Michael Clarke Duncan), a naïve mystic (Owen Wilson), and a sardonic genius who loves whores (the invaluable sourman Steve Buscemi). In training, and aloft, the crew wisecrack their way through saving the world, as if they were teens trying to put up a pup tent on the first day of camp. The movie never lets up, and such things as the Houston control-room scenes, with everyone milling about purposefully, are done with much greater conviction and energy than usual. The jolts and thrills, plotted against the ticking clock, just keep coming. (Denby; 7/13/98) (About 2 hours.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2-3; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Hyland Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island*.

★**BASEketball**—Three slackers make up their own game and see it turned into a corporate-sponsored professional sport and national obsession. Starring Trey Parker, Matt Stone, Yasmine Bleeth, Jenny McCarthy, Robert Vaughn, and Ernest Borgnine. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Starts July 31*.

★**The Beyond**—Lucio Fulci's 1981 zombie thriller set in New Orleans, home of one of the seven gateways to hell. Starring Catriona MacColl and

David Warbeck. In English. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center*.

★**Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss**—A gay photographer obsessed with old movies falls in love with his model. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 62nd and Broadway*.

★**Boys in Love 2**—Seven shorts celebrating gay life, including the animated *Dirty Baby Does Fire Island*. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

★**Buffalo '66**—Watching this film is a little bit like landing in the hands of a ratty hustler who lives in a bus station ("Hey, can I talk to you for a second? Just for a second..."). Which is not to say that Vincent Gallo doesn't have talent and a scraggly kind of wit. He plays Billy Brown, a jumpy young loser who leaves prison and spends a long time looking for a place to pee. Billy kidnaps a girl (Christina Ricci) with heavily tinted eyes and fluttering lashes so she will accompany him on a visit to his parents, who hate him and wish he did not exist. Angelica Huston and Ben Gazzara produce successful vicious caricatures, but in the family scenes, Gallo begins to play with trick staging and trick editing, and the movie comes grinding to a halt. From there on, it's strictly touch-and-go—some good scenes, some things that don't work at all, and a rushed, unsatisfactory ending. *Buffalo '66* has an authentic rotgut flavor, but here's the question for the future: Will Gallo learn to criticize his own ideas or continue to pride himself on screwing up? (Denby; 7/20/98) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

★**Cannibal! The Musical**—The true story of America's first convicted cannibal, as told with comedy and music. Written and directed by Trey Parker, the co-creator of *South Park*. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village*.

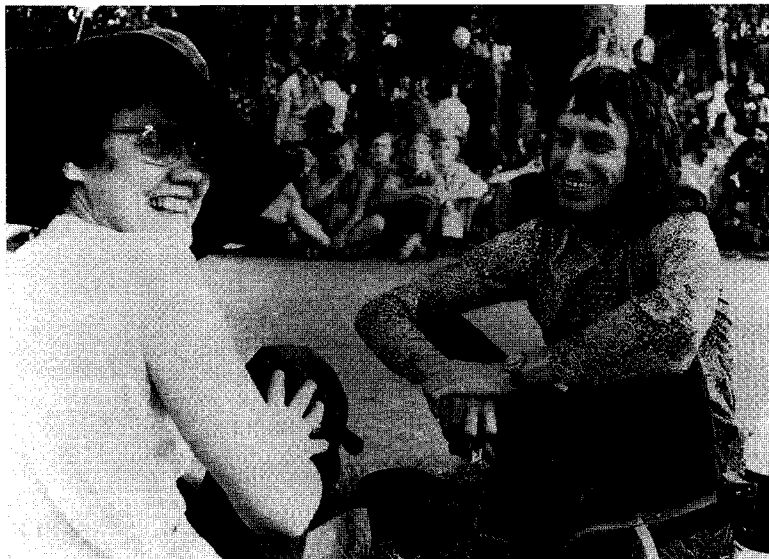
★**City of Angels**—The dreadfully inevitable has come true—an original and rather haunting poetic conception has been turned into a literal-minded love story. Wim Wenders's 1987 movie—on which this film is based—was set in Berlin when the Wall was still up and, for better or worse, the movie had a super-earthly delicacy. This movie is a love story right from the beginning. Nicolas Cage plays an angel named Seth who hangs around the operating rooms of an L.A. hospital, waiting to take away the patients who die. When a wired-up surgeon, Maggie Rice (Meg Ryan), loses a patient on the operating table, Seth falls in love with her, comforting her with an invisible hand as she weeps (it's a lovely moment, equal to anything in the original). But the movie quickly takes a tumble—it becomes an argument for life, for sensuous experience, for not living in the vacuum of immortality. But this is a movie set in Los Angeles, not in shattered, soulful, guilty Berlin. Could anyone possibly argue against pleasure in the sunlit paradise? The movie becomes a compellingly photographed advertisement for the good life, and nothing, in this setting, could be more redundant or banal. (Denby; 4/20/98) (2 hrs. 32 mins.; PG-13) *Worldwide Cinemas*.

★**Dear Jesse**—A young gay filmmaker takes a personal and political journey through his home state of North Carolina. Written and directed by Tim Kirkman. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

★**Disturbing Behavior**—The new kid in town discovers a mysterious method for transforming rebellious teens into solid citizens. Starring James Marsden, Nick Stahl, and Katie Holmes. Directed by David Nutter. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Art Green- wich Twin; Chelsea; State; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinemart; Crossbay; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island*.

★**Dr. Dolittle**—Eddie Murphy plays the man with a gift for communicating with the animal kingdom. Also starring Kristen Wilson, and Kyla Pratt. Directed by Betty Thomas. (About 2 hours.; PG-13) *19th Street East; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Continental; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Jackson Triplex; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; Hyland Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island*.

★**East Palace, West Palace**—Beijing police raid two public rest rooms frequented by gay men and find a defiant newcomer among the usual crowd. Director Zhang Yuan filmed in secret near Tiananmen Square. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema*.



Documentary The Secret History

Activist Barbara Gittings (left, with friend) is one of the role models in *Out of the Past*, a documentary of a lesbian teenager's efforts to start a gay-straight alliance in her Utah high school. *Opens July 31*.

Photograph by Kay Tobin Lahusen.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

Everest: The Movie—The first-ever IMAX footage from Everest documents the 1996 summit climb of an international expedition. Directed by David Breashears and Ed Viesturs. (45 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Square*.

Full Tilt Boogie—A documentary of the ten-week film shoot of *From Dusk Till Dawn*. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Opens July 31*.

Godzilla—This film is not a fiasco and it is not an insult to the audience: Within its dreary wastes, there are a few scares, a few thrills. But the movie is soggy, murky, and depressing—a joyless and redundant experience that leaves one in a ghastly mood. It's true that a rather large creature shows up now and then, but you can't always see more than a part of him, and when you do, he's half in darkness. The depressingness extends to the characters and actors. Matthew Broderick, as a young scientist summoned straight from Chernobyl, talks very deliberately and just seems sweet and out of it. There is a good moment when Hank Azaria, as a daredevil local-TV cameraman, is so paralyzed by a combination of bravado and fear that he forgets to get out of the way and almost gets squished by a taxi-crushing foot. But this boring, meaningless corporate product is opening on 7,363 American screens and may push some good movies into the gutter. (Denby; 6/1/98) (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; Main Street Cinemas*.

Gone With the Wind—A newly restored print of the eight-time Academy Award-winner starring Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, and Olivia de Havilland. (3 hrs. 42 mins.; G) *Gemini; Lincoln Square*.

The Governess—Minnie Driver is a Jewish woman who poses as a Christian to get a governess job. With Tom Wilkinson, Harriet Walter, Florence Hoath, Bruce Myers, and Jonathan Rhys Meyers. Written and directed by Sandra Goldbacher. (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Opens July 31 at The Paris Theatre*.

Henry Fool—A depraved writer moves in with a New Jersey garbageman and encourages his host to write, too. Starring Thomas Jay Ryan, James Urbaniak, and Parker Posey. (2 hrs. 18 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

★**High Art**—A fresh young girl (Radha Mitchell), a sub-editor at a highbrow photo magazine in Manhattan, gets pulled into the life and bed of a star photographer (Ally Sheedy) who lives in the SoHo apartment above her. Having withdrawn from work, the photographer sits around doing dope with her lover, a wasted German actress (Patricia Clarkson), and a bunch of terminally wrecked cronies. The atmosphere is one of apocalyptic languor—everyone speaks in a whisper, and the coffee tables groan under the weight of heroin. This may sound like a very dreary funeral, but it isn't. The writer-director Lisa Cholodenko sustains her intimate moods with skill, and bit by bit the love story takes hold. I was fascinated by the movie's commitment to passion and to art. In its solemn way, *High Art* is a victory for both. (Denby; 6/15/98) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.*

I Went Down—An Irish gangster's tale about a crime boss and an ex-con who is pressed to serve him. Starring Tony Doyle, Peter McDonald, Brendan Gleeson, and Peter Caffrey. Directed by Paddy Breathnach and written by Conor McPherson. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *The Screening Room*.

Killer Condom—A condom terrorizes a city. Directed by Martin Walz. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Opens July 31 at Cinema Village 12th St.*

Kurt and Courtney—British filmmaker Nick Broomfield talks to a number of scary people who knew the duo when and develops a particularly humor-

"A MOVIE OF STAGGERING VIRTUOSITY AND RAW LYRIC POWER, A MASTERPIECE."

—Owen Gleiberman, ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY



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ous and unflattering—albeit sketchily sourced—portrait of the Divine Ms. Love. (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Lethal Weapon 4—Danny Glover and Mel Gibson return to the roles they first played in 1987. Also starring Chris Rock, Joe Pesci, Rene Russo, and Jet Li. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village Theater VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; Coronet; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Metro Cinemas; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Canarsie; Kenmore; Kent Triplex; King's Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavillion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheephead Bay; Astoria; Bay Terrace; Centre Sunnyside; Continental; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Atrium; Hyland Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Madeline—The film version of the much-loved children's story. Starring Frances McDormand and Hatty Jones. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG) *Waverly; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Kings Plaza; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheephead Bay; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Mafia!—A parody of the traditional organized-crime film that revolves around the bumbling Cortino family. Starring Jay Mohr, Christina Applegate, Olympia Dukakis, and Lloyd Bridges. Directed by Jim Abrahams. (1 hr. 26 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; Lincoln Square; Whitestone; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Cinemat; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Mask of Zorro—See Denby, pg. 54. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; State; Gemini; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheephead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Crossbay; Forest Hills; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Mulan—Disney's animated version of China's most popular legend, in which a young girl becomes a war hero when she disguises herself as a man, joins the Imperial army, and fights against the invading Huns. With the voices of Ming-Na Wen, Eddie Murphy, B. D. Wong, and Donny Osmond. (1 hr. 26 mins.; G) *Village East; Chelsea; Embassy 2-3; Guild 50th Street; Sutton; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Cobble Hill; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Cinema City; Cinemat; Crossbay II; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Negotiator—Samuel L. Jackson is a Chicago police negotiator who takes prisoners when he's being framed for murder. Also starring Kevin Spacey. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Village East; Village Theatre VII; State; 72nd St. East; Bay Plaza; Pavilion Theatre.*

Nights of Cabiria—This remains the most perfectly beautiful and touching of Fellini's movies. One is amazed by how close he keeps us to the moment-by-moment feelings of Giulietta Masina's aging, unhappy little prostitute. The film seems at first rather wandering and random, but Fellini quietly creates a structure that echoes and resonates. If you

think of the movie as both a Christian fable and a sorrowing defense of illusion, everything in it makes sense. The movie becomes a panorama of betrayal—by art, by the church, by men. Only a silent man with a sack, walking about the outskirts of Rome and handing gifts to the broken-down old whores living in caves—a secular saint—redeems this wasteland. The film, we think, should be a tragedy. But Fellini renounces tragedy; he insists that life without illusion is not possible. He offers a Christian optimism that draws nothing from doctrine or clergy and everything from love. It would be nice to say that *Nights of Cabiria* could redeem the cinema too, but some things are not possible. Yet this 41-year-old movie provides an extraordinary contrast to the summer-season monstrosities as they blaze their way into oblivion. (Denby; 7/20/98) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★The Opposite of Sex—This film breathes the air of freedom from its opening moments, in which we are warned by the film's narrator, a 16-year-old bitch named Dedee (Christina Ricci), that "if you think I'm just plucky and scrappy, and all I need is love, you're in over your head." Running away from home, Dedee moves in with Bill (Martin Donovan), her gay half-brother, who is an exceptionally nice, intelligent man but almost pathologically mild. Dedee now has her patsy; she immediately seduces Bill's live-in lover, the handsome but rather stupid young Matt (Ivan Sergei), and soon the two of them, with Bill's money in their pockets, escape from his house in Indiana. They are pursued—not just by Bill but also by a fellow teacher, a woman named Lucia. As played by Lisa Kudrow, Lucia turns into a major comic creation. Lucia and Bill are the decent and high-minded ones; they represent "the opposite of sex"—the opposite of promiscuous Dedee, who has no standards at all. Dedee, though, has a certain truth. Some of her outrageous demand on life passes into the virtuous people. They want happiness, too. And happiness doesn't lie in the opposite of sex. (Denby; 6/22/98) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 59th Street East; Regency.*

★Out of Sight—Extraordinarily entertaining. George Clooney works for the first time with a smart script and a good director (Steven Soderbergh), and his face suddenly seems the equipment of a star. Clooney plays Jack Foley, a bank robber with the temperament of a con artist. Jack is by instinct nonviolent, but he's still a loser who has spent too many years in prison. Jack's buddy (Ving Rhames) picks him up when he breaks out of the pen. When they are confronted by a beautiful federal marshal, Karen Sisco (Jennifer Lopez), they throw her in the trunk of the car, and Jack, hiding, climbs in with her. The movie comes to a halt, and the most outrageous romantic scene in years plays itself out with leisurely calm. Jack and Karen discuss movies; they discuss life. Something in Jack's soothing manner and touch works for Karen: She falls in love with the man she is supposed to apprehend. Even though there's only one sex scene, the movie is erotically imagined. The characters size one another up; they even dream about one another. Soderbergh has done something truly original: He has proved that a comedy-thriller can take place as much in the ideas people have about one another as in what they do. The story of Karen and Jack and their friends plays itself out with satisfying twists and turns, and when violence comes, it is far more shocking than in most movies. When these people fire their guns, the bullets really hurt. (Denby; 7/13/98) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; State; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; The Movies at Sheephead Bay; Crossbay II; Forest Hills; Movieworld; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Out of the Past—The story of Kelli Peterson—the teenager who tried unsuccessfully to start a gay-straight alliance at her Utah high school—interwoven with lesbian and gay history. Written and directed by Jeff Dupre. (1 hr. 4 mins.; NR) *Opens July 31 at The Screening Room.*

The Parent Trap—A remake of the 1961 Disney classic. Starring Dennis Quaid, Natasha Richardson, and Lindsay Lohan. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; PG) *Cinema I,*

Talent The Unquiet Man

Youth—in its brash certainty of everything, in its refreshingly honest passion—can be alarming, really, when it's fidgeting in front of you, scratching inside its boot with a pencil (due to a parasitic infection picked up on a movie set), and giving impromptu readings of Afghan poetry. It is also charming, when it bursts forth from an obviously talented actor like Jonathan Rhys Meyers. Rhys Meyers—whose latest film, a quasi-feminist bodice-ripper called *The Governess*, costars Minnie Driver and comes out Friday—is all of 20 years old, but adulthood is already bearing down on him. "I think during the last year I lost something," he says sadly. "I've had no love or no lust for life at all. The only thing I love is horses. It's strange." The County Cork native rode a lot of horses during the recent Missouri filming of Ang Lee's *Ride With the Devil*. (He also wore a lot of makeup to portray a glam rocker in Todd Haynes's upcoming *Velvet Goldmine*.) Rhys Meyers is, perhaps, a bit dramatic. But you can understand why. After getting kicked out of school at 15 and embarking on a pool-hustling career, he was discovered in a pool hall and asked to read for a film role. He didn't get the part. "I was crushed and my heart was broken," Rhys Meyers says now. "I felt so much rejection because I'd come so close to so many things in my life and whenever I came close I always got pipped at the post. And so I hated everything." Two months later, he

auditioned for another role—and didn't get *that* one, either. "It drove me to madness. And it drove me to an anger, a hunger to where I wanted to prove them wrong and so I kept going for auditions. I got rejection after rejection after rejection. I thought I was fighting Michael Tyson at one point because I was just getting beaten so much, beaten so much, beaten so much. And then . . . I got a role. It was like punching back. I think I've knocked them out now." Let's hope so. For now, at least, he's smiling. **PATRICIA FALVO**



Photograph by Liam Daniel/Sony Pictures.

mous warehouse. They are menaced by something strange; they escape. If it weren't for one scene involving bees, who are all terrific, none of these encounters would amount to a thing. (Denby; 7/13/98) (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) *Village East*; *Chelsea*; *Criterion Center*; *Cinemart*; *Fresh Meadows*.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

- Angelika Film Center**—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Beyond*; *Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss*; *Buffalo '66*; *The Opposite of Sex*; *Polish Wedding*; *Smoke Signals*; *π*.
- Art Greenwich Twin**—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Disturbing Behavior*; *Out of Sight*.
- Cinema Village 12th St.**—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Dear Jesse*; *Kurt and Courtney*.
- Film Forum**—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *The Salmen of Tibet*; *Slamnation*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")
- Quad Cinema**—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *East Palace*; *West Palace*; *High Art*; *Nights of Cabiria*; *Western*.
- The Screening Room**—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *I Went Down*; *Sliding Doors*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")
- Village East**—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Mafia!*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *Mulan*; *Small Soldiers*; *The Spanish Prisoner*; *The Negotiator*; *There's Something About Mary*; *Whatever*; *The X-Files*.
- Village Theatre VII**—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Armageddon*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *The Negotiator*.
- Waverly**—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Madeline*; *The Truman Show*.

14th-41st Streets

- 19th Street East**—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *The Truman Show*.
- 34th Street Showplace**—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *The Mask of Zorro*; *Out of Sight*; *There's Something About Mary*.
- Chelsea**—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Armageddon*; *Disturbing Behavior*; *Madeline*; *Mafia!*; *Mulan*; *Out of Sight*; *Small Soldiers*; *There's Something About Mary*; *The X-Files*.
- Chelsea West**—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Saving Private Ryan*.
- Murray Hill Cinemas**—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Armageddon*; *Mafia!*; *Saving Private Ryan*.

42nd-60th Streets

- 59th Street East**—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The Opposite of Sex*.
- Astor Plaza**—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Lethal Weapon 4*.
- Cinema I, II, Third Ave.**—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Buffalo '66*; *High Art*; *Mafia!*; *The Parent Trap*.
- Coronet**—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Lethal Weapon 4*.
- Criterion Center**—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Dr. Dolittle*; *Godzilla*; *Madeline*; *Small Soldiers*; *There's Something About Mary*; *The X-Files*.
- Crown Gotham**—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Smoke Signals*.
- Eastside Playhouse**—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Un Air De Famille (Family Resemblances)*.
- Embassy 1**—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Mafia!*.
- Embassy 2-3**—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Armageddon*; *Mulan*.
- Wild 50th Street**—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Mulan*; *The Parent Trap*.
- Wis Theatre**—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Marx Brothers: A Night at the Opera and A Day at the Races*.
- WTC**—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Disturbing Behavior*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *Out of Sight*; *The Negotiator*.
- WTC 205 E. 57th St.** (759-1411) *Armageddon*; *Mulan*.
- Wide Cinemas**—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *The Big Hit*; *City of Angels*; *Hav Plenty*; *Hope Floats*; *Titanic*.

NEW YORK AUGUST 3, 1998

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Saving Private Ryan*.

61st Street and Above, East Side

- 72nd St. East**—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *A Perfect Murder*; *The Negotiator*.
- 86th Street**—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Dr. Dolittle*; *Out of Sight*.
- 86th Street East**—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations*.
- Beekman**—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Polish Wedding*.
- First & 62nd St. Cinema**—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss*; *Disturbing Behavior*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *Out of Sight*; *There's Something About Mary*; *The Truman Show*.
- Gemini**—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Gone With the Wind*; *Madeline*; *The New York Twin*—1271 Second Ave. (744-7339) *Saving Private Ryan*.
- Orpheum 7**—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (744-7339) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Armageddon*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *There's Something About Mary*.
- UA East**—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (505-CINE#604) *Small Soldiers*.

61st Street and Above,

- 62nd and Broadway**—1871 Broadway (505-CINE#864) *Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *The Truman Show*.
- 84th Street**—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (505-CINE#864) *Armageddon*; *Disturbing Behavior*; *Polish Wedding*; *Small Soldiers*.
- Lincoln Plaza Cinemas**—30 Lincoln Pl. way bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (753-6666) *Henry Fool*; *Nights of Cabiria*; *One, Two, Three*; *The Thief*; *Western*.
- Lincoln Square**—1998 Broadway, at 5000th St. (505-CINE#864) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *Madeline*; *Mafia!*; *Mulan*; *Out of Sight*; *Small Soldiers*; *There's Something About Mary*; *The Truman Show*; *IMAX: Mark Twain's America*; *L. Space*; *Into the Deep*; *Everest*; *Across the Universe*.
- Metro Cinema**—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Saving Private Ryan*.
- New Coliseum**—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *Small Soldiers*.
- Nova**—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *Small Soldiers*.
- Olympia Theatre**—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Armageddon*; *The Mask of Zorro*.
- Regency**—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *The Opposite of Sex*.

Bronx

Area Code 718

- Bay Plaza**—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Armageddon*; *Disturbing Behavior*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *Madeline*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *Mulan*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *The Negotiator*; *The Parent Trap*; *There's Something About Mary*.
- Concourse Plaza**—214 E. 161st St. (588-8800) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Armageddon*; *Disturbing Behavior*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *Mulan*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *Small Soldiers*.
- Whitestone**—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Armageddon*; *Disturbing Behavior*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *Mafia!*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *Mulan*; *Saving Private Ryan*.

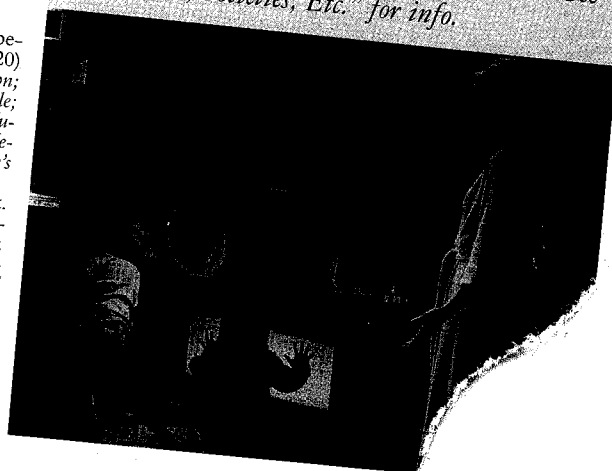
Small Soldiers; *There's Something About Mary*.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

- Alpine**—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Armageddon*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *Mulan*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *There's Something About Mary*.
- Canarsie**—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *Small Soldiers*.
- Cobble Hill**—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Armageddon*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *Mulan*; *A Perfect Murder*; *Six Days, Seven Nights*.
- Fortway**—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Disturbing Behavior*; *Madeline*; *Mafia!*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *Small Soldiers*.

(below), which tells the cautionary tale of a troubled child named Carol Anne. Catch them both in a double feature at the American Museum of the Moving Image, August 1-2. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.



Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Armageddon*; *Mafia!*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *Small Soldiers*.

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Armageddon*; *Disturbing Behavior*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *Madeline*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *Out of Sight*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *Small Soldiers*; *There's Something About Mary*.

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Armageddon*; *Disturbing Behavior*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *Small Soldiers*; *There's Something About Mary*.

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Armageddon*; *Mulan*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *There's Something About Mary*; *The Truman Show*.

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Armageddon*; *Mafia!*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *Paulie*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *Small Soldiers*.

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Armageddon*; *Mafia!*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *Mulan*; *Small Soldiers*.

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Armageddon*; *Disturbing Behavior*; *Mafia!*; *Mulan*; *Small Soldiers*; *The X-Files*.

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *There's Something About Mary*.

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Armageddon*; *Disturbing Behavior*; *The Mask of Zorro*.

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *Madeline*; *Mulan*; *Out of Sight*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *Small Soldiers*; *There's Something About Mary*.

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman St., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Armageddon*; *Disturbing Behavior*; *Madeline*; *Mulan*; *The Truman Show*.

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Mask of Zorro*; *Out of Sight*.

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Disturbing Behavior*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *Madeline*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *There's Something About Mary*; *The Truman Show*; *The X-Files*.

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Armageddon*; *Dr. Dolittle*.

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Armageddon*; *Godzilla*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *Quest for Camelot*; *Saving Private Ryan*.

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) Closed for renovations.

MovieWorld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglass (423-7200) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Disturbing Behavior*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *Madeline*; *Mulan*; *Out of Sight*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *There's Something About Mary*.

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Cousin Bette*; *A Price Above Rubies*; *Six Days, Seven Nights*.

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Disturbing Behavior*; *The Mask of Zorro*.

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Dr. Dolittle*; *Mafia!*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *Small Soldiers*.

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Saving Private Ryan*.

Staten Island

Area Code 718

TC—A movie pattern in letter. Director: Thur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., (1 hr. 45 mins.) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Armageddon*; *The Saltmen of Tibet*; *Madeline*; *Mafia!*; *The Mask of Zorro*; old tradition of a; *Saving Private Ryan*; *Small Soldiers*; who make an annr; *There's Something About Mary*.



Retrospective Muscle Man

Experimental filmmaker Walter Gutman (above right, admiring a comely pillar of strength with George Segal) was obsessed with physically strong women, so much so that he toured circuses and filmed big-top goddesses while they performed, while they rested, and even while they did their laundry. In his film *Circus Girls*, he chronicles his curiosity and explains himself: "Everything a woman does," he says, "I like to watch." Six of his late-sixties and late-seventies films appear in "Inspirations of Strong Women: The Cinema of Walter Gutman," July 30-31 and August 7 at Anthology Film Archives. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Armageddon*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *There's Something About Mary*.

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Lethal Weapon 4*; *Armageddon*; *Disturbing Behavior*; *Dr. Dolittle*; *Madeline*; *Mafia!*; *The Mask of Zorro*; *Mulan*; *Out of Sight*; *Saving Private Ryan*; *Small Soldiers*; *There's Something About Mary*.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"A Spielberg Summer." 8/1-8/2: *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial* (1982) and *Poltergeist* (1982). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520). Tickets, \$4.50-\$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—"Inspirations of Strong Women: The Cinema of Walter Gutman." 7/30: *Circus Girls* (1970), *Sappho* (1978), and shorts. 7/31: *The Grape Dealer's Daughter* (1968) and *Bolex* (1974). Also: prints by Gutman. "Michelangelo Antonioni." 7/31-8/1: *The Lady Without Camelias* (1953). 8/1-8/2: *I Vinti* (1952) and *Il Grido* (1957). "Lumière Cinema." 8/1: 130 films from the Lyon Lumière film collection. "Letttriste Masterpiece: Jean Isidore Isou." 8/1-8/2: *Venom and Eternity* (1951). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); \$7.

Asian American International Film Festival—Through 8/9. At Florence Gould Hall, French Institute (55

E. 59th St.) and Brooklyn Heights Cinema (70 Henry St.). Call 355-6160 or 925-6014 for more info.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—Through August 29: "The Cinematography of Gabriel Figueroa." 8/1: *Two Mules for Sister Sara* (1970). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); \$6; \$4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 7/27: *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* (1945) (2 hrs. 8 mins.). 8/3: *It Should Happen to You* (1954). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

A Different Light—8/2: *The Fugitive Kind* (1959; 2 hrs. 15 mins.); 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"The Faces of Janus." 7/29: *Black Orpheus* (1959; 1 hr. 43 mins.); noon. "Tuneful Summer Afternoons." 7/29: *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* (1964); 2:30 P.M. "Ciné-City: New York on Film and Video." 7/30: *Clarence and Angel*

(1980) and *Joe's Bed-Stuy: We Cut Heads* (1983); 2:30 P.M. "Ciné-City." 7/30: *The Salt Mines* (1990). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Preston Sturges Centennial." Through 7/28: *The Lady Eve* (1941) and *Palm Beach Story* (1942). 7/29-7/30: *The Great McGinty* (1940) and *Christmas in July* (1940). 7/31-8/3: *Sullivan's Travels* (1941) and *Hail, the Conquering Hero* (1944). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); \$8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—"The Walter Reade Theater" "Krzysztof Kieslowski's Decalogue." 7/29: Seven and Eight. 7/29-7/30: Nine and Ten. "Independents Night." 7/30: *Men Cry Bullets* (1998; 1 hr. 46 mins). "Celebrating Philippine Cinema." 7/31: *Rizal* (1998). Tickets \$50-\$150. Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings \$8.50-\$15.

French Institute—"The Pleasures of Love, Then and Now." Through 8/18. 7/28: *Damage* (1993) at 9 P.M. 8/4: *En Effeuillant la Marguerite* (1956) and *Bitter Moon* (1992). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); \$7.

Guggenheim Museum—Through 7/31: "The Motorcycle on Screen." 7/29: *If... (1969)* and *La Belle Captive* (1983). 7/31: *Continental Circus* (1971). Peter B. Lewis Theater; 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587). Tickets free with admission.

Hamptons International Film Festival Free Outdoor Screening—8/1: *The Mighty*; 9 P.M. East Hampton High School, Long Lane, East Hampton.

Jewish Museum—7/14: *From the Archives of Modern Art* (1987) and *The Last Night of Rasputin* (1989); 6:30 P.M. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3224); General public \$7; members \$5.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 9/7: "A View from the Vaults: Recent Acquisitions and Restorations." 7/30: *Dead of Night* (1945) and *The Eel* (1997). 7/27: Warner Bros. Cartoons. 7/28: *Meet Me in St. Louis* (1944) and *The Bed You Sleep In* (1993). 7/31-8/1: *La Dolce Vita* (1960). 7/31 and 8/2: *Atlantic City* (1980). 8/1 and 8/3: *Alice in Wonderland* (1948). 7/31 and 8/2: *Advise and Consent* (1962) and *Atlantic City* (1980). 8/3-8/4: *U-Turn* (1997). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with \$9.50 admission.

Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Month of July: See *How She Runs* (1978). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); \$6.

Riverflicks—Through 8/14. 7/30: *Star Trek 4: The Voyage Home* (1986). 8:30 P.M.; Pier 54 at 13th St. 7/31: at 8:30 P.M., at Pier 25 at N. Moore St. Call 533-7275 for more info. Free.

The Screening Room—"Midnight Indies: 10 Great Films of the 80s and 90s." 7/31-8/1: *Sid and Nancy* (1986). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); \$8 (\$5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 8/1-8/2: *Beijing Watermelon* (1990). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); \$5 members, \$6 nonmembers.

theater

Adobe's Werewolf... Jerry Herman

Broadway

Previews and Openings

An Evening With Jerry Herman—As the title says, this is an evening with the old Broadway hand, the man responsible for the music and lyrics to *Mame*, *La Cage aux Folles*, *Hello, Dolly!* and other, lesser-known shows. Lee Roy Reams and Florence Lacey accompany him. \$50-\$65. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 7/28 opening. *Booth Theatre*, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc, who fancies Flemish painting, considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. Yvan, an overemotional and insecure young man, seems to go along with Marc's tirades. But confronted with Serge and the painting, he does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished by Christopher Hampton; even so, it requires high-powered actors to animate it, and happily, it gets them. As Marc, Alan Alda puts to insidious use his ability to pester with polish. Victor Garber's dapper Serge harbors under the façade of a convivial man-about-town a defensive arrogance expressed with mounting bile. As Yvan, Alfred Molina is pure perfection. (Simon: 3/16/98.) \$45-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre*, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kim Huber plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. \$22.50-\$70. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Thurs. at 2:15, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre*, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award-winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. \$20-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre*, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).

Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. \$20-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador*, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.

Cabaret—I question converting the Henry Miller Theatre into the Kit Kat Klub for this show, complete with poorer sight lines, buttock-bruising wooden chairs, and tables for overpriced and distracting drinks. Otherwise, the Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Robert Brill resuscitates a very functional but also eye-catching set. Peggy Eisenhauer and Mike Baldassari's razzle-dazzle

lighting caps the razzmatazz. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The major performances are all at least a mite off, but the supporting cast delivers staunchly. Natasha Richardson is—at last!—an authentically British Sally Bowles, but she is stolid, blatant, lacking in girlish vulnerability. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) \$50-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Cabaret, bar, and banquet seating available. Opened 3/19/98. *Kit Kat Klub*, 124 W. 43rd St. (719-1300).

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. \$37.50-\$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed.



Previews Don't Cry for Me, Korea

The Last Empress, the lush demi-opera about Queen Min, Korea's turn-of-the-century equivalent of Eva Perón, returns to Lincoln Center's New York State Theatre July 31. With English supertitles.

at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater*, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If *Chicago* in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Karen Ziemba, Hinton Battle, and Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96.) \$20-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert*, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Forever Tango—Or at least for a couple of hours: This marathon of tango dancing, as interpreted by Luis Bravo, is a testament to the sultry versatility of the Argentine form, not to mention its power to seduce. \$20-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Marquis Theatre*, 211 W. 45th St. (307-4100).

High Society—A hybrid of the 1956 movie musical of the same name and Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story*. Music and lyrics by Cole Porter (with an assist from Susan Birkenhead); book by Arthur Kopit. \$25-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/98. *St. James Theatre*, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. \$45-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre*, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

The Judas Kiss—David Hare's new play about the relationship between Oscar Wilde and his lover, Lord Alfred Douglas. Liam Neeson plays the condemned baron of bon mots; Richard Eyre directs. \$15-\$55. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. Through 8/2. *Broadhurst Theatre*, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiens bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cossetting their own daughter, Epouline—what a story! Just synthesizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) \$15-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater*, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightfully swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. First, the animals, large and small, re-created with unparalleled imagination, underpinned by costumes that artfully blend realism and fantasy: The prancing giraffes and leaping antelopes, the nodding elephant and barreling warthog, keep you marveling even during the story's stodgiest galumphing. Puppetry from East and West is put to su-

perulative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. You will be harangued by second-rate show music and lyrics by Elton John and Tim Rice, but also by Lebo M's stirring African chants and ululations, to which your active ear should be cocked. (Simon: 12/1/97). \$20-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater*, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. \$15-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater*, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, \$357 million, and almost 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. \$15-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater*, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Ragtime—A musical based on E.L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one WASP—and an assortment of historical characters. \$31-\$125. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts*, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. \$30-\$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater*, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. \$20-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theater*, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).

Side Man—This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen, Al, Ziggy, and Jonesy, and the waitress who beds or marries some of them. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.



Opening Back Where He Belongs

'An Evening With Jerry Herman,' opening July 28 at the Booth Theatre, promises to be just that—a sweet, tuneful night of reminiscences with the creator of 'Hello, Dolly!,' 'Mame,' and 'La Cage aux Folles.'

relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven solid actors in a fine production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98). \$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout's Stage Right*, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. \$65-\$75. *At the Virginia Theatre*, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)? Uh-huh. 2 hrs. 10 mins.

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat*, plays the nun turned governess, and Michael Siberry plays the widower captain. \$50-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre*, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. \$45-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre*, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).

Twelfth Night—If only Helen Hunt could have a normal relationship. In *As Good As It Gets*, she indulged the cruelty and peculiar behavior of an obsessive-compulsive man; in this, one of Shakespeare's sweetest comedies, she dresses as a man, falls headlong for her master (Paul Rudd), woos another woman on his behalf (Kyra Sedgwick), and winds up the object of her affections instead.

Where's steady, dependable Paul Reiser when you need him? Directed by Nicholas Hytner. \$50-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/30. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater*, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).

A View From the Bridge—One of the most distressing tales Arthur Miller ever told. Tony Danza stars as Eddie Carbone, the longshoreman who lusts after his niece; Allison Janney plays his long-suffering wife. Michael Mayer directs. \$30-\$65. Mon.-Sat. at 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 9/5. *Neil Simon Theatre*, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Collected Stories—Donald Margulies's almost Pulitzer-winning play about the friendship that develops between a protégée and her mentor—and how it transforms when the former uses intimate details of the latter's life in her first published novel. Uta Hagen and Lorca Simons star. \$42.50-\$47.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 7/28 for an 8/13 opening. *Lucille Lortel Theatre*, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).

The Last Empress—The lush demi-opera about Queen Min, Korea's turn-of-the-century equivalent of Eva Perón, returns to Lincoln Center for a limited engagement. With English supertitles. \$25-\$65. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Previews begin 7/31 for an 8/4 opening. *Lincoln Center's New York State Theater*, 64th St. and Broadway (307-4100).

Mamaloshen—Could any man do an evening of Yiddish hummables—plus a deadpan translation of "White Christmas"—better than Mandy Patinkin? The mere sound of his voice would make Moses *ferklemp*. \$40. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opens 7/27. *Angel Orensanz Foundation Center for the Arts*, 172 Norfolk St. (239-6200).

Now Playing

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. \$39-\$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre*, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).

De La Guarda: Villa Villa—The young theater troupe from Argentina, performs a show that's part carnival, part rock concert, part ballet—all above the audience's heads. \$45. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre*, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).

Dinah Was—Dinah Washington, who immortalized "Come Rain or Come Shine" and other hummable lovelies, was also a diva of excesses: She drank too much, she ate too much, she married too many times (six). But before dying at age 39, she had earned herself a dandy moniker—"Queen of the Blues"—and become the first black woman to appear on the all-white pop charts. Yvette Freeman (*ER*, *Working*) tells her story in this new play with music. \$25-\$47.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Graniczy Theatre*, 127 E. 23rd St. (307-4100).

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. \$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse*, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. \$40-\$45. Mon., Wed.-Sat. at 8:15, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre*, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." \$20-\$47.50. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5/97. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell—actor, director, and founding member of the Drama Dept.—conceived and wrote this rock concert-cum-musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Ordinarily, Mitchell stars in the production too, though Michael Cerveris, the original Broadway Tommy, will be standing in for him through 8/1. Also featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. \$45. Mon.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, died in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. \$45. Mon. and Wed.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 5. Through 8/15. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. \$47.50-\$50. Mon.-Wed. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 7:30. *West-side Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

The Irish . . . And How They Got That Way—A reprise of Frank McCourt's irreverent, affectionate history of the Irish people. \$30-\$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Jayson—A new musical, based on the short-lived gay cartoon of the same name. Book by Jeff Krell; music and lyrics by Ron Romanovsky and Paul Phillips. \$28. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (279-4200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. \$35. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Murdered by the Mob—When this family gets together, it's murder. *Heh heh heh.* One of two interactive mob comedies now running Off Broadway; a four-course meal is included, plus take-home gifts

and fake Academy Awards to the audience's best actors. \$55. Fri. at 7:30 and Sat. at 7. *Steak Brokers Club, 393 Eighth Ave., bet. 29th and 30th Sts. (800-MURDERING).*

A New Brain—Though written still with the old brain, this teetering new musical from William Finn at least manages to fall mostly forward. Here, we get a young Jewish composer-lyricist with a goyish boyfriend, and what happens when the former seems to have an inoperable brain tumor. Obviously, this is not a strict autobiography, although the misdiagnosis did happen to Finn, here called Schwinn, perhaps because of his cyclical *oeuvre*. The music and lyrics are uneven, but both try commendably to shake the Sondheim spell Finn has labored under. There is a good deal of hit-or-miss humor, not all of it Finn's; the book is a collaboration with James Lapine, who turned a projected revue into a story musical. David Gallo's playfully skewed scenery is a distinct pleasure, as are Michael Starobin's tart orchestrations. As director-choreographer, Graciela Daniele, fresh from *Ragtime*, goes from strength to strength; it is she, I suspect, who infused the proceedings with most of their exuberantly caroming originality. The show makes a star out of the personable and versatile Malcolm Gets. Acting or singing, bedridden and sorely beset or frantically careering about, Gets fills the stage with his winning presence. Even seated at the piano, he tickles the ivories as easily as he does our ribs. (Simon: 7/13/98.) \$55. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 10/11. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. 239-6200.*

Nunsense A-Men!—Guess it's habit-forming. An all-male version of the Off Broadway's second-longest-running musical. Music, book, and lyrics by Dan Goggin. \$30-\$40. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 6/23/98. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Peep Show—The latest installment in the Ronnie Larsen chronicles of New York sleaze, this time with male go-go dancers. \$50-\$75. Tues.-Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 3/31/98. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South, at Sheridan Sq. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." \$35. Mon. and Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Power Plays—A series of three one-act comedies, starring and written by Alan Arkin and Elaine May. \$47.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Opened 5/21/98. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

R & J—A four-man, prop-free version of *Romeo and Juliet* that will likely stand out among the tragedy's many new-fangled interpretations. \$40. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Revenge in the Mob—The inevitable offspring of interactive comedies *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral* and *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*. A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. \$60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (888-MOB-BOYS).*

Sakina's Restaurant—Writer and performer Asaf Mandvi dramatizes the Indian immigrant experience through his tale of opening a New York restaurant. \$30. Mon. and Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

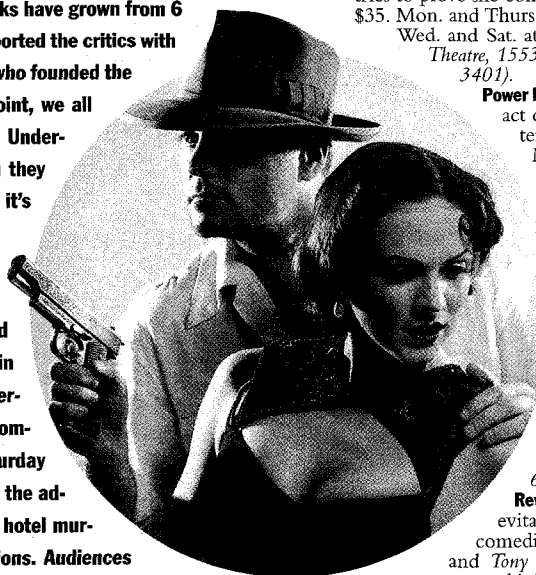
Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this

Talent Pulp Faction

Has the Adobe Theatre Company ever met a genre it couldn't smoothly corrupt? *The Handless Maiden*, its most recent production, would have made such a fine fairy tale—if only the three main characters weren't a lawyer, a gay computer executive, and a double amputee. *Duet!*, the company's production before that, would have made such a fine, soapy romance—if only the protagonist didn't snack on dead frogs. And with the upcoming five-part *Larry and the Werewolf*, the troupe will be sending up—lovingly, as always—a whole mess of irresistible stuff, including *film noir*, crime serials, and gritty-gummy detective novels. "We sort of throw everything together into this stew and stir it around," says Jeremy Dobrish, the group's 30-year-old artistic director. Miraculously, this kitchen-sink approach is working. Adobe's budget has more than quintupled in the last three years. Its ranks have grown from 6 to 25. And all three shows from its last season practically transported the critics with glee. "That was our breakthrough season," continues Dobrish, who founded the group with five other Wesleyan graduates in 1991. "At this point, we all feel a kind of self-inflicted 'How are we going to top this?'" Understandably: Adobe's productions, by definition, work only when they strike that just-right balance between parody and elegy, and it's tough to keep a ship moving without some shift in the ballast. But the company also has a hidden advantage: It appeals to younger audiences, which most theater ensembles here and elsewhere do not do. Adobe's shows are short, under \$12, and plump with pop-cultural references. Like the movies of Quentin Tarantino, they move quickly across time and space, and cheerfully celebrate pulp—especially this August series, which the company will perform at the Flea Theatre for the next five Saturday nights. Written by company friend Jeff Goode, *Werewolf* follows the adventures of Dick Piston, crime detective, as he tries to solve a hotel murder. There will be blood! Gore! And even a few Roman centurions. Audiences need not attend every show to understand the plot, either; the actors will begin each performance with scenes from the previous week. "By doing this," explains Dobrish, "we've taken a little pressure off of ourselves. We go into rehearsal knowing that we only have six days to throw each show together. So if it fails, it fails. At least we still had fun."

JENNIFER SENIOR

'Larry and the Werewolf' runs August 1 through August 29 at the Flea Theatre, 41 White Street. Performances are Saturdays at 8 and 10; for tickets (\$10) and more information, call 924-0077.



revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan, from *Private Lives* with its ex-spouses honey-mooning with new partners on adjoining Riviera terraces to Montezuma's revenge on unsuspecting gringo bowels. From lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations, nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Cathtilian lithp geth a tuneful *thong* tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) \$42.50–\$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).

Smoke on the Mountain—A new production of the gospel musical comedy by Connie Ray. \$35–\$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. \$24.50–\$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).

Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fabulous creations around a 500-gallon tank. \$25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. Through 8/30. HERE, 145 Ave. of the Americas, at Dominick. (647-0202).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St., then a reception at Vinie's, 147 Waverly Pl., with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. \$65–\$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. (239-6200).

Unzippin' My Doodah and Other National Priorities—The latest, Monica-driven installment from the Capitol Steps, Washington's popular political comedy troupe. \$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30. John Houseman Theater, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).

Visiting Mr. Green—Hal Linden stars in this new comedy about a relationship between a young man and an older Jewish widower. \$35–\$45. Written by Jeff Baron; directed by Lonny Price. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).

You Never Can Tell—The Roundabout returns to its roots and what it does best—with this early comedy by George Bernard Shaw. Directed by Douglas Martin. \$45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Roundabout's Laura Pels Theatre, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).

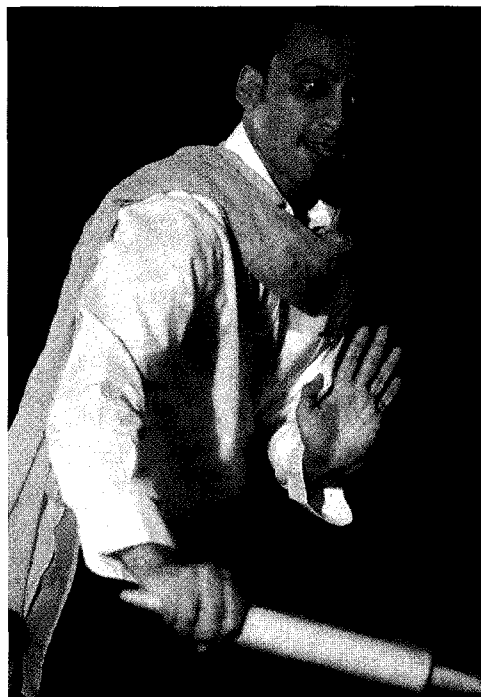
Off-Off Broadway

Dancing on Ice/Good Sense—This pair of one-acts is the third summer production from the Glines. In the first, a young soldier from Idaho spends an evening with a Puerto Rican transvestite hooker; in the second, a young gay man from North Carolina discusses chicken farming, home improvement, and coming out to a conservative rural family. \$20. Wed.–Sun. at 8. From 7/29 through 8/16. Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (330-7200).

Falsetoland—Just as *A New Brain* opens uptown, the National Asian American Theatre Company revives William Finn's eccentric musical from 1990. \$15. Thurs.–Tues. at 8. Through 8/4. Vineyard's Dimson Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (505-3003).

Hurlyburly—The 11th Hour Company revives David Rabe's comedy about four goatish men and the women who suffer them. \$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 8/2. Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (841-5524).

Larry and the Werewolf—Blood! Gore! And even a few Roman centurions. Adobe Theatre presents a



Onstage New Deli

'Sakina's Restaurant,' Aasif Mandvi's charming one-man show about the joys and hardships of an immigrant working on East Sixth Street, has now been extended indefinitely at the American Place Theater. For tickets, call 239-6200.

five-part serial about Dick Piston, crime detective. Audiences need not attend every show to understand the plot; the actors, bless them, will begin each performance with scenes from the previous week. Written by Jeff Goode. \$10. Sat. at 8 and 10. Begins 8/1. The Flea Theatre, 41 White St. (924-0077).

A Midsummer Night's Dream/The Cherry Orchard—Are performed in rotating rep by Gorilla Repertory Theatre. Free. *Midsummer*: Thurs. and Sat. at 8 from 7/30 through 9/26. *Orchard*: Fri. and Sun. at 8 from 7/31 through 9/27. Washington Square Park (330-8086).

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture assistants with swords, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. \$20–\$27.50. Mon. at 8. Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (800-429-3433).

No Strings Attached, Part Two: Mind Attack!—A month-long festival of Richard Foreman plays. \$12. Call for specific plays and show times. Through 8/1. NADA, 167 Ludlow St. (330-6876).

Not Like Crocker—Chris Widney's play about three girls, a soccer ball, and a couple of dead guys. \$12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Metropolitan Playhouse, 220A E. 4th St. (560-7166).

Othello—Moor Shakespeare in the parking lot. Free. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 8/1. Municipal Parking Lot at Broome and Ludlow Sts. (253-1813).

Playstation, Levels 1–4—A new play by July Elkan about a trio of New York hotties. \$10. Mon.–Thurs. at 8. Excellent Art Manufacturing, 86 Forsyth St. (414-5167).

The Race of the Ark Tattoo—W. David Hancock's play about objects and memories—which, appropriately, takes place in a flea market. \$15. Wed.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 8/2. P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).

Competition *continued from page 103*

CODZILLA—a colossal ichthyosaur destroys Nantucket and threatens the Cape.

Louise Jackson, Somerset, Mass.

DEMIGODZILLA—pregnant and posing nude for the cover of *Vanity Fair*.

Joseph Lannon, San Jose, Calif.

EGADZILLA—an extinct breed of once-creative Hollywood scriptwriters replaced by preppies.

Ruth Shragowitz, N.Y.C.

THE GODZILLA TRUMAN STORY—a giant monster from Japan flattens taxis in front of 180,000,000 TV viewers.

Louis Phillips, N.Y.C.

I AM A CANDID CAMERA—Chris Isherwood and pals, high jinks at the Kit Kat Klub.

Stephanie Brown, San Clemente, Calif.

CART—three men discuss the definition and meaning of a wagon.

L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

YANKEE DOODLE DUNDEE—popular Aussie applies for U.S. citizenship.

John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

ICE STATION AZUZA—cultural chill and international intrigue.

Kevin Mellema, Falls Church, Va.

INTO THIN HAIR—the personal account of a Rogaine disaster.

David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

TOWERING INFERNO 2000—someone has a burning desire to see the Trump empire fall.

Matthew Grob, N.Y.C.

APT. MU—Greek child-killer is hunted down by fellow criminals.

R.A. Honeygosky, Washington, D.C.

Y—the penultimate film in Costa-Gavras's alphabet series focuses on the meaning of life.

Jim Baldassare, N.Y.C.

COMPOSE YOURSELF—after a long collaboration, a husband-and-wife songwriting team breaks up.

Bruce Karp, Hackensack, N.J.

WAITING FOR GO DOT COM—Vladimir and Estragon surf the Web endlessly.

Dan A. Rosenberg, Warren, N.J.

SOMETHING WICKER THIS WAY COMES—small New England town is terrorized by out-of-control lawn furniture.

James W. Davis, Yardley, Pa.

SCREAM 3: AT THESE PRICES—survivors take jobs as bartenders and live to roo the day.

Bob Kopac, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

MAYBE HE'S DAEDALUS—near-myths and other hilarious results from *New York Magazine* competitions.

Adam Doyle, Blacksburg, Va.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 918, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS**. Entries must be received by August 7. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the August 31 issue.

art

David Goldblatt... "Urban Encounters"

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Pierre Bonnard—Drawings from the estate of the artist ranging in date from 1895 to 1945, many of which have not been previously exhibited; through 10/10. Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (879-0500).

James Lee Byars—Four early drawings in ink on paper and a single wooden figurative sculpture; through 8/31. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Bunny Harvey—Small-scale gouache paintings that record the artist's daily observations; through 8/7. Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (744-2300).

Steve Wheeler—Intricately patterned color silk-screen prints that incorporate Native American iconography, Cubism, Surrealism, and Automatism, and were produced in conjunction with the artist's 1947 book *Hello Steve*; through 8/28. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

57th Street Area

Joan Brown—Paintings and drawings from the sixties, seventies, and eighties; through 8/14. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (644-5665).

Shirley Goldfarb—A survey of paintings by the artist (1925-1980) who began as a gestural abstractionist, then switched to a controlled, minimal style characterized by small strokes of color in mosaic-like patterns; through 9/4. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Yayoi Kusama/Robert Filliou—Recent sculptures and paintings by the Japanese artist whose works from the fifties and sixties are currently on view in a retrospective at MOMA/Assemblages by the French Fluxus artist and poet. Through 8/7. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

McDermott & McGough—"Sentimental Education," a set of eight photogravures depicting the artists' clothing and studio and household belongings; through 8/31. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Tony Smith—The artist's drawings and photographs of his working models and mock-ups on loan from the Tony Smith Estate; through 9/26. Seagram, 375 Park Ave. (572-7000), Mon.-Thurs. 9-5, Fri. 9-1.

George Gardner Symons—A selection of *plein-air* paintings by the American Impressionist, who worked in New York and California; through 8/29. Whalen, 24 W. 57th St. (397-9700).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Ken Botto/Alison Moritsugu—Photographs of staged tableaux of ambiguous suburban scenes/Paintings of nature that evoke the Hudson River School. Through 8/15. Knowlton, 568 Broadway (966-2093).

Gaye Chan—A window installation incorporating maps, plastic, fast-food-restaurant toys, a ceramic female head, and a time line; through 9/5. Art in General, 79 Walker St. (219-0473).

Yayoi Kusama—Works on paper from the fifties by this artist who is currently the subject of a retrospective at MOMA; through 9/30. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Ann Lovett—A mixed-media installation that uses photographs, medical diagrams, and text to explore the symbolism of the human body; through 8/28. Dorsky, 379 W. Broadway (966-6170).

Chelsea

Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler—A collaborative work titled *The Poetics Project: 1977-1997* that incorporates painted panels, video projections, sculpture, music, and drawings in a dense, mazelike installation; through 9/12. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

Jenny Watson—Narrative tapestries on the subject of the artist's relationship with her mother; through 8/30. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Andrea Zittel—New living environments from the artist's ongoing "A-Z" series; through 8/31. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (627-6000).

Other

Lillian Ball—*Support Systems*, a sculpture project for which the artist has molded silicone forms from the negative spaces of a wide array of objects, from plumbing fixtures to flotation devices; through 10/4. Queens Museum of Art satellite gallery at Bulova Corporate Center, 75-20 Astoria Blvd., Queens (718-899-0700), Mon.-Fri. 7-7, Sat. 10-4.

Jean-Claude Goldberg—Oil, acrylic, and watercolor paintings on wood and canvas depicting prewar

Eastern European Jews of the Shtetl; through 8/30. Yeshiva University Museum, Benjamin N. Cardozo School of Law, 55 Fifth Ave. (960-5390), Sun.-Thurs. 9-8, Fri. 9-4.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Gagosian—980 Madison Ave. (744-2313). "Portraits Obscured," with works by Basquiat, Clemente, de Kooning, Kiefer, Picasso, Warhol; through 8/12.

Gat—1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441). "NO! art," with a wall-size mural by Lurie, a video and still photographs by Patterson, and conceptual cryptography by Kirves; through 9/30.

Hirsch & Adler Modern—21 East 70th St. (535-8810). "Summer Hours," with works by Ackling, Baechler, Diehl, Judd, Knowlton, Lees, Snyder, others; through 8/14.

57th Street Area

Danese—41 E. 57th St. (223-2227). Figure drawings by Baselitz, Bourgeois, Fischl, Gorky, Lichtenstein; Smith, others; through 8/11.

On View Since the early eighties, New York's Lower East Side has spawned such radically subversive (and memorably titled) artists' collectives as ABC No Rio, Bullet Space, Godzilla, the Guerrilla Girls, REPOhistory, and World War III Illustrated. Still, the works they produced tended to be temporary and are remembered mostly for their brash politics. Now, at last, their efforts get some real aesthetic scrutiny in the recently opened "Urban Encounters" (below, a 1984 street stencil by the group PAD/D, a.k.a. Political Art Documentation and Distribution, a defunct forerunner of REPOhistory). At the New Museum of Contemporary Art, 583 Broadway, near Prince Street; through September 20.



Photograph courtesy of the New Museum of Contemporary Art.

Ground Rules:

In the summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Fischbach—24 W. 57 St. (757-0202). "Summer and Some Aren't," paintings, sculptures, and works on paper inspired by summer retreats; through 8/15.

Pace Wildenstein—32 E. 57th St. (421-3292). Works by Flavin, Judd, Mangold, Martin, Oldenburg and Van Bruggen, Ryman, others; through 9/3.

PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2885). "Histories (Re)membered: Selections from the Permanent Collection of the Bronx Museum of the Arts," including works by Bearden, Kim, Saar, Weems, and Yamamoto; through 9/11.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Algus—25 Thompson St. (966-1758). "White," with works by Haerer, Levinson, Mikus, Redinger, Ruyter; through 8/22.

Donahue/Sosinski—560 Broadway (226-1111). "World Artists for Tibet," with works by Amouyal, Baar, Cyphers, Kingon, Shooter, Tawney; through 8/22.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Works that depict map-related imagery, by Baechler, Boetti, Fuller, Turrell, Warhol, others; through 8/28.

Lee—377 Broome St. (343-3950). "Elasticity," with works by Andre, Dvorkin, Hackett, Lozano, Mondejar, Sheehan, Sweeten, Van Every, Zapf; through 8/31.

P•P•O•W—476 Broome St. (941-8642). Changing group exhibition with works by Adkins, Esber, Fox, Herzog, Lê, Wong, others; through 8/21.

Chelsea

Morris—465 West 23rd St. (727-2752). Works by Durant, Gibbs, Ketter, Knox, Tuymans, Voita, others; through 8/15.

Protetch—511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999). "From Here to Eternity: Painting in 1998," with recent paintings by 28 artists, among them Currin, Dona, Fraser, Lasker, Lomberg, Nozkowski, Reed, Sillman; through 8/31.

Team—527 W. 26th St. (279-9219). "Channel 3," with works by Brunetti, Emin, Levy, Ortuno, others; through 8/14.

Tibet House—22 W. 15th St. (807-0563). "The Tibetan Art of Healing," paintings by Nepali artist Romio Shrestha in collaboration with 40 Nepali and Tibetan artists, based on diagrams and illustrations from seventeenth-century Tibetan medical texts; through 8/14.

Wessel + O'Connor—242 West 26th St. (242-8811). "Pictures for a Summer Afternoon," with works by Day, Dupain, Hujar, Voinquel, others; through 8/14.

Other

Empire-Fulton Ferry State Park—New Dock St. at the East River, Brooklyn (718-596-2507). "Between the Bridges," waterfront outdoor sculpture show with works by Beall, Brown, Burke, Carroll, Culhane, Jean-Marie, Koole, Kovel, Lipman, Martens, Merrick, Murphy, Orlinsky, Sperber, Ursachi, Yeo, others; through 9/7.

Long Island University—Brooklyn Campus, Flatbush and Dekalb Aves. (879-3500). "6 Sculptors," with works by Baracz, Feinstein, Hensman, Naito, Schlatter, Weyhe; through 9/29.

Photography

Herman Costa—Images created in photo booths over the past 30 years, including theatrical tableaux of people dancing or flying and surreal still-life compositions; through 8/15. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (627-4819).

Danziger—851 Madison Ave. (734-5300). "California Dreaming," with works by James, Dassonville, others; through 8/14.

Fredericks—504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555). "Naked & Famous," with photographs by Chiappa, Choi, Fowler, Marder, Steiner; through 8/14.

Greenberg—120 Wooster St. (334-0010). "Take the A Train," images of New York City subways and trains by Ralston Crawford, Arnold Eagle, Robert Frank, Arthur Leipzig, Helen Levitt, Louis Stettner, Dan Weiner, and others; through 8/15.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777, ext. 100), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; \$5.50, \$4 seniors and students. "Comparative Concepts: Photographs by August Sander, Karl Blossfeldt, Albert Renger-Patzsch, and Bernd and Hilla Becher; through 9/13.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues. 11–8 (6–8 voluntary contribution), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; \$5.50, \$4 seniors and students. "Mathew Brady's Portraits: Images as History, Photography as Art." A retrospective of more than 100 images by the American photographer (1823–1896) known for his Civil War photographs; through 9/6. "A Bronx Family Album: The Impact of AIDS by Steve Hart"; through 9/6.

Michael Kenna—Photographs of the interiors of the Waldorf School at San Francisco; through 8/14. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Miller—Six unique mural-size prints made by Walker Evans for his 1971 Museum of Modern Art retrospective; images of diners by Higgins, Klein, Mydans, Tice, Winograd, others; through 8/21. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). "Neighborhood Watch," with photographs of the suburban environment by Baran, Bordwin, Crewdson, Etheridge, Garfield, Greiner, Hido, Salisbury, Svenson; through 8/14.

Staley-Wise—560 Broadway (966-6223). Photographs by nine women, among them Leah Demchick, Marianne Engberg, Erica Lennard, and Marcia Lippman, that reflect their travels to exotic countries; through 9/5.

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). "Sur La Tête," photographs that use the head as a central subject, by Boubat, Cravo Neto, Iturbide, Von Graffenried; 7/29–8/28.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Objects of Our Time." Ceramics, furniture, textiles, wood, glass, book arts, and jewelry by 80 British artists and designers; through 9/6. "Ties That Bind: Fiber Art by Ed Rossbach and Katherine Westphal From the Daphne Farago Collection." Fiber works by Charles Edmund Rossbach and his wife Katherine Westphal spanning the sixties through the nineties; through 9/6. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); \$5, \$2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Cave of the Warrior." A selection of rare funerary objects from an approximately 6,000-year-old intact burial site in the Judean Desert; 7/28–12/6. "Rare Beauty: America's Endangered Plants." Large-format photographs of endangered plants in bloom by Mary Levine; through 10/4. "Spirits in Steel: The Art of the Kalabari Masquerade." Life-size steel sculptures by Sokari Douglas Camp that were inspired by the traditional masquerades of the Kalabari people of the Eastern Niger Delta, and masks from the collections of the American Museum of Natural History and the British Museum; through 10/12. "The Nature of Diamonds." An exhibition exploring all aspects of the mineral, from its geological origins to its place in history, art, adornment, and literature, featuring significant gems from around the world; through 8/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; \$8 suggested contribution, \$6 students and seniors, \$4.50 children.

Asia Society—"The Narrative Thread: Contemporary Women's Embroidery From Rural India." A selection of 30 embroidered quilts that were made by Indian women from rural Bihar through the assistance of Adithi, a nonprofit organization; through 8/8. "More Than Meets the Eye: Japanese Art in the Asia Society Collection"; through 8/16. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); \$4, \$2 seniors and students.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"The Dark World of Martin Lewis in Prints and Photographs." A selection of works from the years 1916 to 1962 by the American artist (1881–1962), known for his depictions of New York in the thirties; through 10/25. "Exterior/Interior—The Way I See It: Five Photographers Working in Brooklyn." Works by Peter Garfield, Anne Mandelbaum, Susan Daboll, Martin Dixon, and Michael Spano; through 8/16. "Masters of Color and Light: Homer, Sargent, and the American Watercolor Movement." Approximately 150 works by the American masters drawn entirely from the museum's permanent collection; through 8/23. "Mexican Prints From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." 126 prints by 47 Mexican artists, among them José Orozco, Diego Rivera, and Rufino Tamayo; through 8/9. "Sally Victor, Mad Hatter: 1935–1965." Twenty-five hats designed by the legendary American milliner; through 8/23. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; \$4, \$2 students, \$1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum Smithsonian Institution—"Under the Sun." An outdoor exhibition of solar and solar electric products; through 10/25. "Opening Our Doors: Selections From the Design Resource Center." Works from the museum's four collecting departments, Drawings and Prints, Wallcoverings, Textiles, Applied Arts, and Industrial Design; through 8/30. "Fountains: Splash and Spectacle." The first exhibition to explore the function and design of American and European fountains, featuring original drawings, prints, rare books, photographs, and postcards; through 10/11. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); \$3, \$1.50 seniors and students.

Daesh Museum—"Image and Text: Orientalist Works on Paper From the Permanent Collection." Nineteenth-century paintings, prints, photographs, and illustrated books depicting the Middle East and Africa, by Jean-Léon Gérôme, Wilhelm Gentz, David Roberts, and others; through 9/5. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Beatriz Gonzalez: What an Honor to Be With You at This Historical Moment, Works 1965–1997." A retrospective of the Colombian artist's paintings, drawings, and objects; through 10/25. "Ruben Torres Llorca: So Quiet in Here." An installation that explores the extremes of cultural exchange; through 10/25. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; \$4, \$2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Fuseli to Menzel: Drawings and Watercolors From the Age of Goethe." German drawings from the collection of the Munich attorney Alfred Winterstein (1895–1976), by Caspar David Friedrich, Henry Fuseli, Adolph Menzel, and others; through 8/30. "Claude Monet's *Vétheuil in Summer* From the Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto"; 8/4–10/4. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; \$7, \$5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"The Art of the Motorcycle." An exhibition chronicling the evolution of motorcycle technology and design, featuring more than 100 motorcycles dating from 1894 to the present; through 9/20. "Vilhelm Hammershøi (1864–1916): Danish Painter of Solitude and Light." Sixty paintings by the Danish artist known for his images of sparsely furnished interiors; through 9/7. "Peggy Guggenheim: A Centennial Celebration." Paintings and sculptures from Peggy Guggenheim's collection, as well as guest books and other memorabilia from the collector's Venice house; through 9/2. 1071 Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$12, \$7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Hugo Boss Prize: 1998." Works by the award finalists Douglas Gordon, Huang Yong Ping, William Kentridge, Lee Bul, Pipilotti Rist, and Lorna Simpson; through 9/20. "Fabrizio Plessi." Four large-scale video installations; through 9/20. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); \$8, \$5 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"George Segal, A Retrospective: Sculptures, Paintings, Drawings." A survey of the artist's works made between 1958 and 1996; through 10/4. . . . "An Expressionist in Paris: The Paintings of Chaim Soutine." The first museum exhibition devoted to the painter's work in nearly five decades, focusing on the period between Soutine's arrival in Paris in 1913 and his death there during World War II; through 8/16. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45, Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5 free); \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Louis Comfort Tiffany at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Decorative art objects drawn from the museum's holdings, including leaded-glass windows and lamps, blown-glass vases, furniture, metalwork, enamels, and jewelry; through 1/31. . . . "Sir Edward Burne-Jones." The first comprehensive American exhibition devoted to the paintings and decorative works of the nineteenth-century British artist (1833-1898) who was among the second generation of Pre-Raphaelites; through 9/6. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500-1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30/99. . . . "Boccioni and Women." Watercolors, drawings, and prints from 1902 to 1915 by one of the founders of Futurism, from the bequest of Lydia Winston Malbin; through 10/18. . . . "The Direct Eye: Self-Taught Artists and Their Influence in Twentieth-Century Art." An installation of works by self-taught artists represented in the museum's collection, among them Bill Traylor and Earl Cunningham; through 10/18. . . . "The Unicorn Tapestries." A short-term exhibit of the renowned tapestries while renovations are being made to their permanent display area at the Cloisters; through 9/6. . . . "Jean Dunand." Furniture and decorative objects by the French Art Deco metalworker and lacquer artist, from the museum's own collection; through 10/25. . . . "The Paintings of Judith Rothschild: An Artist's Search." Paintings by an American artist (1921-1993) who studied with Hans Hoffmann and Stanley William Hayter and is best known for her collages; through 9/6. . . . "American Ingenuity." A survey of twentieth-century American sportswear; through 8/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$8 contribution, \$4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); \$8, \$4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Masterpieces From Central Africa." Central African objects on loan from the Royal Museum of Central Africa in Tervuren, Belgium; through 8/9. 593 Broadway (966-1313). Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5:30, Sat. 12:30-8, Sun. 12:30-6; \$5, \$2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Mary Ann Willson: Artist Maid." A survey of watercolors by the early-nineteenth-century American folk artist; through 9/27. . . . "Edge to Edge: Selections From the Studio Art Quilt Associates." Contemporary quilts by eighteen artists; through 9/27. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"Israel at 50 Years: Diverse Views by Magnum Photographers." Images by Robert Capa, Micha Bar-Am, Leonard Freed, David Seymour and others; through 9/7. . . . Permanent exhibitions of more than 2,000 photographs and 800 historical and cultural artifacts documenting the Jewish experience from the 1880s to the present, and 24 films chronicling the memories of Holocaust survivors. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.-Wed. and Fri. 9-5, Thurs. 9-8, eve of Jewish holidays 9-2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

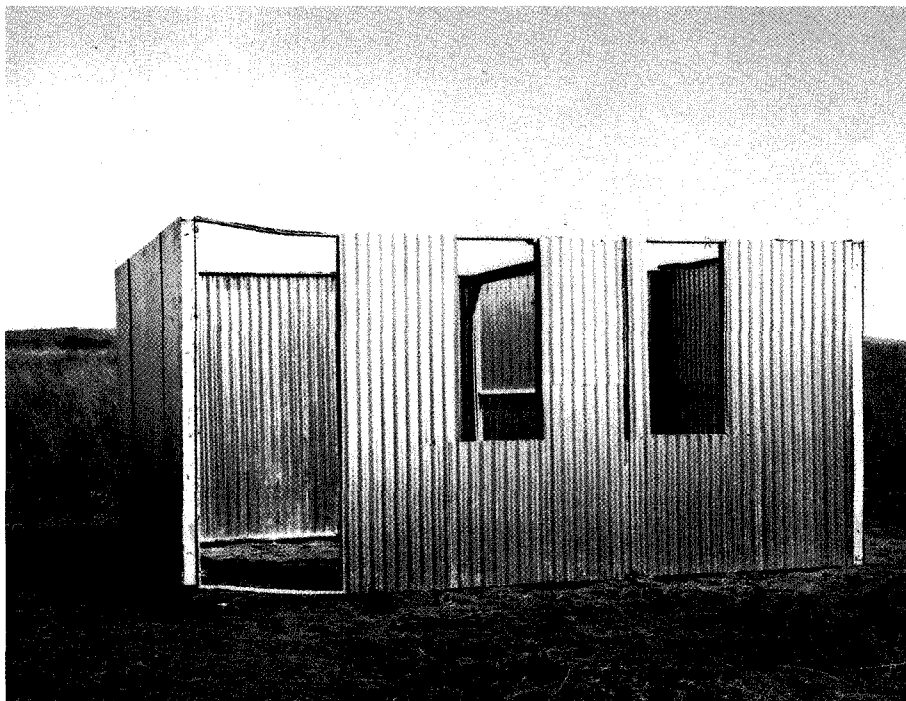
Museum of Modern Art—"Love Forever: Yayoi Kusama, 1958-1968." The first in-depth survey of the defining decade of the artist's career—1958 to 1968—when she lived and worked in New York, including paintings, sculptures, photographs, collages, two environmental installations, a film made by the artist, and slides documenting her performances; through 9/22. . . . "Tony Smith." A ret-

rospective of the sculptor's work; through 9/22. . . . "Aleksandr Rodchenko." Photography, photocollages, and functional and graphic design work by one of the founders of Constructivism; through 10/6. . . . "Bonnard." The first retrospective of the French artist's paintings to be shown in New York since 1964, focusing on his interiors, still lifes, and figure paintings; through 10/13. . . . "New Concepts in Printmaking 2: Willie Cole"; through 10/13. . . . "Giacometti to Judd: Prints by Sculptors"; through 10/13. . . . "David Goldblatt: Photographs From South Africa." Photographs of houses, churches, public buildings, and other structures in South Africa; through 10/6. . . . "More Pieces for the Puzzle: Recent Additions to the Collection"; through 9/8. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.-Tues. 10:30-6, Thurs. 10:30-6, Fri. 10:30-8:30 (4:30-8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; \$9.50, \$6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Half Past Autumn: The Art of Gordon Parks." A retrospective of pho-

"The Academy and American Art: History and Highlights." Works from the National Academy's collection by Church, Durand, Eakins, La Farge, Morse, others; through 8/23. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12-5, Fri. 12-6 (Fri. 5-6 pay what you wish); \$5, \$3.50 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Urban Encounters." An exhibition tracing the political activism and artistic production of the artists' collectives ABC No Rio, Bullet Space, Godzilla, the Guerrilla Girls, REPOhistory, and World War III Illustrated; through 9/20. . . . "Sweet Oblivion: The Urban Landscape of Martin Wong." A retrospective of paintings by the San Francisco-based artist who first came to attention in the eighties for his paintings depicting the graffiti and street-poetry scenes of New York's Lower East Side; through 9/13. . . . "Bill Bidjocka, Los Carpinteros, Rivane Neuenschwander." Works by five young artists, three of whom collaborate as a group, from Cameroon,



Photography Out of Africa

The devastating effects of apartheid, which officially ended in 1994, are solemnly recalled in South African photographer David Goldblatt's straightforward images of his country's homes, churches, and public buildings, paired with his own eloquent text. At the Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd Street; through October 6.

tographs by the photojournalist, filmmaker, novelist, poet, and musician; through 11/1. . . . "Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31. . . . "A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades." A survey of New York City's ethnic parades; through 10/17. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed., Thurs., Sat. 10-5, Fri. 10-8, Sun. 12-5 (summer hours through August 14); \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum and School of Fine Arts—

Brazil, and Cuba; through 9/20. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12-6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12-8, (free Thurs. 6-8); \$5, \$3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"A War in Perspective, 1898-1998: Public Appeals, Memory, and the Spanish-American Conflict"; through 8/29. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tues.-Wed. 11-6, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

New York Historical Society—"Militant Metropolis: New York and the Spanish-American War." Documents from the Society's collections; through 8/16. . . . "Uniting Neighbors: The Role of Settlement Houses in New York City." Historical and contemporary photographs and artifacts documenting the history of the settlement house in New York; through 10/4. . . . "New York Landmarks, Present and Future Direction." Photographs of New York City landmarks from the new book *Landmarks of New York III* (Abrams) by Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel; through 10/4. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.-Sun. 11-5; \$5, \$3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Gordon Matta-Clark: Reorganizing Structure by Drawing Through It." Works on paper, films showing the artist at work, and re-creations of site-specific installations; through 8/23. . . . "John Miller." A survey of the artist's paintings and drawings from the past nine years; through 8/30. . . . "Deep Storage." An exhibit on the theme of storing, archiving, and collecting contemporary art, with works by 40

Photograph by David Goldblatt, ©the Museum of Modern Art.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1997

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restaurants

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Manhattan

Lower New York

Acappella—Food is prepared tableside at this Northern Italian downtown-er. Ask for owner-host Sergio to explain the specials, or choose among veal chops, the Italian-flag combination of three styles of pasta, and lobster Acappella. Try the prix fixe lunch. Jackets required. 1 Hudson St. (240-0163). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. 482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. 451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. 131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. 124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. 211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. 90 West St. (732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. 107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride,

Like father,
like son:
Taweewat
and
Dejthana
Hurapan.



Opening The Rain Again

Having recently shuttered their meta-American Main Street, the quartet who brought us Rain and Union Pacific bounce back with the new, East Side Rain. Opening this week in the space vacated by Mesa City, the clone's Southeast Asian menu—a greatest-hits medley of shu mai, satay, pad thai, and sushi—will be ministered by the son of the flagship's executive chef. (1059 Third Avenue, near 62nd Street; 223-3669.)

bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. 38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M-E) AE.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cave-like bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. 180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.

Tallesin—This power dining room inside the Millennium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for \$45.00. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. 55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a \$17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of

the fashionable neighborhood. The creative American bistro fare includes an acclaimed roasted garlic-lemon chicken with spinach and mashed potatoes, barbecued pork ribs, and crab cakes enhanced with equal measures of cod and scallops. 179 W. Broadway (219-2010). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. 375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oys-

ters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open ravioli of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. 12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Ossobuco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. 88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some New York advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, \$35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, \$15-\$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, \$15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: (S) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

here among 50—and small snacks called *cicchetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre- or post-Film Forum noshing. 220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, V.

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. 268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I-M) (\$).

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Grand Ticino—This venerable Greenwich Village Italian restaurant has attracted the likes of Frank McCourt, Al Hirschfeld, and John Patrick Shanley, who set part of *Moonstruck* on its comfortable premises. Try the ostrich with Barolo wine sauce, the bistecca alla Fiorentina, and the panna cotta. 228 Thompson St. (777-5922). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. 75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. 17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

14th-42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. 36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We love the white-peach sangria. 23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Campagna—The Letterman crowd is at one table. Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that...? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. 24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. 325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. 42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

I Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, I Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. 122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. 102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. 915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Novità—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. 102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.



ASK GAEL

I need some inspiration for a hostess gift.

Be a hero and the perfect houseguest. Spice up the weekend by toting Chile Today—Hot Tamale pretzels in a four-pound plastic barrel to your host. Look for Mild New Mexican, smoky Chipotle Heat, or torrid Hot Habanero nuggets, \$19.95. Zingy in their mini cellophane sacks, these low-fat sourdough pretzels with hints of garlic, onion, and dill can be outright addictive when you make the leap to a barrel. At both Fairways and Gourmet Garage. Or dial 1-800-HOT PEPPER to order. Summer just got a little bit hotter.

Osteria Laguna—A stone's throw from Grand Central, this rustic Italian restaurant features mostly Venetian fare. Risotto and pizza are particularly popular. 209 E. 42nd St. (557-0001). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. 414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. 250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. 108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. 21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

14th-42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. 216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I-M) (\$).

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro-New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. 107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. 168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. 120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music

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quired. Pier 81, W. 41st St.
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8100). (E) AE, DC, DS,
MC, V.

43rd-56th Streets,
East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny
brasserie-cum-café in the
lobby of the MetLife Build-
ing; there's inventive cook-
ing going on here, and the
joint is as fun and good as
non-expensive midtown
gets. In the loud little Beer
Bar, get one of the best
hamburgers in town.
Closed Sunday. 200 Park
Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222).
(M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Cucina & Co.—This market-
style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in
the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the
crush of commuters passing through Grand Central.
Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked
pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the
worker bees fueled throughout the day. 200 Park
Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things
to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge,
and a casual, couch-filled living room where local
office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu in-
cludes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and choco-
late fondue with fruit. 244 E. 51st St. (319-9463).
(I) AE, MC, V.

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including
broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room
where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty por-
tions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta,
thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on
the table. 34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC,
MC, V.

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian
fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The
chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy
to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes
are as carefully considered. 46 E. 50th St. (688-
2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

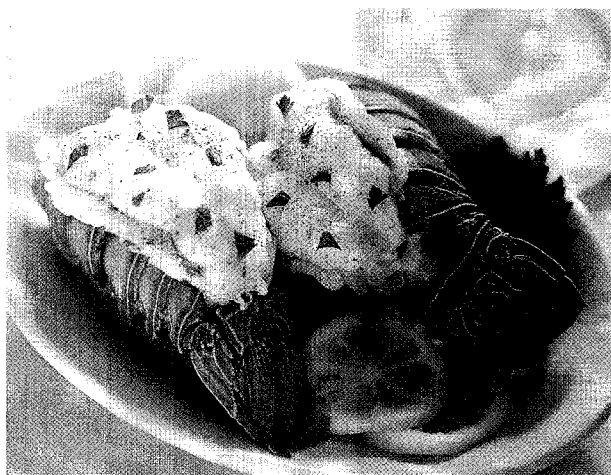
Istana—Situated in the lobby of the New York
Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer is
rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only one,
chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail ac-
companiments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied
by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravioli
with walnuts, or baby chicken with Tunisian
spices. 455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (303-6032).
(M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has
taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with
its tender double porterhouse and men's club
charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. 551 Fifth Ave.,
at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Mr. K's—After years of wining and dining Wash-
ington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun
off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art
Deco environs of the old RCA building. The
menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity
in most Chinese restaurants—and other house
specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster,
and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. 570
Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M-E) AE,
DC, MC, V.

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling
Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife
building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, in-
cluding excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order
by experienced pizza masters imported directly
from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches
and the wide array of wines by the glass. 200 Park
Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I-M) AE, DC, DS,
MC, V.

The Park Restaurant—The plush surroundings in this
new hotel-lobby restaurant are much fussier, but
no more elegant, than the French-American fare
concocted by ex-Lespinasse chef Fabrizio
Salerni. Sample dishes include porcini risotto, yel-



Shopping Tails in the Mail

Just as Omaha Steaks has built a repu-
tation on premium mail-order beef, the
Fulton Street Lobster & Seafood Co.,
headquartered here in New York, has es-
tablished a toll-free pipeline to Balinese
spiny lobsters, the clawless, warm-
weather cousin of our familiar Maine
crustaceans. The mildly sweet, flash-
frozen tails come packed in gift boxes
with a recipe card and simple grilling
instructions; \$29.95 for four, or
\$139.95 to \$439.95 in summer-share-
friendly "Hampton Party Packs." (1-
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lowfin-tuna tartare in wheat crust, steak-frites, and
pan-roasted halibut in crispy rice paper. Piano
music performed nightly, and cigar smokers have
their own private lounge in which to indulge. 109
E. 56th St. (750-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.

Peacock Alley—Under talented new chef Laurent
Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become
reinvigorated. Known for his long association with
French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a
special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal
American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch.
This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets
required; harpist performs nightly. 301 Park Ave.,
in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC,
DS, MC, V.

Shinbashi—After nearly a quarter of a century, this
elegant Japanese restaurant is still an oasis in the
frenzy of midtown. Owner Fumiko Hosoda offers
a traditional menu of tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki,
and sushi, plus an array of chef's specialties. 280
Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). (M) AE, CB,
DC, MC, V.

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage,
and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal
Myers has a flair with meats and creatively pre-
pared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with black
bean-and-mango sauce, and crab cakes accompa-
nied by cole slaw rolls. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144).
(M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at
the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical
iced tea. The dining room serves the most
imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on
a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of
the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sun-
day. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE,
CB, DC, MC, V.

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. 987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piemontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. A \$55 spring tasting menu features new fish dishes. The garden is a summertime oasis. 321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from five till closing for dinner customers. 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. 123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.

Broadway Joe's Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

C2 at the China Club—The restaurant at the newly relocated China Club is conspicuously upscale for its Eighth Avenue address and surprisingly calm for its affiliation with the dance club upstairs. Chef Eban Ross has created an eclectic menu of Asian-influenced dishes like tuna-and-salmon tartare with daikon-hijiki slaw and braised lamb shank with maple-roasted acorn squash. 268 W. 47th St. (398-3800). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Christie's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. 145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Coco Pazzo Teatro—Tucked away alongside the Royalton Hotel, this popular theater-district hangout is equally suited for a drink before the curtain or a leisurely meal after the show. The colorful dining room is a comfortable, informal spot for hearty dishes like Florentine steak with crispy herbed fries, and lobster with saffron pasta. 235 W. 46th St. (827-4222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. 35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. 125

W. 55th St. (245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the \$14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. 135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. 150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. 155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. 871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

No. 18—During the day, this sleekly decorated midtown nook caters to the office crowd with an express lunch for an unusually good-for-the-neighborhood price of \$13. At night, it morphs into an atmospheric martini bar and dining room where an eclectic variety of flavorful, well-seasoned American fare is served. The risotto is highly acclaimed, and the \$25 pretheater dinner is a bargain. 18 W. 56th St. (489-1888). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. 120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous marbled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-majoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. 151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

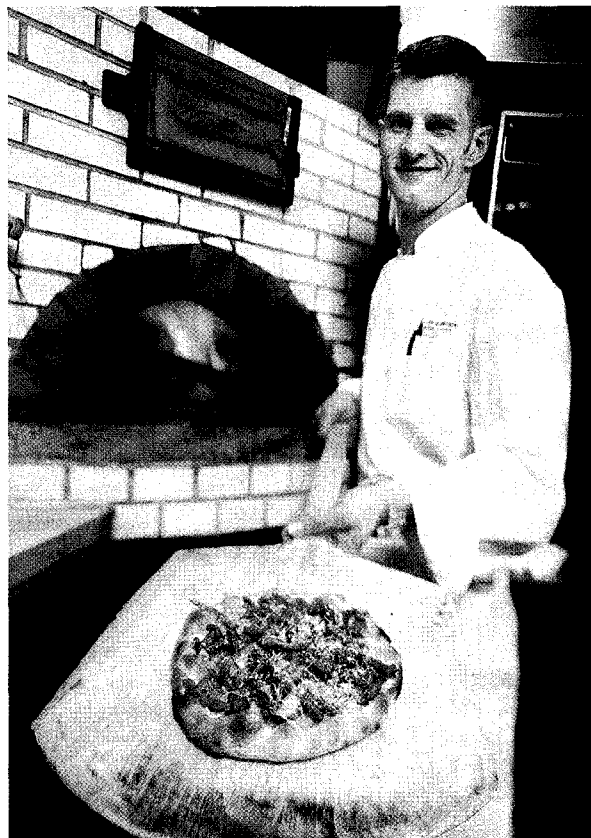
Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—

both solid and liquid—here. 165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. 321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at this churrascaria rodizio, where eighteen different cuts of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit and served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live piano music Wednesday through Saturday; prix fixe menus available (\$18.95 at lunch; \$29.95 at dinner). 127 W. 43rd St. (575-0808). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country.



Restaurant E.A.T. and Run

The always enterprising Eli Zabbar has capitalized on his Across the Street restaurant's proximity to the F.D.R. and points north to entice weekend fugitives into making a savory pit stop. The Friday night prix fixe pizza dinner is a relative bargain: \$18 buys a choice of two creatively topped individual pies, plus gourmet greens from Eli's controversial roof garden (where recent accusations of arsenic-sodden soil proved groundless), a luscious dessert—try Allan's mom's chocolate cake or a fruit cobbler—and parking in a nearby garage. (444 East 91st Street; 722-4000.)

Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, chicken, and lobster—served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. Serious wines, too. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

SeaGrill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with couscous in spicy lobster oil, and pepper-seared tuna steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual Indian restaurant in the heart of midtown is a convenient spot for onion bhajia, chicken tikka masala, dal bukhara, and other subcontinental standards. 58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. 950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu. Tchotchkes can be had at the "general store" souvenir stand, and cigar smokers have their own room in which to exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. 121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Tuscan Square—Pino Luongo's most ambitious project yet, this Rockefeller Center paean to all things Tuscan combines a rustic dining room; a downstairs marketplace complex of salad, sandwich, and pasta bars; and a retail department selling kitchenware, clothing, leather goods, and stationery. Chef Patrick Nuti's Tuscan menu offers such enticing entrées as chicken-and-ricotta meatballs and garganelli with pancetta, puréed leeks, fava beans, and baby peas. 16 W. 51st St. (977-7777). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. 236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

57th-60th Streets

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of poached tuna Niçoise and rack of lamb. 160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kids' menu. All menu items are under \$10. 201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Deniz à la Turk—The focus in this casual East Side Turkish restaurant is on superlatively fresh fish. Nibble on appetizers like red beans in lemon and olive oil; mashed eggplant salad; and mussels stuffed with rice, pine nuts, and currants. The seafood and meat—like lamb chops, Turkish meatballs, and ribeye steak—are char-grilled and succulent. 400 E. 57th St. (486-2255). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at

home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Les Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, non-professionals. Dinner only; jacket required. 155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Pondicherry—Although the entrance is situated directly next to the Paris Theatre, this new restaurant is somewhat sequestered down a flight of stairs. But the serene, comfortable environs are anything but cramped. Filmmaker Ismail Merchant is credited with contributing several recipes to chef Jean-

Luc Kieffer's French-Indian menu. Some representative dishes include bouillabaisse, chicken biryani, French-Indian lamb stew, and ginger salmon. 8 W. 58th St. (750-7474). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-



Data Gone to Seed

There's always been something slightly garish about watermelons—their bloated size, their shocking hue, their sticky chin-dripping juice. A permanent fixture at company cookouts, the unwieldy fruit is more likely to find its way into the slapstick comedy stylings of Gal-

lagher or David Letterman, whose falling-melon stunt has stopped traffic on West 53rd Street, than into the rarefied world of haute cuisine. But some chefs have discovered that watermelon's sweet, inoffensively mild flavor makes an ideal foil for spicy and salty ingredients, simultaneously providing crunchy texture and liquid refreshment. There is some dissension, however, over the desired variety: Chef Mark Spangenthal of the Screening Room, intent on keeping watermelon-seed-spitting contests in their proper place, sticks to seedless strains for his Vietnamese-flavored charred beef and watermelon salad (pictured, right). But Union Pacific's Rocco DiSpirito, who favors the round, small Sugar Babies, is undaunted by extra labor. "I'll deal with the seeds," he says, "if the flesh tastes good."

MELON PICKERS

ALVA
36 East 22nd Street; 228-4399

GRAMERCY TAVERN
42 East 20th Street; 477-0777

JEAN GEORGES
1 Central Park West; 299-3900

L'ABSINTHE
227 East 67th Street; 794-4950

LOBSTER CLUB
24 East 80th Street; 249-6500

THE SCREENING ROOM
54 Varick Street; 334-2100

UNION PACIFIC
111 East 22nd Street; 995-8500

JUICY FRUIT

Steamed halibut with pickled watermelon-and-mango salsa, served with crispy onion rings.

On tasting menu: roasted wild striped bass with pickled watermelon rind, cucumbers, and salad burnet.

On the nougatine and terrace menu: salad of watermelon and goat cheese drizzled with extra-virgin olive oil.

Iceberg-lettuce salad with goat cheese, watermelon, avocado, toasted almonds, and tarragon-mango vinaigrette (lunch only).

Soft-shell crabs tempura on a salad of watermelon, mint, and feta cheese.

Charred-beef salad with watermelon, honey-roasted peanuts, cucumbers, and beef jerky in nuoc cham (Vietnamese fish sauce puréed with lime juice, chilies, and garlic).

Coriander-dusted calamari-and-watermelon salad with a cilantro emulsion.

5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. 225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Above 60th Street, East Side

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. 1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. 26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Coco Pazzo—Pino Luongo's Upper East Side temple of Tuscan is a neighborhood spot for a particularly demanding neighborhood. For everyone else, dishes like potato ravioli with sautéed leeks and truffle oil, and breaded pork chop with mizuna salad and red onion—not to mention an award-winning wine list, definitely merit a special trip. Try the jazz brunch. 23 E. 74th St. (794-0205). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. 1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. 540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. 1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Jolo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. 160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. 100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from new chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like jumbo lump-crab gyoza and coriander-spiced tuna loin. Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, V.

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. 1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. 853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Silver Star—Open around the clock for seafood and hearty American fare, including fresh pasta and grilled chicken platters. Spacious surroundings in the recently expanded dining room and sidewalk café. 1238 Second Ave., at 65th St. (249-4250). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Coco Opera—This West Side branch of Pino Luongo's national chain of Tuscan restaurants is perfectly situated for a meal before or after a Lincoln Center performance. House specials include sautéed veal chop with chickpeas and fried sage, and rigatoni with sun-dried tomatoes, capers, black olives, and chili peppers. 58 W. 65th St. (873-3700). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V.

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. 2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) (S).

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat cheese pasta. 373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—slow-cooked to order. 2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I-M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. 383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) (S).

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. 35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The \$42.50 dinner prix fixe, available Sunday through Thursday, is a great deal. 222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Saraheth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. 423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ifed steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. 44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. 256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. 1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. 24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) (S).

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much farther than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. 5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) (S).

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. 1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Long Island

Sapore di Mare—The concept of this long-lived Hamptons hot spot is "coastal Tuscan," which translates into dishes like roasted halibut with caramelized fennel, sautéed spinach, and aioli. The rustic, farmlike décor harks back to the days when this resort community was all potato fields and this kind of Italian food completely unavailable. Wainwright Stone Rd. at Montauk Hwy., Wainwright (516-537-2764). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Seafood Barge—Every seat has a view of the water at this North Fork restaurant, and as you'd expect, the menu reflects the location. Calamari, crab cakes, oven-poached bass, lobster, and mussels are just a sampling of the house specialties. And the wine list, commendably, is heavy on Long Island vineyards. 62980 Main Rd., at Port of Egypt Marina, Southold (516-765-3010). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

nightlife

"Warm-Up Performance Series" ... Warped Tour

Concerts

Tori Amos—With her classical piano-training, loopy manner, and unapologetic surrealist bent, this red-headed expat would seem an unlikely pop heroine. But like all the great rock icons, she's the kind girls and boys go for: The former identify with her frank, emotionally raw depictions of adolescent traumas and adult yearnings (most recently on her *Songs From the Choirgirl Hotel* album); the latter are content to watch her overtly suggestive benchtop

writhings as she bangs on the eighty-eights. Coming off a roller-coaster year (a miscarriage and a marriage), Amos is putting her all and more—using a backup band live in shows for the first time—into her tour, and further proving that there's room next to Elton at the keyboard. With the Devlins. 7/28 at 8 P.M. Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (301-7171). \$35.

"The Big Rewind"—Culture Club, Human League, and Howard Jones. 7/30 at 7:30 P.M. Radio City Music Hall, 50th St. at Sixth Ave. (307-7171). \$32–\$62. 8/1 at 7:30 P.M. Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). \$15–\$39.50.

"Blues Cruise"—A weekly spin through the muddy waters of, uh, New York Harbor. 7/28: Nathan & the Zydeco Cha-Chas. 8/4: Lonnie Brooks. Boat departs at 7 and 9:30 P.M. rain or shine. Pier 16, South Street Seaport. (630-8888). \$25.

"Budfest"—A rap, R&B, and soul blowout, with LSG, K-Ci & JoJo, Missy Elliott. 8/2 at 4 P.M. Giants Stadium, East Rutherford, New Jersey. (212-307-7171). \$62.75.

"Celebrate Brooklyn"—7/31 at 7:30 P.M. Mandrill; Tribe of Millions. Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. at Prospect Park West (718-855-7882, ext. 52). \$3 suggested contribution.

Central Park SummerStage—From family programs to acid-eating garage rock, the most eclectic music in the city is also the best deal around. It's all free (unless otherwise noted), so go ahead and explore. 7/29: New York Grand Opera. 7/30: Michael Moore; Andre Codrescu; Ruth Ozeki. 8/1: New Orleans Klezmer All-Stars; Gina Delafosse & French Rockin' Boogies. 8/3: David Murray's Fo Deuk Revue; Groove Collective. Weekday shows at 7 P.M.; weekends at 3 P.M. Rumsey Playfield, near 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (360-1399). Free.

Joe Cocker—8/1 at 8 P.M. Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (496-7070). \$35–\$50.

"Concerts in the Parks"—No-hassle Brooklyn lawn concerts got soul, a capella, and "jibaro" spirit. 7/28: The Chi-Lites. Fort Greene Park. 7/29: The Persuasions. Sternberg/Lindsay Park. 7/30: The Chi-Lites. Von King/Tompkins Park Concerts. 8/4: Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown. All shows at 7 P.M. (212-360-8290). Free.

The Craig Crawford Players & Ray Santos and His Caribbean Music Experience—With Alfredo "Chocolate" Armenteros. 8/4 at 6 P.M. Wagner Park, Battery Park City. (945-0505). Free.

Buddy Guy—The current incarnation of Chicago blues, Guy is a guitar-slinging Proteus: Depending on the night you catch him, he might run frantically through his own fearsome catalogue, opt for something from Clapton or Hendrix, or show off work by any of his numerous hometown colleagues. His quick changes and energy will leave you anything but blue. With teenage fretboard sensation Johnny Lang and dark-horse club-circuit fave Susan Tedeschi. 7/28 at 8 P.M. Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). \$25.

"Megaparty Latin Music Cruise"—7/29: Rauline Rosendo, Banda Flaca. Boat departs at 7 and 9:30

P.M., rain or shine. Pier 16, South Street Seaport. (630-8888). \$25.

"Mood Ellington"—7/31 at 6:30 P.M. Ruth Brisbane and Lloyd Meares. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Avenue, at 103rd St. (543-1672). \$5 suggested contribution.

Mavis Staples—One of the great voices of mid-seventies soul—both with the family-style Staples Singers and on her own—Mavis here pays tribute to perhaps the greatest gospel singer, ever. Her "Tribute to Mahalia Jackson" bill is sure to electrify. 7/30 at 7 P.M. (arrive at 5 to get tickets). Castle Clinton, Battery Park (835-2789). Free.

"Newport Folk Festival"—With John Hiatt, Joan Baez, Bruce Cockburn, Suzanne Vega, Violent Femmes, Marc Cohn, David Bromberg, Rodney Crowell, Jimmie Dale Gilmore. 8/2 at 6 P.M. Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). \$15–\$42.

"No More Blues—Celebrating 40 Years of Bossa Nova"—Leny Andrade; Roberto Menescal; Wanda Sa'; Os Cariocas; Kendra Schank; the George André Orchestra. 8/1–8/2 at 8 P.M. Town Hall, 123 West 43rd St. (213-307-4100) \$15–\$35.

"Smooth Jazz Cruise"—A weekly troll leaving from the Seaport. 7/30: Gato Barbieri. Boat departs at 7 and 9:30 P.M., rain or shine. Pier 16, South Street Seaport (630-8888). \$30.

"Vans' Warped Tour 1998"—Skateboarding and punk rock go together like, oh, say, love and marriage. So why shouldn't a bunch of guys in mohawks rock out while a bunch of guys in helmets defy death on the halfpipe? No reason. Exactly. That's the idea behind this roving extreme-sports-cum-mosh-athon. Rancid; Bad Religion; NOFX; Cherry Poppin' Daddies; the Specials; Deftones; the Reverend Horton Heat; Voodoo Glowskulls; Hepcat; All; Save Ferris. 8/1 at 1 P.M. Randall's Island Soccer Fields. (307-7171). \$25.

"Warm Up" Performance Series—Shows start at 4 P.M. 8/1: Russell Haswell, Farmer's Manual; DJ Pita; Warrio; Delmar (see page 85). P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center, 22-25 Jackson Ave. at 46th St., Long Island City (718-784-2084). \$4 suggested contribution.



Talent Music for Films

When *Shudder to Think* play a hometown show, you never know who's going to turn up. Having already established themselves as darlings of scenesters nationwide, the stylish prog-punkers recently teamed with a gaggle of luminaries for soundtracks to 'High Art' and 'First Love Last Rites.' Two of those—ex-X-man John Doe and Cardigans singer Nina Persson—will be in the house at Bowery Ballroom, August 3, along with the odd surprise celebrity.

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 7/30: Nightbirds: A Celebration of Women Performers featuring Kate Campbell; Lisa Germano; Kathleen Mock. 7/31–8/1: Dan Bern; Veda Hille. 15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).

Bowery Ballroom—The Mercury Lounge's roomy new Lower East Side outpost, where up-and-comers can hone their big-room chops. 7/28–7/30: Patti Smith. 8/1: Cat Power; Chavez. 8/3: Shudder to Think. 8/4: Greg Garing's Full Circle. 6 Delancey St. (533-2111).

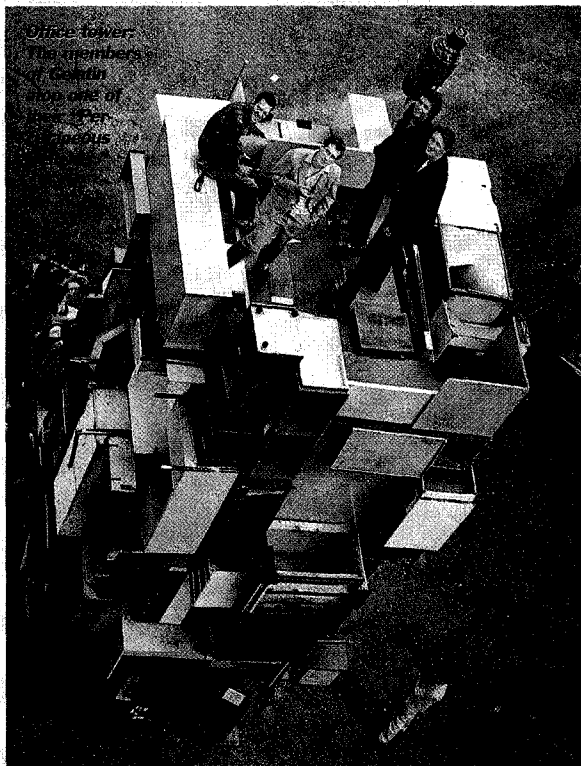
Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 7/28: Arab Strab. 7/29: Automat; Lit Plastic; Sway; Beat Tree. 7/30: Pen Pal. 7/31: Spoon. 8/3: The Lynnfield Pioneers; Grand Mal; Ilya Kuryahkin. 169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). \$.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. Every Sunday in August at 9 P.M.: Open Blues

Happening Summer in the City

This summer's hippest—and cheapest—beach party isn't on the South Fork or Fire Island. In fact, it's not on a beach at all. At P.S. 1's "Warm-Up Performance Series"—Saturday afternoons in the walled-in front yard of the Long Island City art center—\$5 (suggested donation) buys five hours' worth of aboveground-pool lounging, assorted art-installation viewing, and—thanks to a rotating cast of D.J.'s, bluegrass pickers, and other rockers—the finest music you're likely to find on a steamy afternoon. This is the first time in its 23-year history P.S. 1 has been open for summer, and the "Warm-Up" series' raucously democratic feel is part of a plan. "An art institution that's closed for the summer is admitting that its audience is just rich people who go away," says P.S. 1's Larissa Harris. "We wanted to do something accessible to all the kinds of people who *don't* leave town." Accessible indeed: "Percutaneous Delights," the outdoor installation by Austrian collective Gelatin, invites visitors to play with, touch, and lounge upon its many pieces (if *subcutaneous* means "beneath the skin," reason its creators, then *percutaneous* means "through the skin"—thus, sensory). So while you take in the latest French house-music during D.J. Dimitri From Paris's August 29 visit, for instance, you can also cool your heels in the icy cold-tub (like a hot tub for summer—get it?) or sip beer inside the boxlike wooden "sauna." But, as at all pool parties, the finest pastime is still sitting in the sun, shooting the breeze, and getting down to the summer sounds. (See "Concerts.")

ETHAN SMITH



Jam. 7/30: Skeeter Brandon & Highway 61. 7/31: Paul Whistler & the Wheels. 8/1: Big Jack Johnson. 8/3: Night Owl Band. Sheena and the Swamp Dogs. 8/4: Cadillac Moon. 73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). \$.

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 7/28: Swedish death metallists Meshuggah transcend their chosen genre's sludgy brainlessness with mind-bending polyrhythms, complex, atonal melody lines, and—natch—Satanic imagery galore. 7/31: Cannibal Corpse. 15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. *Time Cafe*, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the cor-

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. \$ = cash only.

ner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 7/28: Dreams Come True. 7/30: Anthrax; Monster Magnet. 8/1: From Good Holmes. 17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).

Knitting Factory—The ever-expanding Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, four microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. Chill out in the sub-basement Old Office lounge. 7/28-7/30: David Murray Quintet. 7/31: Hooker, Ribot & Spooky; Harriet Tubman. 8/2: Milkweed; Mara Flynn; King Missile III; Jad Fair; Kramer. 8/3: June Rich, Leni Stern, Amelia's Dream; others. 74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. 7/29: The Bill Perry Band. 7/30: Popa Chubby. 7/31: The Roxy Perry Blues Band. 8/1: Gent Treadly. 1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 7/30-7/31: Boss Hog; US Maple. 8/1: Freakwater. 8/2: Amava Andreas. 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).

S.O.B.'s—The city's premier world-music, reggae, and soul-jazz venue, presenting acts that could fill stadia back home and local talent that might one day do the same here. Most nights, sets at 10 and

midnight. 7/29: Bio Ritmo. 7/30: Wasis Diop, Kaissa Doumbe; Baaba Seth; Djoliba. 8/4: Yellowman. 204 Varick St. (243-4940).

Shine—Open only since December, Shine's already attracting crowds, and the usual celebrity suspects, like John-John, Wesley Snipes, megacool old-timers like Jimmy Plant and Robert Page, and Leo, Leo, Leo! 285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (941-0900).

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Fridays and Saturdays at 8 P.M., the Supper Club's house big-band swings with abandon. 7/30: Trisha Yearwood. 7/31: The Blues Jumpers. 8/1: Full Swing. 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craining mid-stage column by arriving early. 7/28: Common; Big Daddy Kane; DJ Eclipse; DJ Mister Cee. 7/29: Dixie Chicks, Five Chinese Brothers. 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).

Twilo—The former Sound Factory keeps the ravers raving all night (and well into the morning) with first-class techno, house, and drum-and-bass. 7/30: Planet V featuring Roni Size, Bryan Gee, Jumping Jack Frost; Dynamite MC. 530 W. 27th St. (268-1600).

Webster Hall—The big advertisements outside the far end of the Midtown Tunnel for this place really say it all: If you're entering Manhattan through a tunnel, you're our demo. 7/31: Dance-music Organization of America's Monthly Dance Party with Pure Sugar and others. 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600).

Wetlands—On August 1, 1942—Jerry Garcia's birthday—the Grateful Dead began, in a manner of speaking. And on August 9, 1995—the day the hirsute guitarist joined the big jam-session in the sky—the band ended. Or so it appeared. Now, three years after Jerry's death, the band is back together under the name the Other Ones and touring with the Furthur Festival. To commemorate Garcia's life and cosmic excursions, Wetlands is putting on "Jerry Week," 8/1-8/8. It will feature regulars like the Zen Tricksters and Dave

Fyuznicki's Headless Torsos, plus presentations by John Dwork of Duprees Diamond News, the Deadheads Taping Compendium, and Dick Latvala (the 'Dead tape-archivist made famous by the recent "Dick's Picks" CD series). Not to be missed: Jorma Kaukonen, of Jefferson Airplane and Hot Tuna, 8/6-8/7; and Border Legion's week-ending set, 8/8. To be skipped (unless you are a diehard Deadstafarian): the Cannabis Cup Band's hemped-to-the-gills 8/4 performance. 7/28: Baba Olantunji & His Drums of Passion; Terence McKenna. 7/29: Burlap to Cashmere. 7/30: Agents of Good Roots. 7/31: Milo Z.; Mister Jones. 161 Hudson St. (966-5244) \$.

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays, the Duke Ellington Orchestra, conducted by 19-year-old Paul Ellington. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M. \$10-\$30 cover; \$10 minimum. 7/29-8/1: Vibesman Bobbie Hutcherson is that rare player who can funk out with the best of them (as he often did with organist Big John Patton), or head way the hell out into brainy free-jazz territory. Here, he straddles the two with a world-class quartet that features Geri Allen on piano. 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).



Happening California Über Alles

West Coast retro-chic, in all its multifaceted glory, is the rule of the day at the "Vans' Warped Tour." Headlining the daylong extreme-sports-athon-cum-moshfest are seventies punkers Rancid (left), eighties punkers Bad Religion (center), and nitro-burning ska-swing revivalists Cherry Poppin' Daddies (right). Randall's Island, August 1; see "Concerts."

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 7/28-8/2: Dianne Schuur; No-Man's Band. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. 7/28: Bowl of Fire (featuring members of Squirrel Nut Zippers). 7/29: Swing night with the Delegates. 7/30: Nick Demopolous; Avram Fefer & Squelch. Sets at 7 and 10 P.M. 174 Orchard St., bet. Houston and Stanton. (780-0313).

Iridium—In the cozy basement across from Lincoln Center, you'll find some of the finest chow in jazz-land, plus formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table-placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 7/28-8/2: Jerry Gonzalez & Fort Apache. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30. Sun.-Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. The crowds are still thin on weeknights, which is a good thing for audiences: You can't keep a scene like this secret for long. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7 P.M., Irish guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. 7/28-8/1: The Johnny King Quintet. Sets Sun., Tues.-Thurs. at 8 P.M. and 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and midnight; \$10-\$15 cover on weekdays, \$15-\$20 cover on Fri. and Sat. \$10 minimum all nights. 116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10 P.M. 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). \$.

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 7/28-8/2: George Mraz Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 7/28-8/9: Skip Wilkins and Jill Allen. \$5 cover; no minimum. Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, this alcohol-free sub-Delancey

hole-in-the-wall's got its sights set on the Knitting Factory demographic. All summer, John Zorn brings in assorted players to make the scene. 7/29: Alicia Svigals. 7/31: Joey Baron & Baron Down. 8/1: Roy Campbell's Other Dimensions in Music. 8/2: Chris Speed & Pachora. 107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). \$.

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. 7/28-8/2: Charles McPherson Quintet. 178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). \$.

Zinno—Recently renovated, this pretty Italian restaurant has moved its stage into the large dining room—affording good sight lines from most of the tables (though largely obscuring the view from the bar), and shifting the place's feel from restaurant-with-jazz to jazz-club-with-dining. 7/28: Leslie Pintchik Trio. 7/29-8/1: Junior Mance, Earl May, Jackie Williams. Shows Mon.-Sat. at 8 P.M. 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).

Comedy

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the Letterman show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 7/30-8/2: Nick Diapola. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). \$12.50-\$18.50, two-drink minimum.

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 8:30 P.M., 10:15 P.M., and midnight; and Sun.-Thurs. at 9 P.M. Through 8/2: Dave Attell; Gregg Rogell; Vic Henley; Macio; Keith Robinson. 117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 8/2: Jim McCue; Lenny Varnedoe; Richie Byrne. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.-Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is \$15 Fri. and Sat.; \$12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.-Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30 P.M. Cover is \$12 Fri. and Sat., \$8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 7/31-8/1: Paul Mercurio, Greg Giraldo; Tony Powell. 34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. Cover is \$7-\$12. Shows: Sun.-Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.-Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. 236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. Through 8/1: First there was Ravi and Anoushka Shankar. Now make way for Monica Mancini, daughter of Henry and the latest interpreter of her father's formidable pop-jazz songbook. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).

FireBird Café—Steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Tues.-Thurs., sets at 9 P.M. Through 8/1: "Hooray for Love: Steve Ross Sings Cole Porter and Beyond." P.M. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11 P.M. \$30 cover; two-drink minimum. 363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. Tues.-Thurs. at 8:30; Fri.-Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. \$40 cover. All summer long, Bryan Batt, Lewis Cleale, Heather Mac Rae, and Janet Metz celebrate the Big Apple in song with "I Love New York." 30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).

Sardi's—Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards (no cover). \$12 minimum. 234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).

Bars

Denial—Sake aficionados whose tastes skew more elegant than East Ninth Street's hipster-clogged warrens but less formal than the average midtown sushi bar finally have a lounge to call their own. Right around the corner from the SoHo Grand, Denial slakes thirsts with 30 varieties of rice wine—many of them nice and cool for summer. 46 Grand St. (925-9449).

Double Happiness—Originally an Italian restaurant, then a mob-controlled gay bar, this Orientalist fantasia is the newest outpost in the mini-empire of Ian Stell and Michael Drury—the owner-builders behind Orchard Street's Orchard. Dig the playful nods to the spot's Chinatown history, in the form of green-tea martinis and an outsized abacus. 371 Broome St. (941-1282).

the mix

Dennis Hopper... A Free Tour of Penn Station

Radio Highlights

Selected Shorts—8/1 & 8/2 at 8 P.M.: *Blame It All on Momma*, by Joseph Mitchell, read by Isaiah Sheffer; *Hammam*, by Carol Anshaw, read by Mary Beth Hurt. WNCY, 93.9 FM.

The Infinite Mind—Sundays at 3 P.M. 8/2: Researchers Dr. Jan Fawcett and Dr. David Clark and musician Suzanne Vega discuss suicide with survivors. WNYC, 820 AM.

City Folk—7/27: Douglas September joins Rita Houston. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 9:30 A.M., 8 P.M. and 8:30 P.M. 8/2: Shirley Lord, author of *Crasher*. WPAT, 930 AM.

The Written Word

Thad Rutkowski, Boni Joi—7/27 at 8 P.M.: Reading from recent work. The Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St. (308-4010); \$5 with a one-drink minimum.

Wanda Phipps and Todd Colby—7/29 at 6 P.M.: Reading from recent work in Union Square Park (253-0810); free.

Paul Loeb and Suzanne Hlavacek—7/29 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from and signing *Smarter Than You Think*. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (362-8835); free.

Ayala Pines—8/3 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Romantic Jealousy: Causes, Symptoms, Cures. A Different Light*, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

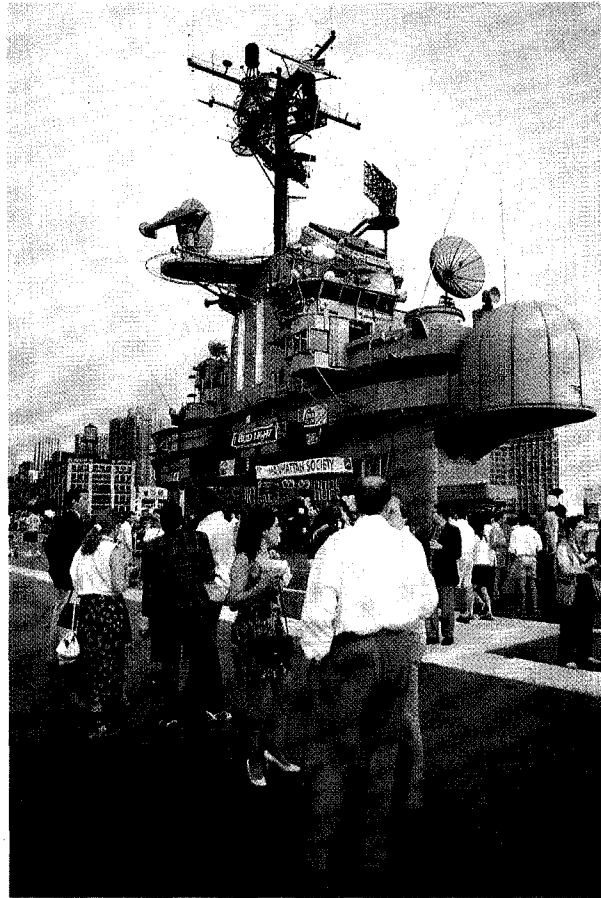
Stephen Schiff—8/3 at 7 P.M.: The screenwriter of the latest *Lolita* discusses *Lolita: The Book on Film*. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Patricia Bosworth—8/4 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Anything Your Little Heart Desires*. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (595-6859); free.

Lectures and Panels

Dennis Hopper—7/28 at 7 P.M.: In conjunction with the film series "The Motorcycle on Screen," award-winning actor, writer, and director Dennis Hopper talks with guest curator Art Simon about the making of *Easy Rider* and the lure of motorcycles and biker culture. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3840); \$15.

Multicultural Workshops—Through 8/13 at 1 P.M.: Tuesdays: paper quilts and *chirier*, Japanese ripped paper, workshops with Roya Tsuchiya; *matroshka* dolls and *wycinanki*, Polish paper cutouts, with Amy Kuzniar. Wednesdays: Tibetan monks lead workshops in traditional mandala sand painting, calligraphy, butter sculpture, and Than-ka painting. Thursdays: A workshop in creating turn-of-the-century toys. American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); \$5.



Happening All the camera-wielding tourists will have gone home, but an army of aspiring yuppie philanthropists will be taking their place aboard the **USS Intrepid** at the fourteenth annual Manhattan Society "Ultimate Summertime Party" to benefit the National Multiple Sclerosis Society on July 30. Partyers will be treated to an open bar, onboard massage therapists, live bands, and the presence of celebrity co-chairs Joanna Going and Edward Burns, but bring your own dramamine. (See Events.)

"The Canadian Economy: Currency Concerns and the Emerging Markets Crisis"—7/28 at 8 A.M.: Reporter Michael Colton and economists Randall Powley and Vincent Truglia lead this breakfast seminar. The Council of the Americas, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. (628-3200); \$30.

Events

"The Ultimate Summertime Party"—7/30 at 7 P.M.: The fourteenth annual Manhattan Society party

to promote the National Multiple Sclerosis Society's New York City Chapter. Food, drinks, live music, dancing, massage, and more. The **USS Intrepid**, Pier 86, W. 46th St. at 12th Ave. (463-7787); \$60-\$75.

Rockefeller Center Flower & Garden Show—Through 8/2: Trickling waterfalls, tropical palms, a putting green, a butterfly habitat, and twenty displays by local garden designers. Between 48th and 51st Sts. from Fifth Ave. to Rockefeller Plaza (632-3975); free.

Hudson River Festival—Through 9/1: A celebration with dance, music, theater, film screenings, and art in Battery Park. Performers include the Paul Taylor Dance Company, Elliot Feld's Ballet Tech, the Morgan Scott Ballet Company, and the Tommy Dorsey and Duke Ellington orchestras. Call 945-0505 for additional information; free.

Tours

Brooklyn Bridge and Promenade at Twilight—8/1 at 5: A walk across the bridge and through the city's first suburb, focusing on the history, architecture, and people of this unique area. Stops include the homes of Truman Capote and Arthur Miller. Call 465-3331 for additional information; \$12.

Greenwich Village—8/1 and 8/2 at 12:15 P.M.: Explore the architectural and literary history of an area that is associated with everyone from George Washington to Bob Dylan and is still as fashionable as ever. Call 465-3331 for additional information; \$12.

The Jewish Lower East Side—8/2 at 3:30 P.M.: A tour of 150 years of Jewish settlement in the area. Stops include Schapiro's Winery and Katz's Delicatessen. For meeting place and reservations, call 265-2663; \$5.

SoHo and NoLiTa at Twilight—7/30 at 6:30: Explore this neighborhood collection of cast-iron buildings built during the second half of the nineteenth century, when the heart of New York City moved uptown. Meet at the southeast corner of Spring and Lafayette Sts. (439-1090); \$10.

Chinatown Culinary Walk—7/30 at 11 A.M.: Learn about Chinatown's food markets with the guidance of a Chinese-cooking teacher. Sample everything from dim sum to Chinese pastry. Meet at the northeast corner of Canal and Mulberry Sts. (925-5369); \$12.

Glorious Gramercy Park—8/1 at 2 P.M.: Get to know this beautiful, exclusive neighborhood that was once a swamp. See the former homes of Edwin Booth, John Garfield, and Margaret Hamilton. Meet in front of the Gramercy Park Hotel, 52 Gramercy Park North, at Lexington Ave. (969-8262); \$10.

Manhattan Treasure Hunt—8/9 at 2 P.M.: Teams of players search for "treasure" hidden around the city. The winning team members are given a \$110 certificate from the Sun Spa, and everyone gets free Heinekens at a party after the hunt. Meet at Amici Mie at 475 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (613-6313); \$15.

The Late Great Pennsylvania Station—7/27 at 12:30 P.M.: Revisit the grandeur with historian Lorraine Diehl, tracing the history, creation, and ultimate demise of

David Protes and Rob Warden

A Promise of Justice

The Eighteen-Year Fight to Save Four Innocent Men

"In the noblest tradition of investigative journalism... As a result of [the authors'] digging, innocent lives were saved. They deserve the Pulitzer Prize, at least."
— Studs Terkel

the original station completed in 1910. Meet at the Rotunda of Penn Station. (883-2468); free.

Before Stonewall: A Gay and Lesbian History Tour—8/2 at 1 P.M.: Discover the many facets of gay history in the Greenwich Village area. Meet at the Washington Square Arch. (439-1090); \$10.

Behind the Scenes at the Waldorf-Astoria—Every Wednesday and Sunday at 9 A.M.: Discover the history and architecture of New York's Art Deco landmark hotel, where Guy Lombardo celebrated New Year's in style and Cole Porter wrote his tunes. Call 872-4790 for further information; \$25.

Foods of New York—A tour of the restaurants and specialty food shops of Greenwich Village and SoHo. Call 732-636-4650 for additional information and dates; \$20.

Exhibitions

"The Making of a First Lady"—8/7-8/23: A 30-piece collection of images featuring Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis and John Kennedy that chronicles their lives from anonymity to superstardom. The Atrium at Citicorp Center, 153 E. 53rd St., at Lexington Ave. (559-6758); free.

"Murray Cukier: By Land and Sea"—8/1-12/31: An exhibition of model ships and airplanes at the South Street Seaport Museum's Port Life Gallery, 209 Water St. (748-8600); museum admission is \$3-\$6.

"Anne Frank—Anguish and Hope"—Through 8/14: Oil paintings and works on paper by Shaoul Smira, inspired by her famous diary. Syracuse University's Lubin House, 11 E. 61 St. (826-0320); free.

"a.k.a. Lewis Carroll"—Through 8/30: The Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, who wrote his *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* under the nom de plume Lewis Carroll, was also a photographer. His works, along with early illustrations by Max Ernst, Harry Furniss, Sir John Tenniel, and E. Gertrude Thompson and an assortment of objects inspired by Carroll's images, are on display in this exhibit. The Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); \$4-\$6.

"A Photographic Retrospective by Milt Hinton"—Through 7/30: Portraits of jazz legends like Dizzy

In Print Dead Men Talking

They'd stayed out of trouble on the mean streets of the poorest suburb in America, until the morning of May 12, 1978, when two white people turned up dead in their neighborhood. The rest was history." So write Brooklyn-born David Protes, a professor of journalism at Northwestern University, and Chicago investigative journalist Rob Warden in their new book, *A Promise of Justice*, the story of how the writers unearthed the evidence to free the "Ford Heights Four," who spent a collective 65 years wrongfully incarcerated. "I've had to learn to keep my distance from the people I help—otherwise I'm sure I would have already gone crazy," says Warden. "Of course, when we finally found out they had been freed, I started crying like a ba-

by." It was understandably difficult for everyone involved to maintain hope over the course of eighteen years, as Protes and Warden led the fight to retry Kenny Adams, Willie Raigne, Verneal Jimerson, and Dennis Williams for the rape and murder of Carol Schmal and the murder of her fiancé Larry Lionberg. "Dennis once asked, 'Do you think I've gotten paranoid?'" Warden says. "And we told him, well there is a conspiracy at a high level of government to kill you!" Now that justice has been served, the Ford Heights Four are back home and living in peace, but it is only a matter of time before Protes and Warden find another cause to champion: "We get such an unbelievable number of letters from prisons," Warden says. "My wife says, 'Your number must be on the wall of the john on death row.'"

ARIEL LEVY

Gillespie, Billie Holiday, Count Basie, Gerry Mulligan, and Aretha Franklin by "the dean of the jazz bassists." The 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); free.

"The Year in Pictures"—Through 8/15: Photos of the news of 1997, with a special emphasis on New York City. The Forbes Magazine Galleries, 60 Fifth Ave., between 12th and 13th Sts. (620-2200); free.

"True Sew, Songs of the Sweatshop"—Through 9/20: A collection of sculptures by Linda Lee addressing the abuses in the "sweating" and needle trades from their origins in tenement apartments. Lower

East Side Tenement Museum, 90 Orchard St. (431-0233); \$3.

"Here & There"—Through 8/15: Documentary photography from New York and the rest of the world. The Access Theater, 380 Broadway, fourth floor (966-1047); free.

Rodin at Rockefeller Center—Through 8/31: A public exhibit of eight masterpieces, including *The Thinker*. Channel Gardens, between Fifth Ave. and Rockefeller Plaza at 50th St. (632-3975); free.

"The Narrative Thread: Contemporary Women's Embroidery From Rural India"—Through 8/8: Thirty embroidered quilts from Bihar, representing the tradition of transforming old rags into elaborate and symbolic artworks that has flourished in the region since the eighteenth century. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA); \$4.

"Verdant Riches Revealed"—Through 7/31: A treasure trove of botanical and horticultural books, from a medieval manuscript on herbal remedies to rare sixteenth-century treatises on horticulture and garden design. New York Botanical Garden at the Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. (838-6690); free.

"Landmarks of New York"—Through 8/23: An exhibition of photographs by Barbaralee Diamonstein coinciding with the release of *Landmarks of New York III*, which documents more than 1,000 historic sites. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); \$5.

"Proudly We Served"—Through 9/5: Photographs, artifacts, and models commemorating 200 years of service by African-American veterans. Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum, Pier 86, W. 46th St. (957-7055); \$10.

Chinese Calligraphy—Through 8/30: An exhibit of calligraphy from the Seal script to the Hsin style, with works by Li Chen Hing. St. John's University, 800 Utopia Parkway, Jamaica, Queens (718-990-1526); free.

"A Float for All Seasons: New York's Ethnic Parades"—Through 1/10/99: Mini-floats, paraphernalia, and photographs celebrating cultural identity in New York. City Partners Gallery at the Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. Call 534-1672 for more information; \$5 suggested contribution.

"The New Metropolis: New York, 1898-1998"—Through 12/1: A yearlong exhibition commemorating the consolidation of the five boroughs to form New York City. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); \$5.

Hall of Biodiversity—Ongoing: Devoted to the variety and interdependence of Earth's living things and their critical importance to human survival, the hall includes a dramatic global tour of nine biomes and a diorama of the Central African Republic's rain forest. At the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); \$8 suggested contribution.

"America's Concentration Camps: Remembering the Japanese-American Experience"—Through 1/5/99: An exhibition that tells the story of this shameful chapter in American history through the eyes of the incarcerated. Photographs, mementos, and home videos contributed by some of the 120,313 people who were held in the camps—two thirds of whom were American citizens—will be on display, along with maps and statistics from each camp. Ellis Island Immigration Museum, New York Harbor. Call 363-3200 for directions to the museum and more information; \$5.

GAME WEEK

	HOME					AWAY	
	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
METROSTARS			KC MSG 7:30PM				
CITYHAWKS					ALB MSG 7:30PM		
LIBERTY						WAS MSG 5:30PM	CHA MSG 4PM
YANKEES		ANA MSG 10PM	ANA MSG 10:30PM	ANA MSG 10PM	SEA WPIX 10PM	SEA FOX 4PM	SEA ESPN 8PM
METS		SD WOR 7:30PM	SD FSNY 7:30PM	SD FSNY 7:30PM	LA FSNY 7:30PM	LA FSNY 7PM	LA WOR 1:30PM
	7/27	7/28	7/29	7/30	7/31	8/1	8/2

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyork-mag.com) visits a new Website each weekday. This week: Link back up with high school pals (if you really want to); delve into "your own private Hollywood" with TNT; give some thought to alterna-Webzine *The Take*; let your maternal instincts run wild through cyberspace; and rummage through the shelves of bookstores worldwide in one click. And hey, while you're in the neighborhood at www.nymag.com, check out all our other great stuff, like selected articles from the current issue and a searchable "Cue" section, plus daily picks of New York events in "Vanessa Takes Manhattan," daily deals in Angie Maximo's "Cheap Thrills," "First Words" for bibliophiles, and daily New York trivia.

Sports

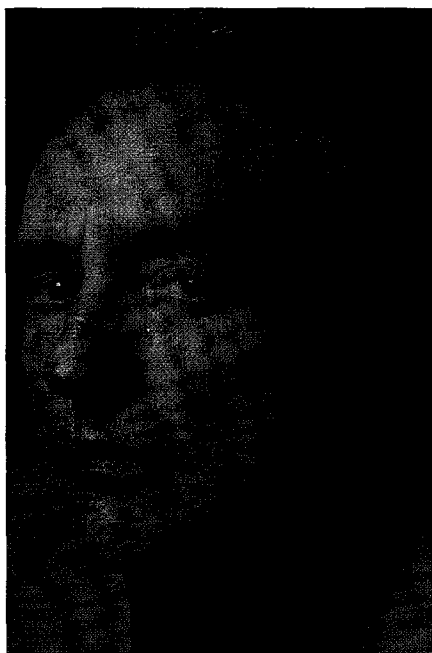
Goodwill Games—Through 8/1: Boxing at the Meca, i.e., Madison Square Garden. Call 465-MSG1 or visit the Website at www.goodwill-games98.com.

Bike Trip—7/31-8/2: Weekend tour of the historic Hudson Valley ending up in Rhinebeck. \$280. Call the Five Borough Bicycle Club at 932-2300, ext. 138.

Chase Corporate Challenge—7/30: The third in the series, this 3.5 miler is for bragging rights over your fellow rat-racers. Call 860-4455 for information.

Happening Credit Crunch

If you haven't already had your fill of the internecine squabbling over who really wrote 'Easy Rider,' now's your chance to ask the man himself—at the Guggenheim Museum, of all places. On July 28, Dennis Hopper will be speaking there about the making of his classic road film in conjunction with the exhibition "The Art of the Motorcycle." (See Lectures and Panels.)



Photograph by J.P. Soltan/Gamma Liaison.

CenterStage

at the World Trade Center '98

FREE PERFORMANCES ON THE AUSTIN J. TOBIN PLAZA

Lunchtime

12:15-2:00 pm
July 6-August 28, 1998

Classical Mondays

with Juilliard School of Music

Highlights: Davidoff Piano Trio
Stonewall Chorale • Venus String Quartet

Broadway Tuesdays

with Big 105 FM

Highlights: "Rent" • "Beauty and the Beast"

"Ragtime"

Big 105 FM

Sprint

Continental Airlines

Sprint PCS

Jazz Wednesdays

with CD 101.9 FM

Highlights: Gato Barbieri
Angela Bofill • Jon Lucien

CD 101.9 FM

VOLVO

ORIS

Country Thursdays

with New Country Y-107

Highlights: Hal Ketchum • Suzy Bogguss

Bryan White

Y-107

AT&T

SEARS

R&B Fridays

with 98.7 KISS-FM

Highlights: Blue Magic
The Manhattan • Martha Wash

98.7 KISS-FM

AT&T

SEARS



WORLD TRADE CENTER
THE PORT AUTHORITY OF NY & NJ

Presented in association
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Grammy® Festival

DISCOVER
GRAMMY FESTIVAL

After Work

5:30-7:30 pm
July 23-August 14, 1998

Summer Oldies

Thursday Nights

Highlights: The Brooklyn Bridge
featuring Johnny Maestro
The Drifters • The Shangri-Las

Salsa Dance Party

Friday Nights

Highlights: Manny Oquendo Y Libre
Ray Sepulveda and Orchestra
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kids

Hercules...E.T....Elvis

Children's Events

TADA!—The latest musical production from TADA!, a Chelsea-based troupe of actors and singers, *Everything About School (Almost)*, features the group's largest ensemble to date: a cast of 35. The musical revue showcases performers looking back at their elementary, junior-high, and early-high-school days, where lasting friendships are built and memories are made. Through 8/2. Tues.-Fri. at 12 and 2, Saturday at 1 and 3. 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732). Tickets are \$6 for children 15 and under, \$12 for adults. ●

Storytelling Marathon—Listen to three free hours of educationally-themed yarns at the **STATEN ISLAND CHILDREN'S MUSEUM**, from 1 to 4 on 8/2, as four guest storytellers fabulize the museum's current exhibits "Block Harbor," "Bugs and Other Insects," and "In the Heart of the Home." Also, on 8/1 and 8/2 at 1, 2, and 3, children of all ages can make their own pop-up books of the five boroughs, in celebration of the city's one-hundredth birthday. \$2 plus admission. Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace (718-273-2060). Tickets are \$4, children under 2 free. ●

"School Uniforms: A Hot Topic!"—With 670 New York public schools set to require uniforms next year, students at the **FASHION INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY** have tackled the subject in this exhibition, running through 8/15. Twenty-five fledgling designers have reached beyond the traditional plaids and pleats to create garments that the average kid might actually want to wear to school, including colorful fleece tops and fake-fur coats. At the Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. and 27th St. (217-5800). ●

Arts in the Parks—There's more to park performers than three-card monte and the shell game. The City Parks Foundation's Arts in the Parks series features children's performers from across the tri-state area, offering puppet shows, magic, storytelling, and even a little vaudeville. What's more—they'll practically come to you. Acts will appear at eighteen different playgrounds in the five boroughs at approximately 10:30 A.M. throughout the summer. For a schedule of events, call 360-1399. ●

A Spielberg Summer—As part of its summer-long tribute to Steven Spielberg, the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE** screens *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial*, 8/1. If the folks at AMMI are smart, they'll be selling Reese's Pieces out front. 35th Ave. and 36th St. in Astoria, Queens. Call 718-784-0077 for film schedules and show times. Movies are free with museum admission: \$8.50, \$5.50 students and seniors, \$4.50 children.

"The Spirit of Play"—In conjunction with its current exhibition "Ties That Bind: Fiber Art by Ed Rossbach and Katherine Westphal From the Daphne Farago Collection," the **AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM** offers families a chance to work with some of Rossbach and Westphal's unusual materials and techniques to create baskets, collages, and weavings, 8/1 from 10:30 to 12:30. 40 West 53rd Street. Call the Education Department at 956-3535 for information. Workshop is free with museum admission: \$5, \$2.50 students and seniors, children under 12 free. ●

"Kid City"—The centerpiece of Kid City—an exhibit that now has a permanent home at the **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**—is a street corner at 82nd St. and Broadway. The former row of two-story buildings has been re-created as it was in 1901. Kids can open doors, peer into mailboxes, handle items in the stores and apartments—and learn about the differences between the lives of children who live there today (where there is now a Gymboree, a McDonald's, and a Barnes & Noble) and those who lived there at the beginning of the century. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400). Regular admission is \$5 adults, \$3 students and seniors.

Festival Surely You Joust

And quaff cider, eat steak on a stake, hear the falconer's cry. If not, the 21st Annual New York Renaissance Faire is your chance to get your and your kids' hands dirty in a historically correct fashion, as Tuxedo Park's Sterling Forest morphs into a bustling marketplace of the Tudor Era. The Mud Pit awaits. Saturdays and Sundays through September 20. Call 914-351-5171 for information.



Ground Rules:

- = free
- = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

"Under the Sun"—Not all sun worship involves SPF 15. Learn how ancient rituals celebrated the dawn of summer at the **COOPER HEWITT NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM**. The "Outdoor Exhibition of Light" features various unique structures that harness solar energy, many of which can be seen glowing through the museum's gates at night. The museum's "Under the Sun" concert series showcases different tribal solstice celebrations, including now-extinct cultural rituals, throughout the summer. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300). Regular museum admission is \$5, \$3 students and seniors; children under 12 are admitted free.

Strong Man—The summerlong cinematic celebration of New York's one-hundredth birthday at the **WALTER READE THEATER** takes a campy turn on 8/1 with a screening of *Hercules a.k.a. Hercules in New York* starring the young, well-muscled, and non-English-speaking Arnold Schwarzenegger. Badly dubbed, but exuding star quality, young Ah-nuld becomes a star of the wrestling circuit until Hera takes away his superhuman strength. Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St. (875-5610). \$2, available at the box office two weeks before the show from 1:30 to 8 P.M. Can be ordered from 777-FILM #954 with a \$1.50 service charge per ticket.

"Circus Skills and Thrills"—The National Circus Project brings the Big Top down to earth with intimate demonstrations of juggling, plate-spinning, and unicycling at 2:30 each weekend at the **NEW YORK HALL OF SCIENCE**, 8/2 to 8/23. Kids who want to try the tricks themselves can sign up for workshops at 1 and 4 to learn the basics of juggling from professional circus performers. Each kid gets his or her own set of practice scarves to bring the circus to the backyard. 47-01 111th St., Queens (718-699-0005). \$3 for the demonstration, \$4 for the 45-minute workshop, \$6 for both.

Fun With the Fishes—It's only natural that the performing dolphins, seals, and other frisky fish life at the Coney Island **AQUARIUM FOR WILDLIFE CONSERVATION** would choose somewhat unusual summer partners. Every weekend in August from 11 to 4, the aquarium will compete with the freaks with its own set of Elvis impersonators, hula-hoop dancers, live music, and aquatic-themed trivia contests. Through 8/30. W. 8th St. and the Boardwalk, Brooklyn (718-265-FISH). \$8.75, \$4.50 children and seniors, under 2 free.

Geist Visual Comedian—Every Friday at 6:30 P.M. the **BROOKLYN CHILDREN'S MUSEUM** presents a free family performance. This week, it's a vaudeville comedy routine, complete with magic tricks and eye-opening jokes. 145 Brooklyn Ave. at St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn (718-735-4402). \$3 suggested admission.

Safe Skate—Safety comes first at **NEW YORK SKATEOUT's** free sessions on Saturdays at 3. Designed to let kids who are members of the Rollerblade-sponsored "Scouts on Skates" program skate with other experienced in-line skaters under 14, the sessions are social as well as instructional. Skateout also offers morning lessons on Saturdays and Sundays for kids who aren't ready to be let loose in the park. All protective gear required. Meets at 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. entrance to Central Park, weather permitting (486-1919). Reservations required. Lessons cost \$25 for a one-hour session.

C	U	E
Barbara Ensor	Kids	
Patricia Falvo	Movies	
Brian Farnham	Sports	
Vanessa Grigoriadis	In Concert	
Ariel Levy	Books	
	Events	
	Radio	
John Leonard	Television	
Edith Newhall	Art	
Robin Raisfeld	Restaurants	
Stephanie Saulmon	Online	
Jennifer Senior	Theater	
Ethan Smith	Nightlife	

in concert

Mostly Mozart at Lincoln Center

Classical Music

Tuesday, July 28

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Opening-night gala, featuring works by Mozart and Strauss, with pianist Andre Watts and mezzo-soprano Angelika Kirschlager. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*, at 8; \$25-\$45.

Riverside Church Recitals—Organist Timothy Smith performs works by J. S. Bach, Edwin Lemare, and others. *Riverside Church, 121st St. and Claremont Ave. (870-6720)*, at 7; \$10.

Wednesday, July 29

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—See 7/28.

Takacs String Quartet—The first in a series of performances of the Haydn String Quartets. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*, at 6; \$20.

Matthias Goerne, Baritone—Performs an all-Schumann program. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*, at 8; \$30.

Thursday, July 30

Takacs String Quartet—See 7/29.

Emerson String Quartet—Performs Mozart's String Quartet in D major and Quintet in A major with clarinetist David Shifrin, and Beethoven's String Quartet in C major. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*, at 8; \$18-\$38.

New York Philharmonic—Performs John Williams, Lorenzo Fernández, Tchaikovsky, and Dvorák; Roberto Minczuck, conductor. *Great Lawn, Central Park, 86th Street at Central Park West or 85th Street at Fifth Ave. (875-5700)*, at 8; free.

Bargemusic—Performances of Kodaly, Beethoven, Janáček, and Shostakovich. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061)*, at 7:30; \$20-\$30.

Friday, July 31

Takacs String Quartet—See 7/29.

Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra—Performs works by Mozart and Haydn, with pianist Alicia de Larrocha and violinist Tamaki Kawakubo. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*, at 8; \$22-\$42.

Bargemusic—Performances of Hindemith, Fauré, and Rachmaninoff. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061)*, at 7:30; \$20-\$30.

Summergarden—Soprano Hila Plitmann performs works for ensembles by Lois V. Verk, Fred Lerdahl, Michael Torke, Morton Feldman, and David del Tredici. *Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. (708-9400)*, at 8:30; free.

Saturday, August 1

Takacs String Quartet—See 7/29.

Summergarden—See 7/31.

Sunday, August 2

Bargemusic—See 7/30.

Wind Soloists of the Chamber Orchestra of Europe—Perform works by Mozart, Beethoven, and Hummel. *Alice Tully Hall,*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; \$25.

Opera

Central Park Summerstage—The New York Grand Opera performs Verdi's *Rigoletto*, 7/29 at 7:30. *Rumsey Playfield, Central Park, 72nd Street at Fifth Ave. (360-2777)*; free.

Idomeneo—A concert performance by the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra of Mozart's opera seria, adapted by Lothar Wallerstein and Richard Strauss. With tenor Anthony Dean Griffey, soprano Christine Brewer, and others, 8/1 at 7:30. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500)*; \$15-\$35.

Dance

Central Park Summerstage—Pascal Rioult Dance Theater with CORE Ensemble performs excerpts from their original work, *El Mozote*; and Molissa Fenley premieres *La Muse Menagère* and *On the Other Ocean*, 7/31 at 8:30. *Rumsey Playfield, Central Park, 72nd Street at Fifth Ave. (360-2777)*; free.

Celebrate Brooklyn! Festival—Cortez & Co. and Arthur Avilez Typical Theater perform original works, 8/1 at 7:30. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th Street and Prospect Park West (718-855-7882)*; free.

Preview Up for the Count

In one of only two New York appearances this season, the Emerson String Quartet performs works by Mozart and Beethoven—including the heroic C-Major quartet from Beethoven's *Opus 59*, the three pieces dedicated to Count Razumovsky—Thursday at Avery Fisher Hall.



Photograph by Tom Specht.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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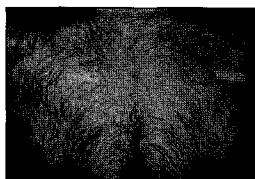
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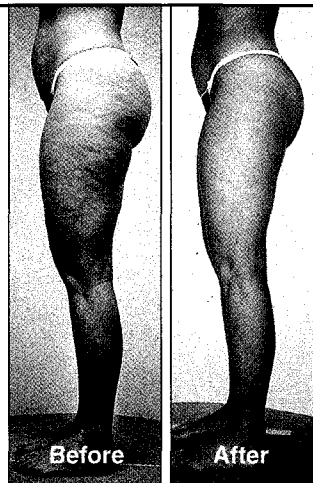
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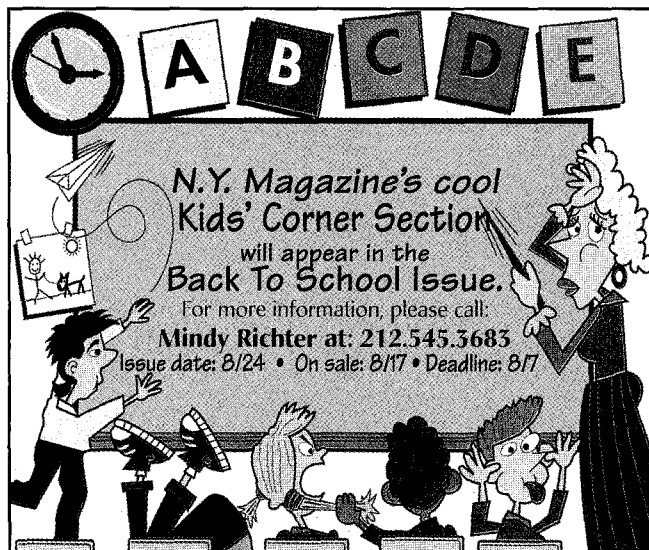
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Lean And Very Fit Doctor—33-year-old male, Jewish (nonreligious), nonsmoker, great sense of humor, adventurous... loves mountain biking, hiking, movies and a good book. I am seeking a fun-loving, easygoing, lean and fit female, 25-35, to share the journey and enjoy the ride with. I am open-minded and willing to learn, so teach me about yourself. Photo. 4579 ☎

Wanted: Partner For Parenthood—Sincere, attractive, fit, financially secure older gentleman seeks bright, healthy, sincere woman, 30-40, to have, keep and nurture a child with his assistance. Please include photo, age, relevant information. POB 3733, Grand Central, NY 10163

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I Have All I Need—But still want one special woman over 38. 4567 ☎

Wonderful, Warm, Elegant—Slender, down-to-earth woman who is very attractive, very bright and financially secure, seeks one similarly exceptional man, 55-60s, for interesting company, friendship and intimacy. Let's enjoy everything from reading side-by-side to traveling the world. Photo appreciated. 4558 ☎

A Man Of Style And Grace—Blond hair, blue eyes, 5'11", a very handsome and stylish 50, international marketing consultant with NYC and East Hampton homes. Interested in meeting a smart, delightful, highly attractive woman, 5'7" plus, with great legs, very exceptional style and a wonderful heart. Note/photo/phone. 4578 ☎

Don't Miss Out On Me—Sophisticated, classy, sensitive, sincere, self-assured woman, attractive inside and out, bubbly personality, with a zest for life and prosperity to spoil myself. Energetic, spunky, vivacious yet warm, tender and caring... Looking for same in man, one who's not afraid to love and be loved, 45-60. Bio/photo a must. 4547 ☎

Elegant, Strikingly Attractive—Single, black professional female, 32, 5'10", 150 lbs, fun-loving, outgoing, reserved, well-educated, successful, who enjoys theater, nature, cycling, tennis, museums, jazz, travel, antiquing and fine dining. Seeks successful, financially secure, conservative gentleman who is marriage-minded, tall, attractive, caring, sincere, romantic, well-educated (advanced professional degree), approximately 32-45, nonsmoker and fit. NY/NJ/CT. Note/photo/phone. 4585 ☎

Successful, Intelligent, Beautiful—(Inside and out) accomplished educator, late 40s, 5'9", cultured and classy, outgoing, happy, divorced Latina with a passion for life. Enjoys fitness, tennis, the arts, fine dining, dancing, travel, city and country, living lower Westchester, family-oriented with traditional values. Seeks tall, 47-55, fit, athletic, financially secure, intelligent male counterpart with similar interests, to share life's journey. Race unimportant. Note/photo/phone, please. 4543 ☎

Forever Valentine—Sought by affectionate, dynamic corporate president, passionate, athletic, handsome, multifaceted, all-around nice guy, 5'10", muscular, 43, gentle, enjoys fitness, culture, travel. Seeks bright, sincere, charming woman under 37 for happily ever after, family. Photo/phone necessary. 4602 ☎

Attractive, Wealthy Senior—Active, divorced, successful children, Ivy-educated chairman, known author and health innovator, enjoys suburban life. Seeks similar, 50-60s, sophisticated, alive, attractive, well-established woman to share exciting life. Photo. 4569 ☎

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A Great Catch—Handsome and fit, divorced, white Jewish male, 42, plastic surgeon, in search of pretty and fit, single/divorced white female, 28-39, career-oriented, nonsmoker, for long-term relationship. 4551 ☎

Single Dad—Handsome, extremely fit, successful, youthful 53, seeks well-educated, fun, very attractive 30s woman to keep up with my travel, adventure, sports and three homes (including Sun Valley). Note and photo, please. 4600 ☎

I Have This Knack—For making kids laugh. Single dad of young son, youthful late 40s, athletic, good looks, easygoing personality, with a good heart, seeks mommy, 33-40, Christian, slim, very pretty, 5'5" plus, upbeat, laughs a lot and doesn't sweat the small stuff. NJ resident would be great. Recent photo/note. 4546 ☎

White, Successful Female—Catholic, 35, educated, slim, pretty, warm, honest. Enjoys city and country life, hiking and weekend getaways. Looking for open long term relationship with single white male, 33-45, who is willing to settle down but not settle. Recent photo/phone. 4603 ☎

Handsome Jewish Cardiologist—In Florida, 42, classical pianist, never married, seeking sweet, refined, talented woman, 26-35, musician, artist or other creative professional, unencumbered, to complete both our lives. Must be willing to relocate to Florida. Letter/photo, please. 4559 ☎

Pretty, Witty, Petite—Sane, honest, warm, intelligent female, 39 years old, Jewish, nonsmoker, seeks successful male ready to settle down and start a family. I enjoy dinner, movies, travel, sun, scuba, computers, walks in the city and country. What about you? Note/photo/phone. 4591 ☎

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I Like My Life—But it's missing something (someone) - maybe it's you! Smart, educated, fit, attractive, 35-year-old professional woman looking for male counterpart (35-45 years old). I enjoy travel (domestic and international), movies, cultural events, antiques, cooking and exploring. Let's talk! 4601 ☒

Physician—44, tall, athletic, marriage-minded, enjoys travel and sports. Seeks sincere, bright woman, 30-37. Photo/note. 4562 ☒

Stephanie Powers Type—Sexy redhead, very playful, 40s, seeks heart to heart with fun(ny), successful, nonbalding man for traveling through life's journeys. 4606 ☒

Single White Male—55, handsome, passionate, loves golf in NY, skiing in VT, cooking in, eating out, reading and exercising. Looking for intelligent, attractive, athletic, nonsmoking nice woman. Photo/note essential. 4604 ☒

Second Wife Candidate—Seeking second husband candidate! First-timers also considered! I am cute, petite 5'4", 110 lbs), happy, giving, sexy and loving. You should be 35-45ish, Jewish, happy, successful, sexy and loving. Special consideration given to snow skiers, wine lovers, food lovers and just great lovers! Photo and note, please. 4566 ☒

Good-Hearted, Good-Looking—Professional Jewish male, 36, seeking pretty Jewish female, 20-30s, for fun and romance. Photo. 4565 ☒

Irish Cutie—5'1", 108 lbs, 40-year-old, divorced, athletic, old-fashioned, easygoing with no children, looking for a Catholic, white professional male, 5'8" or taller, 36-45, to share life's pleasures. Prefer LI. Please send photo and note. 4555 ☒

Are You—A handsome, athletic, successful, high-integrity Jewish man, 40-50? Do you love to laugh, have a heart of gold and time in your life for a supportive, committed, fun relationship? If so, this playful, adventurous, somewhat old-fashioned, successful 43-year-old woman wants to meet you. PS. Divorced dad with kids okay. Note/photo/phone. 4581 ☒

Handsome Young Cub—43, professional, seeks female counterpart to share mutual curiosities. If you dare to be wild yet sublime, call me. NYC. 4588 ☒

Upper East Side Male—Single, 42, handsome professional, athletic, successful, with sense of humor - seeks fun-loving, caring female to enjoy life. 4570 ☒

Down-To-Earth, Romantic—Fit, good-looking, 37, 5'7" male with fun and serious side seeks connection with female possessing alluring eyes and an easy smile, 21-41. Note/photo. 4598 ☒

LI Femme To Femme—45, with style and class. Educated, straight-looking. Seeks same. Nonsmoker. 4552 ☒

Life Partner Wanted—Jewish female, 41, PhD, affectionate, captivating smile, natural beauty, athletic, youthful, slender, seeks Jewish male - good heart/values, athletic, communicative, self-aware, to start loving relationship/family. 4568 ☒

Seize This Opportunity—Upbeat blond female, 5'8", 120 lbs, 35, MBA, seeks a dynamic white businessman for a meaningful long-term relationship. 4575 ☒

Luscious Female—Blue-eyed brunette, 30ish, seeks romantic, good-natured Jewish male with joie de vivre. 4605 ☒

Jersey MD—38, 5'10", handsome, good-hearted, very fit runner, diverse interests, seeks intelligent, thin and fit woman, 24-38, in NJ. Photo. 4556 ☒

45-Plus-Year-Old—Successful businessman with marathon-quality body, co-star of a popular morning radio show, seeks 35-plus-year-old woman who loves to be loved. Must like good food, wine, and the Imus show. No plus-sizes please. I love kids, dogs and movies. Don't mind doing the pots and pans. Phone number and recent photo a must. 4576 ☒

Young, Retired Professional—Financially secure, tall, low-key, seeks educated Jersey lady who works out, mentally and physically very strong. 4574 ☒

Cute, Intelligent, Successful—Jewish man, 34, 5'8", 150, seeks nonsmoking Jewish amazon to cuddle up to. Photo, please. 4596 ☒

First Mate!—Good-looking, successful, single white male, 35, seeking fit, attractive, sexy female, 23-36, for dining, boating, passion, more...? 4557 ☒

Jewish Male—Professional, 39, 5'7", nice appearance, slim, nonsmoker, seeks fit, single white female, 40-55, for friendship and possibly more. Note/photo. 4561 ☒

Handsome On The Outside—Gentle on the inside, tall, blond, very athletic. I love riding my motorcycle, all animals, and sharing my inner kindness with a beautiful woman, 30-40. I reside in both Manhattan and Hamptons. Photo, please!! 4587 ☒

While You See A Chance, Take It—Handsome CT professional, 51, still crazy after all these years, open, honest, fun and funny, running on empty and lonely too long. If you are: over 45, attractive, curvy, independent, a "brown-eyed girl" and three times a lady, then come see about me. The summer's here and the time is right... So write. (212), (203), (914) only, please. 4592 ☒

My Kid Says I'm Cool—Hope you will too. Attractive, fit, witty single mom seeks stable, funny, honest, smart man with little baggage, who loves life and wants someone to share it with. 38-48, healthy nonsmoker. Letter/photo/phone a must. 4560 ☒

Beautiful Inside And Out—36-year-old, Jewish, traditional female, professional, athletic, down-to-earth, seeks fit, single Jewish male with depth and character for friendship, romance and marriage. Note/photo, please. 4589 ☒

European Woman—43, 5'11", 145 lbs, successful professional, seeks tall, trim man, preferably with dark hair and dark eyes. I love music (classical, jazz, opera), foreign movies, going to museums, tennis, the beach, skiing in the winter, good food and good wine. Am seeking a kind, considerate and very honest man, emotionally secure and available. Smoker or nonsmoker, tolerant of the habit. Note/photo appreciated. 4550 ☒

I Cant Believe I'm A Grandmother!—Pretty, funny, adventurous, compassionate, independent and ready to meet a best friend who is smart, funny, gorgeous and loves to travel, especially Eire. Let's compare shamrocks. Note/photo. 4590 ☒

Ionize Me!—Catholic female PhD, Ivy-ed scientist, seeks male soul mate (30-40) with "bio"-chemistry, strong faith and sense of humor. 4554 ☒



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Somewhere out there is your *special* someone waiting just for you. This is not a person you will meet in a bar, at a singles party or through the personal ads. Like you, each of my clients is extremely busy furthering his/her career. My clients are not and will not be participants in any singles scene. You will not have the opportunity to meet them. They will not have the opportunity to meet you unless you call now and become my client. The clients I represent are very prestigious, attractive, successful, healthy in mind, body and spirit. Afford me the opportunity to make the *right* introduction for you.

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It's My Turn—I'm a 48-year-old Jewish professional woman who has spent the last 25 years raising three children. Now I'm ready to go out, have fun and meet that man I should have met in the first place. Photo/note/phone. 4563 ☒

Adventurous, Mature Exec—Divorced, Jewish, 5'10", 195 lbs, successful, masculine looks, a classy rascal. Seeking a bright, witty, trim, feminine and sensuous female, any age, who is truly top-drawer! Let's ignite the spark of romance and perhaps more! Brooklyn residents only. Photo/phone. 4553 ☒

Men - Read On—Want an exciting life of marriage and adorable kids? Attractive, 31, blue-eyed brunette, NJ, Jewish female professional. Send photo. Cuties only! POB 232, River Edge, NJ 07661

Tall Blond—5'9", 38, 125, former model Wasp, now a pretty, kind, successful lawyer/CPA who seeks a wonderful, playful, fit, smart guy for a relationship where the partners don't count the costs. 4580 ☒

Are You The Perfect Man For Me?—I'm 52, vivacious, independent, secure, multifaceted, fit, fun, pretty, Jewish, with wit, warmth and class. 4572 ☒

Help Me Find You!—Pretty white female, 34, seeks smart, great guy. Bio/photo an absolute necessity. 4548 ☒

Alive And Kicking—Energetic, attractive, slim, 5'7", early 50s, professional, European woman - enjoys classical music, theater, museums, nature, and country jaunts - seeks active, well balanced professional man with a sense of humor and spirit of adventure for a caring and trusting relationship. Note/photo. 4553 ☒

Seeking Special—70ish, Jewish, financially secure gentleman to share love, laughs and life. Please live in Manhattan. Clear recent photo. 4564 ☒

Seeking Established Man In NYC—Black woman, intelligent, loyal, personable and successful, 40, 5'8", fit and attractive, healthy attitude and lifestyle, seeks intelligent, passionate, energetic, emotionally available and fit man over 38, for friendship leading to relationship. Race and religion not an issue. Marriage-minded, family-oriented nonsmokers only. Serious response with photo. 4593 ☒

Tall, Slender, Sexy—Vital, verbal, active and attractive female seeks white male, 60-65. 4583 ☒

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

LEGALLY DRUNK

ASIAN ECONOMY

UNITED KINGDOM

BARBRA BROLIN

Above, Advanced basic. Competitors are invited to invent one oxymoron to add to this list of pop faves.

Results of Competition 915, in which you were asked for late-summer pleasures: a book, film, or play briefly described.

Report: Sequels, remakes, near-misses. Lions and Tigers and da Bulls. Oh my. Viagra Falls. A Starr Is Borne. The Ex-Files. The Zzzzz-Files. The XI-Files. The Hoarse Whisperer. Labor Day. We've mentioned this in the past, but a clue to success here often lies in not choosing a conspicuously current topic. It was true in the age of O.J., and it's true in the century of Monica. But do we have to tell you? Look how cute you are. And not a moment too soon.

First prizes of two-year subscriptions to New York to:

AUGUSTE RODAN—a giant statue springs to life and terrorizes Paris.
Ellen Butler, Reston, Va.

FORREST GUM—a young man learns that life is not a box of Chiclets.
Ed Altman, N.Y.C.

COSA NOSTRADAMUS—a Mafia don can predict the future.
Jack E. Cohen, Hewlett, N.Y.

Runner-up prizes of one-year subscriptions to New York to:

NO HARM, NO FOWL—the alarming story behind the rise of Tyson Foods.
Dot Edwards, Galena, Mo.

CRASH TEST FOR DUMMIES—how to beat the coming Wall Street collapse.
Brian Bracey, Carrboro, N.C.

THE ARTIST FORMERLY KNOWN AS PRINCE RAINIER—a book of lithographs by the Monegasque ruler.
Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

And Honorable Mention to:

RAGATIME—an epic Indian musical.
Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

LIKE EVIAN FOR VALRHONA—Gael Greene exposes a product-endorsement scandal on the Food Network.
Mike Olton, Los Angeles, Calif.

MI CASABLANCA, SU CASABLANCA—remake of the 1942 classic, with Antonio Banderas and Rosie Perez as Rick and Ilsa.
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

INTELLIGENCE: THE FINAL INSULT—due July 27 from DreamWorks SKG.
Arnie Danoff, West Palm Beach, Fla.

MULAN ROUGE—Disney's newest animated film, featuring lovable Montmartre denizens. Voices: Bruce: Toulouse. Demi: Mondaine.
Lucy Oblonsky, Newark, Del.
similarly: John Pavlon, Purdys, N.Y.; Joe Cosenza, Flushing, N.Y.; Theodore G. Zavales, Bergenfield, N.J.

GENTLEMEN'S GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—or, *The Valets of the Dolls.*
Ana Gaspar, Kearny, N.J.

MAINEIAC—mad moose on the loose in Kennebunkport.
Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.

ET 2—Steven Spielberg's film bio of Caesar's Brutus.
Edwin P. Rapport, Shaker Heights, Ohio

Random but delicious titles: MY DINNER WITH AIR J. NINJA PRESIDENT. THE RED BADGE OF CLEAVAGE. THE RED BADGE OF PORRIDGE. MONDO CONDO. GODFELLAS. ARCHIE'S BUNKER PLACE. TEUTONIC. THE KEN AND BARBIE HYNAL. COUSIN, COUSINE, CLOUSEAU, COUSTEAU. THE LION KING IN WINTER. THE NICEMAN COMETH. FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFPERSON. SHEEPLESS IN SEATTLE.

HMO ALONE—what you discover when you need your health insurance.
James A. Tate, M.D., Kokomo, Ind.

WEST SIDE HIGHWAY STORY—heavy, but moving.
Tim Hanley, N.Y.C.

THREEPETE 'N' TILLIE—a touching film about the Chicago Bulls' 1998 championship season, and the woman who loves them.
Nicholas Lume, Maspeth, N.Y.

MOONSTUCK—fraternity pledges abandoned on the backside of the lunar surface.
Barry Bellinger, Washington, D.C.

8.5—a frustrated filmmaker struggles with analog images using digital equipment.
William A. Marriott, Athens, Ga.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE—edgy, time-warp drama about sorters and letter delivery.
John Faxon, San Antonio, Tex.

BANNS OF STEEL—embracing the covenant marriage.
Joan Ruttenberg, Rockville, Md.

DECONSTRUCTING ARI—a critical examination of the Greek tycoon's tangled love life.
Paula Doherty, Tiverton, R.I.

TOP GUN II—The Charlton Heston Story.
Stanley Silber, East Hampton, N.Y.

THE UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF BEAN—Czech director scours London theaters for sophisticated comedy.
Thomas D. Warren, Hollywood Hills, Calif.

THE LITTLE BOOK OF GOLDEN PARACHUTES—Daddy's home . . . for awhile.
Jessica Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.

SCIENTOLOGY—is anybody tracking L. Ron Hubbard's multitudinous progeny?
Lauren Foley, Cranston, R.I.

HARLEY GOLIGHTLY—Calista Flockhart delights as a biker turned party girl in Manhattan.
Dede Persson, Mundelein, Ill.

THE REEL KILLERS—corpses on the cutting room floor of a Hollywood studio.
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

A MONTH OF SUNDAES—the glutton's diet.
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

Val Kilmer is THE LONE RANGER. With Jimmy Smits.
Bonnie Champion, N.Y.C.

PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAIS—after consuming a hot dog, the mayor of New York is transformed into a gigantic monster.
John Burlinson, Austin, Tex.

MUSTARD OR SAUERKRAUT?—the mayor of a large city is convicted of jaywalking and is sentenced to work as a pushcart vendor.
Tom Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

CARTE DU JOUR—the inside story of New York's sidewalk vendors.
Ralph Welikson, Brooklyn

THE SOUND OF MUZAK—trapped in an elevator, the Von Tapes dream of heading for the hills.
Melissa Stoller, N.Y.C.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANANA—Cuban immigrant turns restaurateur and strikes it rich with his fabulous desserts.
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

S IS FOR PSYCHO—another in a series by Sue Grafton. Murder and mayhem vex a former vice-president.
Jean Sorensen, Herndon, Va.

MULA—Chinese girl saves the Asian market by disguising herself as a male investment banker.
Elyse Elliott, Aspen, Colo.

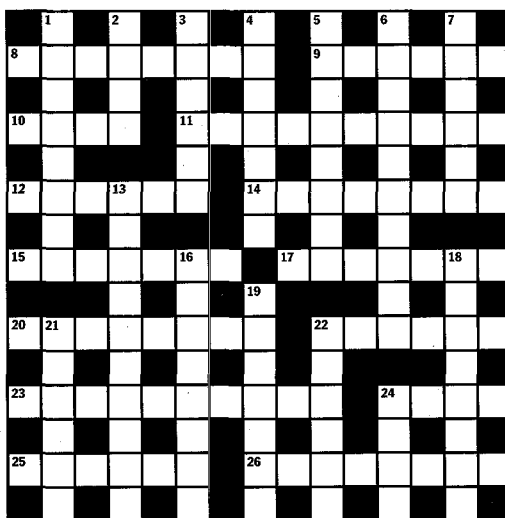
BRIDGE PLAYER ON THE RIVER KWAI—Omar Sharif plays himself.
S. F. Benjamin, Melville, Canada

I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HOUND—confessions of a dog walker.
C. Olds, Freeport, Me.
(continued on page 73)

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

- 8 One with tales to tell about drink. (8)
- 9 German lady's servant. (6)
- 10 Give way on stated issue. (4)
- 11 Novel situation featuring for example academic and politician. (5,5)
- 12 An inferior part of Shakespeare. (6)
- 14 Oriental ball. (8)
- 15 Let go or let out again. (7)
- 17 Stir caused by silver object at exhibition opening. (7)
- 20 Steep camera-angle Lawrence used. (8)
- 22 Statesman with no disposition to flag. (6)
- 23 Study submissions by rivals. (10)
- 24 Chief gets one in person. (4)
- 25 Rush to tend queen. (6)
- 26 Plant that bids farewell to rain perhaps. (8)



DOWN

- 1 Did she make writer run away? (8)
- 2 Spot burrowing animal. (4)
- 3 Master turbulent current. (6)
- 4 Come up with the goods. (7)
- 5 Having ideas about insubstantial ruler? (8)
- 6 Unconstrained bird or animal of dubious sexuality. (10)
- 7 Where Virgil may have appeared a nutcase to a degree? (6)
- 13 Entertainers with distracting tale in Egyptian city. (3,7)
- 16 Tools for making bridges? (8)
- 18 Trail cop abandoned as being too hot perhaps. (8)
- 19 Sporting substitute for book. (7)
- 21 Declaration that sounds like a part of speech. (6)
- 22 Instrument one may get for a pound. (6)
- 24 Distinguishing characteristic of gospel-writer. (4)

'Middle-Age Quotes': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- 1 Drug cops
- 6 Prizes bestowed
- 12 Bara of the silents
- 17 Continuing story
- 18 Vegetable-farm yield
- 19 One of the Andrews Sisters
- 21 "Now, let me think . . ."
- 24 Jackie's second
- 25 Middle-aged belly, perhaps
- 26 "What I — for Love"
- 27 Strip down
- 28 Christmas hearth sight
- 31 Part of MoMA
- 32 Tippler's oasis
- 34 Family-lineage chart
- 35 Spain's penny
- 37 Not quite
- 40 "Every time I look in the mirror . . ."
- 43 Boeing product
- 46 T or polo
- 47 Bonn-born: abbr.
- 48 Salinger girl
- 49 Violinist Menuhin
- 51 Women's backless top
- 53 Closes with a slide fastener
- 55 Between chi and omega
- 57 Ambulance attendant
- 58 Logged in
- 60 Class absences
- 62 "If I Didn't Care" singing group
- 64 "To sleep: perchance to dream . . ."
- 67 Not careful
- 72 Beer bubbles
- 73 Traveling spacecraft
- 79 Tippecanoe's partner
- 80 Chiang — shek
- 82 Sacred bird of Egypt
- 84 Give a new evaluation
- 85 Where Noah docked
- 87 Computer symbol
- 89 Collar a crook
- 91 Overhauled tire
- 92 Craving
- 93 "Oh, my aching back!"
- 97 Prying devices
- 98 "— to Live" (soap opera)
- 99 Republic south of Libya
- 103 Psyche components

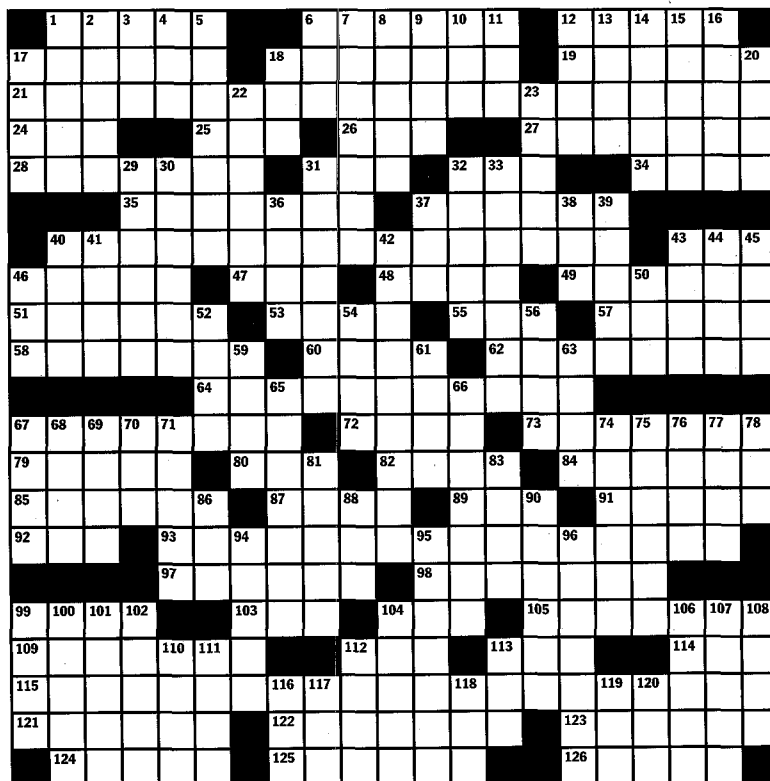
DOWN

- 104 Choose
- 105 Buys into a poker game
- 109 Spray can
- 112 Start of a J.F.K. quote
- 113 Dumbfound
- 114 Explorer Johnson
- 115 "Reading glasses? It's just that . . ."
- 121 Kind of money order
- 122 Candidate
- 123 On the ship
- 124 Hatching places
- 125 Discomforted feeling
- 126 Approaches
- 1 Indra Gandhi's father
- 2 As thin as —

- 3 Slow down, in music: abbr.
- 4 Scoundrel
- 5 Easily donned clothing
- 6 Rainbow shape
- 7 Thomas Wilson's middle name
- 8 Fess up
- 9 Regretted
- 10 Half MCCII
- 11 Member of Cong.
- 12 Feds
- 13 No picnic
- 14 Apply energy
- 15 Put off
- 16 Win by —
- 17 Move from side to side in rhythm
- 18 Peach discard

- 20 Gaelic language
- 22 Military ident
- 23 Memorable impresario
- 29 Game played with 32 cards
- 30 Mailbox insert
- 31 Vespucci's namesake
- 32 Dirigible, informally
- 33 Worse than forgetfulness
- 36 Mother of Don Juan
- 37 Before esses
- 38 Family Stone leader
- 39 Abounds (with)
- 40 More — meets the eye
- 41 Sword handle
- 42 Ike's alma mater

- 43 Modern jujitsu
- 44 Splice film
- 45 Twitches
- 46 Harry Connick Jr. album
- 50 Jazz-smart
- 52 Hester Prynne's stigma
- 54 Draw on a cigarette
- 56 — many words
- 59 Rolltop, for one
- 61 Chunk
- 63 Drama critic Walter
- 65 Presided over a meeting
- 66 Notable
- 67 Remain
- 68 Orpheus's instrument
- 69 A Bates
- 70 For each
- 71 Southern speak
- 74 Lorn
- 75 The "I" in E.I. Du Pont
- 76 Mexican snack
- 77 Kin of etc.
- 78 Colleague of 11-Down
- 81 Champagne buckets
- 83 Feed to the full
- 86 Most-used English word
- 88 C.I.A.'s predecessor
- 90 Secondary ordinances
- 94 Satan's agenda
- 95 He played Hannibal Lecter
- 96 Football position
- 99 "Li'l Abner" cartoonist
- 100 Stork's relative
- 101 Crop up
- 102 Thou-shalt-nots
- 104 Port of old Rome
- 106 Kind of eclipse
- 107 Pushers' buyers
- 108 Cowpoke's co-worker
- 110 Data sci.
- 111 Olive and castor
- 112 "When My Baby Smiles —," 1920 song
- 113 Have another birthday
- 116 Wildebeest
- 117 Long long time
- 118 Named before marriage
- 119 Familiar face on Mount Rushmore
- 120 Mauna —



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